

The Dark Witch and the Necromancer

By Heiko2003

Chapter 1 – Taking a turn

Harry stood in the kitchen and became more angry with every second. Aunt Marge was visiting Privet Drive again. The last three days had been horrible for him but he had restrained himself but this was way to much!

“Vernon don’t take the blame for this freak! You tried your best to raise him to a fine man like your little Duddiekins here. His parents are responsible for that brat. I mean what result could have come out if you cross an alcoholic antisocial like this James with a whore?” Marge spat.

The Dursleys had kept a wary eye on him the whole time as he was watching and listening from the door between the kitchen and the living room. They blanched as he was shaking with rage now.

Even Marge turned her head to him visibly shocked as she felt the growing surge of power that was developing around him.

His green eyes began visibly to glow as he slowly walked over to her, his green eyes piercing her own.

She gulped as he asked in a quiet but icy voice: “Did you just call my mother a whore?”

She wasn’t able to answer, she wasn’t able to utter a word because she was frightened by the hate, the rage and the power he was emitting.

He flicked out his wand and pointed it at her.

“ANSWER ME YOU BITCH!” he yelled.

She was confused about the little stick, “What...?”

But Vernon had jumped up and interrupted her. He yelled: "You will do nothing of your freakish stuff here Boy!"

Harry turned around to him and flicked his wand at him without uttering a single sound. You could nearly feel and see how the magical surge that was surrounding the boy was lashing out at Vernon. He was blasted through the table and flew throughout the room where he at last crashed with a yelp into the wall. There he glided down unconsciously.

Slowly like in slow motion Harry turned back to Marge and smirked evilly.

"Well?" he asked.

Marge was frightened now. She didn't understand what had just happened here but she knew it was dangerous.

As she didn't answer his wand flicked to her and she was hit with a deeply red beam. She screamed loudly because she was in pain, pure and cutting pain. It lasted only for seconds but for her it was like an eternity. Harry was just as surprised as she was, because he had neither spoken a spell and not even thought about a specific spell to use. He had simply wanted to hurt her.

"I am waiting for an answer, bitch!" he snarled coldly.

"I...I..." she stammered.

"I? I what?" asked Harry coldly. He was visibly becoming impatient.

"I said...", she gulped now, "she was a whore." She whispered.

His eyes lit up like a match as his rage was fuelled further and he yelled: "CRUCIO!"

The pain was ten times worse as the last time and she lost consciousness after only seconds, but these seconds were worse than hell.

Harry turned around and swept his wand in a wide arc: "Obliviate!" he said quietly and the inhabitants of number four forgot everything.

Harry smirked again and said: "You were just discussing that you wanted to take Marge to her home and stay there until September first."

Some minutes later Vernon had awakened and they were gone and he was on his own.

As he cooled down he began to think quickly.

He had cast spells outside of his school. The ministry was probably already on their way to get him imprisoned. Adding to that he had just cast a dark spell, an unforgivable as well and successfully on the top!

If he was honest with himself, he had enjoyed it and his stupid fat aunt had deserved it. Nobody called his mother a whore!

Well, maybe he could give Voldemort and his stupid followers a taste of their own medicine?

If they got imprisoned they would be free after some days in hotel Azkaban, but they wouldn't if they were dead. His smile became evil. After his godfather was killed, he thought, he had nothing to lose anymore.

He contemplated what to do now and decided to go upstairs, pack and leave.

By the time he was done, it took only some minutes because he used spells to pack and shrink his possessions, he was wondering why he didn't get any owl. The last time it took only a minute to get it.

He shrugged and put on his cloak.

He took a last glance at his few letters from Dumbledore and his friends. They all said the same, leave under no circumstances, stay in the house and we are not able to really write to you for security reasons.

“Go fuck yourselves!” he muttered angrily and with a short jab of his wand, the letters burst into flames.

Eased by the fact that there was no letter from the ministry or Dumbledore he slowly and quietly walked down the street and successfully evaded the guards that were around his house for sure.

After some time he reached the park and he froze.

“What the hell...?” he muttered.

There were spells flying through the air, mostly red ones and from one figure some green AK's.

But all the fighting wizards wore black robes and white masks.

There was only one other person and that was a small girl in the age around four and she was cute with long black hair.

Well, there were lying some death people around her, most probably muggles and victims of a raid.

“Go out of the way, woman!” one of the Death Eaters bellowed in rage.

Another one yelled: “Rudolphus, get your insane wife out of the way or we kill her!”

“Lestranger? Protecting this girl?” Harry asked himself. He was stunned.

“Oh well! Guess I should help her.” He mused, as he saw how she was hit with a cutting curse on her shoulder and blood began to leak out of a deep cut.

His eyes lit up again under his cloak and took a look of pure malice.

He pointed his wand at a rock in the size of half a car and flicked and swished his wand. The rock rose in the air and hovered three feet above the ground.

With another flick of his wand, it shot into the group of the Death Eaters like a cannonball.

The effect was murderous, literally. It hit two Death eaters straight on their rib cages and buried them under it. Two others were hit and pushed hardly away. They fell on the ground and screamed.

Well, as far as Harry could see, they both had broken arms and at least one was unable to hold his wand.

“That was fun.” Harry said to himself and flicked his wand again, “Reducto maximus!”

Two more Death eaters were blasted away and landed in a bloody mess on the grass. Then the still invisible Harry fired curse after curse between the Death eaters who ran around in circles like headless chicken. He killed with cutting, piercing and blasting curses all but two of the dark robed Death eaters and didn't feel any remorse about. He did only have to look one time at all the muggle corpses surrounding the battle field to know, that they deserved it. The last two were frightened and busy looking from where the spells came. It was their last error, because two green beams of the death curse took them out. Seems that Bellatrix made short work of them.

As Harry looked in her direction, he noticed that she sank down to the ground heavily breathing.

Harry strolled cautiously over to her and the small frightened girl.

“Who... who is there?” a visibly shaken Bellatrix asked.

“Me.” Harry answered coolly and removed his cloak. Both women or girl in one case gasped.

“Potter.” Lestranger groaned to weak to defend herself.

“Yeah, so I am called, ok sometimes it's boy or freak but who cares?”

Harry turned his eyes to the small girl, “Are you ok?”

She nodded shakily, “Any of these one your family?”

She shook her head, “No, Sir.”

“Then go home! We will deal with them.”

The small girl ran as fast as she could.

Harry glanced down at the female Deatheater, “What shall I do with you? You killed my godfather and you tortured the parents of a friend to insanity. Should I kill you too or should I show you that I can cast now a successful Cruciatus?”

“You did?” she asked, some kind of respect showed through her voice.

“Yeah, the fat sister of my uncle kept going on how useless I was and how pathetic my parents were. As she called my mother a whore, I snapped. At first, I had only the intention to hurt her and didn’t use any incantation. Well, it did hurt her. The second time I actually used the crucio. She didn’t last a second.” He said without remorse.

“You have to be very powerful to do that. And spells without incantation are unheard of.”

“You didn’t answer my question.” Harry coolly stated.

“Which was?”

“What to do with you.”

“Let me tell you something first, please! I did NOT kill your godfather, at least I didn’t want to.” She added whispering.

“BUT YOU DID!” Harry yelled in outrage.

“I know.” she said and Harry was shaken to hear her sob.

Curious he knelt down beside her and removed her mask. Tears were rolling down her cheeks.

“What's the matter with you? Don’t tell me, you have regrets! You killed him!” he accused her.

“I CAST A STUNNER, YOU HEARTLESS BASTARD!” she screamed, “I... I... he was my cousin. The only Black who was really good. I... I

was hoping, that he could help me out of that mess if I ever got rid of my hated husband.” she added in a hard voice.

“I loved Sirius like a brother! And now... I killed him.” She sobbed.

Harry didn't buy it for a second, “You are Voldemort's best and most insane Deatheater! Don't tell me you didn't want that!”

She stared hardly at him, “At first I was! But... I never wanted to marry this idiot! He stood beside me while the other Deatheaters raped me! But through the magical marriage contract I was unable to disobey him or to hurt him. And I never wanted to murder somebody or torture them to this point. I only ever wanted power. But not at this price!” she spat.

“He let them rape you? That Bastard! Which one is it?” Harry asked, his eyes once again gleaming in pure unadulterated rage and hate.

A shudder went down her spine when she saw the power behind those green eyes. Slowly she began to understand why the dark lord feared him.

She pointed with her hand to one of the two with the broken arm.

The Deatheater was slowly getting up.

Harry didn't even blink as he jabbed his wand in a small horizontal line and only muttered “Diffindo!”

Bellatrix gasped, as she saw the thin red line appearing on the neck on her husband. The line grew slightly before the blood began to leak out freely. After only seconds her husband sank back to the floor dead.

“See? Problem solved. Why did you marry him in the first place?” Harry asked.

“I didn't want it!” she yelled, “Hell, I wasn't even sixteen! My bloody aunt forced me to!”

“Ah, the beloved Mrs. Black.” Harry sarcastically stated, “Me she rest in Hell!”

Then his green eyes again pierced her, “Now to you! I still don’t know what to do with you! You didn’t kill him intentionally but you did it nonetheless! You robbed me of my last family!”

She gulped and nodded, “I did. Kill me! It doesn’t matter anyway. I can’t and won’t go back to HIM. It is no matter if you kill me now or they kill me later. I am probably dieing from the wound anyway.”

Harry closed his eyes and muttered, “Bloody decisions! I don’t think I can kill you one way or the other.”

She looked surprised, “Well, forgive me if I had another impression for a moment!” she said sarcastically.

He looked at her questioningly, “What?”

“Look around you! Out of the dozen dead bodies around here, I only killed two! The rest goes on your account!”

“Well, now as you say it...” he said and looked around. His eyes became troubled for a moment but than it was like a curtain of pure ice that was pulled before these emerald green eyes, “They deserved it.”

Then he suddenly looked to the heaven, “Bloody hell! Why didn’t I get an owl? I mean I used magic all the evening?”

“Why should you? The ministry lifted the ban right after end of the term for third year up for the purpose of self defence.” she replied slightly amused.

“DUMBLEDORE! YOU BASTARD!” he yelled.

She scrutinized him as he scrutinized her.

“Besides Fudge convinced the Wizardgamot that the dark lord has to be defeated by any means and the Wizardgamot approved. That means you can freely use the Unforgiveables on him.”

"That is good news. Well, let me take a look at you. Seems to me, that we are both outcasts. If I could only trust you not to betray me!" he added quietly.

He ripped her black silk robe open above the cut and inspected it. It was deep and much blood leaked out of it.

"Shit! I have to close that. I only read about healing spells in the last three weeks. Care to try it?" he asked.

"Do it! It can't become worse." she said weakly. She may have been tough but you could still see her suffering. It had to be worse than she let on.

Harry nodded and muttered the healing charm.

The wound stopped indeed to bleed and began to close itself slowly.

"That's better." He muttered and gave her a hand to help her up.

She gave him the uninjured hand and he pulled her up.

But she began to sway instantly.

He scowled, "You are in no condition to go anywhere."

"I know." She looked at him for a good while then she asked, "On which side are you?"

"On my own! I will kill Voldemort or die trying, but I can't rely on the old fool any more. As you can see, he didn't even inform me of the little fact that I am free to use magic. He knows, that I have to fight Voldemort, but he doesn't anything to train me and he keeps me purposely in the dark. I am through with him and my so called friends are not better. They have to had known it. So they can all go to hell."

She coughed sarcastically and nodded, "Good riddance." she muttered.

"What is with me? Would you sell me to the ministry or the order?" she asked seriously.

“Why should I? The ministry comes right after Riddle himself on my list.”

He mustered her, “What about the Longbottoms?”

“Rudolphus.”

“Anything that might compromise you under the influence of veritas?”

She looked surprised and shook her head, “At least not that I know of. I did some horrible things but none of that is known and charged against me.”

He got a wicked grin, “I see. I am going to do nothing to you apart from taking you with me and treat your wounds.”

She nodded and fell on her knees.

Bellatrix drew a knife from her boot and cut it across her left palm.

Then she tapped the bloody wound with her wand and said, “I, Bellatrix Black former Lestrangle, plead a witch's oath, that I am never going to hurt you, kill you, betray you or harm you in any way by my life.”

Then she held her bloody palm up to him.

“What do I do to accept your oath?” he asked curiously.

“Make a cut to your left palm, lay it on mine and say that you accept. After that you have to heal the wounds.”

He did it without hesitation, “I, Harry James Potter, accept your oath by your blood.”

He felt a tingling sensation running through the wound up to his heart. He closed the wound of Bellatrix and after that his own.

“You are a powerful witch, aren't you?”

She nodded sincerely.

“Could you check me on any surveillance charms and after that clean the area of our magical signature?”

She nodded weakly.

“There are tracking charms on you. I remove them, if you wish.”

“Not now. Later.”

She nodded and spoke a complicated incantation with a wide arc of his wand.

The whole area lit up in a red light for a moment but it faded quickly.

It seemed to have been too much for her because she sank again unconscious to the ground. Harry caught her and swore.

He took her wand and pocketed it beside his own. Then he gritted his teeth together and lifted her lithe form over his shoulder. She was as tall as he was but more slim and was weighing around 110 lbs.

He had trained for the last weeks, he had begun as soon as he was back from school. He had used Dudley's discarded weights when the whale was out of the house. But three weeks was not much time to gain some muscles. He had to endure her weight tough.

Harry covered them both with his cloak and carried her back to his house.

Chapter 2 – The Aftermath

As Bellatrix awoke the next morning she saw the back of a black haired teenager in blue over-large jeans and an over-large T-Shirt in front of the bed working at a small desk and cooking up something. It smelled foul to the black haired woman.

He must have heard her stirring because without turning around he said quietly, "Wait for another minute, please!"

After some time he turned around with a steaming cup in his and. He cast a cooling charm on it and handed it to her.

She looked warily at the red liquid and sniffed at it.

She scrunched her nose at the horrible smell.

"Blood replenishing potion. You need it." He stated as a matter of fact.

She gulped it down and shuddered.

"Sorry about the taste, it is one of Snape's receipts." The teenager in front of her stated. Her eyes widened in recognition as she saw the black haired and green eyed teen, "Potter!"

"Yeah. You called me that yesterday too. My name is Harry." He took the cup back and placed it back on the desk. Then he sat down beside her, felt her head and looked intensely into her pupils.

"I think the blood loss was all you got." He stated after that and smiled.

"What am I doing here?" she asked confused. She saw flashes of images of the night before in her mind but wasn't sure what happened.

"You are lying in my bed of course." he said, but then grinned, "I am hurt that you don't remember our first night together, sweetheart." He pouted, "Even if we had such a hot night together."

She blanched and looked beneath the bed sheet.

Bellatrix gulped and her eyes became wide as saucers as she saw, that she was indeed in her underwear.

“What... what did we do?” she stammered, „Did... did we actually...?”

Harry scrutinized her, “Would it be a problem, if we did? ... Anyway, we had some fun but not of this kind. I stumbled over you and your black robed friends in the park. You were protecting a little girl, but I don’t know why. I killed most of the bunch, you killed two and after a short explanation I killed your husband. After that you swore a witch oath and after you cleaned the area of our signature, you passed out from the blood loss. I carried you here and evaded my guard. I treated your wound, placed you in my bed and let you sleep. Alas, I had to remove your bloody robe. I didn’t touch you or anything. I wouldn’t do such a thing.”

He blushed as he said that and added quietly, “But you do have a hot body.”

She caught it nonetheless and teased him, “So you liked what you saw? What a naughty boy you are Mr. Potter.”

“I told you already to call me Harry. Hey, how old are you? You look fairly young.”

She looked down on the sheet and said in a quiet shaken voice, “I was fifteen as I was married off to Rudolphus. I hated him!” she spat, “For a year I learned all I could of dark magic under the tutelage of the dark lord himself intended to pay him back. I had already learned much before of that, courtesy of my aunt. I was seventeen, as Rudolphus tortured the Longbottoms. As I could not disobey him, I could not help them. I was caught with him and shipped off to Azkaban. Now I am twenty-nine.”

“You are in good shape, Bellatrix. I bet you could give most of the teenagers a run for their money, at least, if we take care of your paleness and put back some flesh on your bones. Azkaban isn’t a nice place for vacation I think.” He added with a voice of determination.

She smiled a little bit at this, “Same for you, Po... Harry.”

“Well, it is good then, that I got rid of my lovely relatives for some time. We only need some money.”

“As if you would have a problem with that. From what I know of Sirius, you are his heir.” the woman snorted.

“I don’t know about that.”

“Not? You should hurry then! If you don’t claim your heritage within a month, it goes to the next mentioned people, probably Dumbledore.”

“Well, that would be a reason for him to keep that bit of information from me.” Harry spat.

“For sure. Are you going?”

“What would I have to do?”

“Get a goblin and tell him you are there to claim your heritage. You don’t know much about the wizarding world?”

“Nearly nothing.”

“Ignorant fool!” she spat, “Well, as the last heir to Potter and now Black you can become head of both families with sixteen. Then you are legally an adult by wizarding right.” she explained with an evil grin.

“Nice to know, that is not even two weeks away. Something I have to do for that?”

“Not much, tell the goblin you want it that way, give him ten Galleons and it will be done. They are a greedy folk and do nearly anything for money, at least if it isn't against the law.”

“Thank you, Bella.”

She stiffened, “Sirius used to call me that.” But then she smiled, “I liked it as we were younger.”

“Well, you are young at least for a witch. Could you take the tracking charm from me and put it on a chair or something? So dear old Dumbledore will believe that I am still here.”

She grinned wickedly, "I like your way of thinking."

"Thank you."

She did as asked and firstly he glowed and after that his desk.

"Thanks again. Now, you will be a nice witch and sleep! There is food below the bed under a loose board. When I am back, I will cook something for us. It may take a while. If I am out of the house for once, I have to get some things done."

"You want to leave me here alone?" she asked slightly concerned.

"Nobody will come, Bella." He assured her, "There wasn't anyone here in the last weeks and there won't be today. If there is, stun him or disapparate!"

She nodded uncertainly as he gave her the wand back.

With that he took his cloak and run out of the backyard of the house.

He quickly covered nearly a mile before he took the cloak off and got into a bus to London. There he used the subways until he got to the Leaky Cauldron. In there he ducked into a shadowy corner and put on his school robe.

He tapped his head and muttered a small charm which turned his hair a hazel brown. He took also off his glasses and put them in his pocket. His vision blurred and he cursed silently under his breath but it would have to be enough to get to Gringotts.

He merely guessed his way through Diagon alley and had more than once a nearly crash with another wizard or witch.

But he reached the white building unrecognised and unharmed.

In there he had enough and used his glasses again.

He walked up straightly to the next goblin and asked in a demanding voice: "I am here to claim my inheritance!"

"And who are you?" the goblin snarled.

Harry gave him his key and showed his scar, "I see. Sadly to say you are still in time. Follow me!"

He was led into a small office with an old looking goblin.

"Mr. Potter. Sit down! Here is the will of Mr. Black. He decided that his house is going to Mr. Lupin plus 10.000 Galleons. He received this already. Ms. Tonks received her 10.000 Galleons as well. The rest in the vault belongs now to you."

"How much?"

"Around a half million."

"What about my inheritance of my parents? The trust fund isn't all I own is it?"

"Surely not! Aren't you informed about your family vault?"

"No."

"Well, there is one full of money and some books, I believe. As stated per the will of your parents, you aren't allowed to take any money out of it until you are an adult."

"Well I don't need to. I have Sirius vault now. I have three wishes. I want to take over on the thirty first as head of Potter and Black."

"Well, we could do that..."

"Second, I want, that no one will be informed of anything that is concerning my property!" he stated coolly.
"But Dumbledore..."

"Especially Dumbledore!" Harry interrupted him with an icy voice.

"Third, I want a possibility to get money in Galleons and Muggle Money out of Sirius vault and later my other vaults. And then you will get your fee for arranging my takeover as head."

"Ah, now we speak the same language. You will get a purse and a bag. From the bag you can get up to thousand Galleons at once, you

have only to think about the value. Same with the purse. Think about the currency and amount! That both will cost..."

"Nothing because for that I will maybe forget your indiscretion ..."

The goblin nodded, "I see. Well, we have a deal then. You will get access to all your money with July 31th. But your properties will take some days longer. We could send you the deeds per security eagle."
"I would appreciate that."

The goblin took a key out of one of the drawers and pressed it against a black bag and a black purse. Both had an imprinted Gringotts-Seal. After that he handed the key to Harry, "The key of Mr. Black."

"Thanks. I have another question, two to be precise. I need a competent and independent attorney and I would like to know if there is any possibility to get my eyes corrected."

The goblin rolled with his eyes, "Bloody wizards!" then he fixed Harry with his eyes and said, "I could do it... every Goblin could. Wizards think, they are so much better..."

"I know, but I do not. I have a friend who is a house elf, one half giant and I know a centaur."

"We know, Mr. Potter. If you allow it, I will do it for you. It takes only a minute. But you have to allow it because we are restrained from doing magic on wizards after the last rebellion."
"Bastards!" Harry muttered, "I allow you to correct my eyes with your magic!"

The goblin snapped his fingers and his glasses landed neatly on the desk. He snapped his fingers twice more and Harry felt a stinging sensation in both eyes. He blinked rapidly for some seconds and then gasped. He could see more clearly than with his glasses, "Bloody hell!"

"If you allow, I could also remove this scar. You would still feel it's effects but the scar itself would be gone."

“I would appreciate that and I allow it!”

Seconds later, his forehead burned madly for a minute and after that he felt over the place where his scar was once. It wasn't there any more.

“Thank you very much.” Harry said and offered his hand to the small creature.

He took it and shook it.

Harry then grinned and thought about hundred galleons before he emptied the bag on the desk of the goblin.

“Thank you, Mr. Potter. You are very generous.”

“No, I have to thank you. I trust you in the matter of my status.”

The goblin nodded.

“Very well, I have to leave after a short visit to the Potter Vault. You said nothing about the books.”

The goblin grinned, “That is right. I like you, Mr. Potter and we goblins... well you seem to know what we think of wizards.”

“Yeah, the same as me.” Harry growled, “All stupid bastards with few exceptions.”

Half an hour later, he left the bank with a bottomless bag full of valuable books on certain topics he wished to learn.

At first he went to Webster&Webster, master attorneys and engaged them for a special case which would be brought before the court on July 31th.

Three hours later, he was on his way back to his home after a bit of clothes-shopping and a visit at a hair stylist.

As he opened silently the door to his room, a wand was pointed between his eyes and an icy voice snarled: “Who are you?”

Harry chuckled, "Bella, I am disappointed in you! Firstly you don't remember our first night together and now you don't even recognize me?"

He still had brown hair and no glasses.

"Cast a finite!" he demanded.

She did and his hair went back to black but it kept short and styled with gel.

"What's with glasses and your famous scar?" she asked.

"Courtesy of goblin-magic. Sometimes it pays to pay respect to other creatures." he answered smirking.

"How do I know..."

"Ask me something! Or you can try to hurt me a bit and feel the consequences of your witch oath."

She grinned and slapped him hard on the arm.

Both yelled, "Okay! You are Po... Harry! .. I like your new style."

"Thanks. Can you teach me how to apparate in an hour? We could go out for dinner." Harry asked her as if it would be nothing.

"If you put it this way... normally not but in your case, I think you will get it in time." she said determined.

She explained the theory on apparating and after a half hour he summarized it down to: "Basically I concentrate on where I want to go and will myself over?"

"Basically, yes. Advanced apparition contains then coordinates or apparitions points." Bellatrix explained in a tone as he should have known that already.

"Let's try it..." He closed his eyes and disappeared with a pop and reappeared behind her.

“Ok. Now we only have to get ready, Bella.” He grinned, grabbed one of his many bags and her hand and dragged her to the bathroom.

“What...”

He pressed the bag in her hand, grinned, said: “Shower and get changed! You have twenty minutes!” and closed the door in her unbelieving face.

He grabbed a bag too and went down to the basement to the second bathroom. He was back in his room after ten minutes, freshly showered and with black slacks, a dark green button-up shirt made of silk and had a black blazer ready hanging over the stool.

He froze as the door opened and Bella stepped in. For now he ignored her deathly glare and looked over her petite body.

She had long legs, a small waist and well toned but not overly large breasts.

That all was very well emphasized by the dark blue shining silk dress she wore. It was carried by two small straps over her bare shoulders, nestled up narrowly her upper body and flowed more freely from her waist downwards to shortly beyond her knees.

He whistled and grinned, “Very nice. Now we only have to tame your mane a little bit. Come over and sit down!”

She growled, “You bloody bastard! Next time I go shopping for myself! Such a girly dress!”

He grinned and lectured her “But you are a girl, Bella! I did see it quite clearly last night... and well right now as well.”

She blushed for a second before she slapped him on his head again, ignoring her own pain she received as result of her magical oath.

He took her hand and pulled the surprised woman over to his bed and shoved her down.

Then he grabbed a hairbrush from another bag and knelt himself down behind her. He cast a hair drying charm on her long black hair and began gently to brush it. Strand after strand he brushed with soft and constant movements.

He took his time and he enjoyed it. It was soothing for him and for the first time he did such a caring task for a person. It didn't matter to him, that he had hated this person a day ago with all his passion. That was the past.

He brushed her hair for over half an hour before he was ready. The hair was now shiny and silky and felt very soft as he stroked it gently with his hand.

She shook slightly and he went around her visibly concerned.

Tears dripped down her cheeks from her moist eyes. She was sobbing and from the traces of the tears he would say she was sobbing for a while already.

He softly stroked with his thumb over her cheek and wiped a new tear-drop away.

"What's the matter, Bella?" he asked softly.

She shook her head and denied an answer.

He sighed and sat down beside her. He laid an arm around her shoulder and pulled her gently to him. He hugged her and stroked her back.

"Talk to me!" he encouraged her.

She shook her head again but he had already realised what was bothering her.

"I take it, never had anyone done this for you?"

She looked up in his eyes and blue eyes with a slight violet streak met green ones.

"No." she whispered, "Never had anyone cared enough for me at least for the last fourteen years. Before that, Cissa did it sometimes or even Sirius did."

"For me it is the same. Nobody cared for me and as far as I know, no one does. Remus maybe or Hagrid. I realised this summer, that even my friends don't care. I tell you what, Bella. I enjoyed it and I would be happy, to do it again." he said with a reassuring smile.

"No one cares about you? I find that hard to believe." she said and wiped her last tears away, "I mean, you are the bloody boy who lived."

"Yeah, for the most a hero for a week and a maniac for the next. For the half of the rest I am a tool and for the other half target number one." he spat.

"You are right, that sucks."

She looked down and smiled, "I enjoyed it too, Harry. But ..." she gulped, "What is between us? You are thirteen years younger than me... I mean..."

He blushed, "I meant nothing behind it, Bella. I don't really know you and around me is and was nothing but lies and betrayal. It is hard for me to really trust people now. I would like to become friends with you and get to know you better. What is beyond that... nobody knows it. Your age is truly no matter for me. You are beautiful and the age difference is a lesser matter between wizards than muggles. Besides, do you really think I am mentally as old as my body is?" he asked seriously.

She looked deeply in his emerald eyes and what she saw was great pain, loss, hard experiences, a great burden, determination and raw power.

She shook her head, "No, you aren't. You have seen and suffered far more than most adults, ... partly because of me." she whispered.

"That may be, but you were right. I thought a while over the battle this night and you did cast a stunner. So you are maybe responsible but it

was an accident. I..." he gulped, "I... don't hold it against you any more, Bellatrix."

She searched his eyes and found some pain but otherwise only sincerity.

He hugged her once again and stood up after that.

He pulled her up as well and cleaned her dress with a flick of his wand.

Then he guided her over to the mirror in his closet and showed her her new self.

"Do you like it?" he asked with a sincere smile.

She shook her head and her now silky hair was whirling around.

"I am not sure, Harry. I appreciate your effort but I really am not the girly type. I does look nice and,..." she hesitated and added quietly, "I feel beautiful." She cleared her throat and said more sure, "But it is not my style."

He snickered, "Yeah, your style was all black and haunting. It is time to loosen up a bit. But I don't force you to wear it... but I would ask you to wear it tonight. I don't want to cook because I am tired. We go to a fancy restaurant and tomorrow you can wear what you want. I don't even know if you want to stay with me or whatever." She nodded, "I am going to wear it tonight, Harry. Tomorrow... we will see."

"Then let's apparate out of here. We will head two street intersections south of the park where we met. Do you know where it is?"

She nodded and both disappeared with a pop.

He held his hand up and a taxi stopped beside them.

„Could you suggest a nice restaurant for us?“ Harry asked the driver.

„Hmm, you look dressed for a restaurant with more style. Any preferences?“

„No.“

„Well, I know a nice restaurant which has international cuisine and from there you have a nice look over the tower bridge and the Thames. However it isn't the cheapest.“

„That's alright.“ Harry said easily.

After twenty minutes the driver stopped in front of a nice looking house.

Harry paid him and gave him a generous tip.

After that Harry escorted his new acquaintance into the house.

A clerk awaited them and guided them over to a table for two.

The driver got it right, they sat beside a window with a romantic look over the great river.

„You know, I am not the romantic type either.“ she joked.

„I can truly believe that.“ Harry replied laughing, „But I am not the torturing for fun type so we have to find something between.“

„Harry, you need to loosen up a bit!“ she teased him.

„Not in that way.“ he said thoughtfully, „Besides, we are here as companions or maybe friends, not on a romantic date.“

She pouted, „Not? And I thought, you like me!“

Harry raised an eyebrow, „You were concerned about the age difference, not me.“

„That was then!“

„You are weird!“ Harry said and grinned.

„What else is new?“ she asked and grinned as well.

„Will I ever meet a sane Black?“ Harry asked.

„That are two words who don't belong in the same sentence!“ she said vigorously.

The waiter came and asked for the drink.

„We would like to drink a cabernet-sauvignon.“ Bella said before Harry could answer.

„As you wish.“

The waiter handed them the card and disappeared.

„What is a cabernet something?“ Harry asked.

She stared incredulously at him.

„That's a wine you fool.“ she spat.

„Thank you.“ he said with a sweet smile ignoring her arrogant tone.

She rolled her eyes.

Then they chose something to their liking.

Bella ate roasted breast from a wild duck while Harry chose a filet-steak.

They both enjoyed their meal.

„Bella, I have to admit that I am not used to alcohol. The wine is herb but after the first glass I enjoyed it. Do you know much about wines?“

„Yes I do. The most noble families do, Harry. It is kind of a status symbol to know which wine is good and which is not. I will teach you.“

„Thank you. Would you teach me other things too?“ he asked seriously.

„I wasn't sure that you had the guts to ask me for help, a known dark witch.“ she eyed him carefully for a reaction.

„I have thought about that as well last night.“ he said absolutely serious, „I did use an Unforgivable last night, I try to avoid to use dark magic, for some cases the light spells are as effective. But I am now sure, that I don't care if I have to use it for Voldemort. I want him dead for the murder of my parents and I want him dead for what he did to you.“

His voice was once again made of steel.

„If you really want it... really want it Harry, I will teach you. I... if you want, I could teach you the blackest of all magics.“ she said in a no nonsense voice.

„I know that Voldemort is powerful and I need all I can get, Bella.“

„You are right. Okay, I help you. The Black's have their name not without reason Harry. They have ancient knowledge even beyond the dark lord. But it is only accessible by the head of the Blacks in that case of you. It is hidden in the library of the House of the Blacks but for some reason I can't remember where it is.“

„I know, it is under a Fidelius.“

„Shit.“

„No problem for me. My problem is, that I have to get back there. But it is possible. Do you know something about animagi?“

„Well yes. I am one.“ she said with a smirk.

„Great. Care to tell me what animal?“

„I will when you found your form.“ she teased him.

„You!“ he accused her but then he became serious and got a far away look.

„What is it, Harry?“ she asked him.

„You are a labile personality, Bella.“ he said absently.

„I know.“ she sighed, „I hope it gets better now that I am free. But it takes time.“

„I didn't mean it so seriously, Bella.“ he said with a smile, „Sometimes you are hard and cruel... not to me any more. Then you are fragile and I know there are reasons for it. But in situations like that... you are like Sirius. You both have much in common.“

Her expression became sad but she smiled, „That means very much to me, Harry.“

„To me too, Bella. You are like a lost link to him and I feel at these times that I got something of him back with you.“

She smiled now, but it became a little bit uncertain.

„But you are different too. I don't know how, but you are.“ Harry told still with a far away look but then he looked at her and smiled.

She didn't understand him, she liked it that he saw something of her cousin in her but it seemed to her that he didn't really want that from her but why?

Chapter 3 – Getting to know Bellatrix Lestrange

After the nice dinner they apparated back without problems and arrived both in Harry's room.

„What about the sleeping arrangements?“ Harry asked.

„What... Where did you sleep last night?“ she asked.

„I didn't. I had to try the potion three times and got it finally right as you were awakening.“ he answered and shrugged.

„You didn't sleep and all that for me?“

„I would have helped nearly anyone.“ he stated as a matter of fact.

„Yeah you would.“ She replied more for herself, but then she grinned, „Your bed is a little bit small but you could sleep with me in the bed.“ she said seductively.

He blushed fiercely, „I don't think that would be a good idea.“ he stammered, „I... I would surely get, uhm, 'reactions' and that would be embarrassing for both of us.“

She smiled. He found her despite of her age sexy enough to get 'reactions'? She began to like this boy who was becoming a man too fast.

„I am flattered.“ she replied despite of her thoughts coolly as it was her normal demeanour. „Well, you are wizard. Turn something into a bed!“ she snapped.

She flicked her own wand and enlarged her bed a little bit and changed it to a better and more comfortable version.

„I am sorry.“ he said startled from her cold tone, „I didn't want to hurt you.“

He turned away from her and transfigured his stool into a small mattress on the ground and a simple sheet and a pillow.

He couldn't see the look of regret that sneaked in her face. But she regained her cold façade in a matter of seconds.

She looked at the teenager curiously. Why did he use such a uncomfortable solution? He was a wizard for gods sake! And a rich one too. He was too modest for his own good. But she decided not to interfere. It was his life and he was mature enough to decide for himself.

She gasped as he took off his T-Shirt without hesitation and his not large but well defined muscles on his back flexed with the movements of his arms.

„Cute.“ she said with a devious grin.

Harry shot around and blushed fiercely.

That had the effect, that she could take a good look at his front too.

She whistled, „Quidditch is clearly good for you, Harry.“ she said and licked her lips.

„What?“ he asked confused.

She began to laugh, „I like your muscles Harry.“ she explained this time good-heartedly.

„Uhm... thanks.“ he muttered still red as a tomato.

„Now we are nearly even. You took a look at me and I of you. Now I only have to take a look at your legs.“ she said and discarded her dress.

Again he blushed and turned around like a tornado.

She laughed again, „There is nothing, what you didn't see already. Keep cool!“

„Easy to say for you.“ he muttered, „I am a bloody teenager and I do have hormones. Keep cool! Pah! Impossible.“

She giggled this time and crawled under her bed sheet.

„You can look again, I am covered. You are so sweet Harry. Such comments do wonder for a woman like me or my age. Thank you.“

He crawled in his bed as well, „I was only stating the obvious.” He said sincerely and unseen from him she blushed slightly but turned quickly away. ‘He is only a boy for gods sake!’ She thought for herself, ‘But a cute one!’ she added in her mind.

As Bellatrix Black awoke on the next morning, she was alone in the room.

“Where the hell is this boy now?” she muttered and took a look at the watch, “It is only ten!”

As if he had heard her, he knocked at the door.

She snickered to herself, “You have to loosen up, Sweetie!”

Louder she said, “You can come in, I am covered.”

She thought to herself, ‘Maybe the next time I should lie naked on the bed while saying that and see if he get any ‘reaction’.’

“Morning Bella. Sorry, I forgot to take clean clothes with me.” He said and went over to the closet to take out a T-Shirt and some new black Jeans from his shopping trip the day before.

She stared at him with wide eyes. He was covered in sweat.

“What the hell have you done this morning?” she asked.

“What I have been doing every morning since the beginning of the summer, I trained my body.” he replied and winked at her.

She decided to tease him again and licked her lips in a seductive manor, “It is paying off.”

He left the room blushing and she laughed again.

As he came back she was already dressed but her long hair was messy as every morning.

He was smiling, "You have a nice laugh, Bella. You should do that more often." he said sincerely, but added, "But not at my costs please. Now come down, breakfast is ready."

She followed him and sat down on the kitchen table.

"Hmm, that smells nice." She said as she observed the crumbled eggs, the fresh toast and the other things, "You must have a dutiful house elf."

"Yeah sure! You are in a muggle house, Bella. My relatives hating all that has to do with magic... including me. So I am the house elf." He snorted.

She stared at him incredulously, "You are joking, right? Not even the dark lord would treat you like this."

"Maybe I should move to him then." he joked.

"That is not funny! Don't underestimate him!" she snapped.

"I don't." he replied fiercely, "But I don't fear him either!"

"You are a foolish boy!" she replied now angered.

He was taken aback for a moment, but then he said quietly, "You know, I hear that often but it doesn't matter to me. But to hear it from you... that hurts."

He stood up and took his dishes away.

"Damn! Why do you do this?" she yelled, "Why? Why do you bear with me? I killed Sirius! I nearly killed you! And now... you... I don't know... care for me. You treat me like a friend! Why? I never had any friends! Why and why you?"

He turned around with an indifferent expression, "Why did you protect the girl?"

She was thrown of her rant by the change of the topic, "What?... She... She reminded me of myself as I was young and... innocent." she whispered.

"You are right. I do care for you. I would like to become friends with you. I do help you, because it is the right thing to do. You needed help, I helped you." he stated as a matter of fact, his eyes once again indifferent.

She shook her head and said seriously "With that attitude you won't stand a chance against the dark lord. You have to be ruthless, merciless while dealing with Deatheaters."

"I already realised that. Don't underestimate me, Bella! I will do what I have to do! But leaving you there bleeding to your death belonged not to that. If I didn't have seen that you have a heart I would have killed you. But I didn't and I am glad about that."

"Great! I am still dead! They will hunt me down and kill me." She said despaired.

"No they won't!" Harry said determined.

"But..."

"They won't, if we hunt them and kill them first. And if Voldemort is dead, then you are free." he said and his voice was now underlaid with ice.

"You are crazy, you know that! You are nothing more than a foolish boy with a hero complex!" she yelled.

That was clearly the wrong thing to say because his face changed to a mask of fury. His eyes lit up in an inner fire... they were now the same green as the death curse and she shuddered.

The raw power he was emitting now was frightening even her, a powerful dark and evil witch and she backed away from him as he strode over to her like a Dementor, his eyes piercing her own.

"YOU.WILL.NEVER.TELL.ME.AGAIN.THAT.I.HAVE.A. he said every word as cutting as his eyes were.

"I will kill Voldemort and every one who stands between me and him even if it is you!" he said with barely restrained rage.

The china began to shake and small cracks appeared in every window. A breeze began to form around the teenager as he came to a stop only inches before her.

"For now I maybe foolish to even begin such a task. But I will learn! And I will use what I learn. I asked you to help me with that. If you do that or not is your decision. BUT.YOU.WILL.RESPECT.ME!"

She regained her composure and straightened herself. A cold smile formed in her face. "At least you are determined. Let's see, what we can make of it. But now, I want to have acceptable clothes even if it has to be muggle."

To her surprise his demeanour changed as fast as hers and he became cool instantly, "Do what you want. If you want to stay with me, you have to bear this house until my birthday. After that I am legible for my property and we can see if we find something more suitable. If you stay with me, I may have a surprise for you on my birthday but I don't know for sure. If it becomes reality it requires a great deal of trust to me. More I won't say for now. Can you cope alone in the muggle world?"

"What? Why? Don't you want to come along?" she asked.

"Shopping with a girl? You are joking right? That comes close to a Cruciatus, that much even I know about girls or women in your case. Besides I meant what I said. Now that I know that I can do magic, I have to learn and learn I will."

She approved of his fierce determination and nodded, "I will be alright."

"Good. Come with me!" he ordered her.

Irritated from the quick change of topic she followed him.

He shoved her once again on her bed and grabbed the hairbrush.

“We have to make sure, that you are presentable. Besides with a colourful muggle outfit, nice hair and a smile on your lips, you could walk down Diagon alley and nobody would recognize you.”

Her face was turned away from him so she allowed herself to smile sincerely. If she was honest to herself, she liked it very much to have someone who cared for her. As the day before she enjoyed the soothing feeling of the moving brush. She visibly relaxed and unseen from her, Harry's lips formed also a sincere smile.

As he was finished he hugged her spontaneously around her petite waist and pulled her to him. To his surprise she snuggled against him and sighed contently.

He held her without any words for at least ten minutes.

She sighed again, “I am going to help you Harry. I will train you but I am a demanding teacher and a cold hearted one as well.”

“I wouldn't have it any other way, Bella. What I intend to learn is dark or blackest powerful magic. Any small error could cause a catastrophe. We have neither time nor room for errors. And you were right... I have to become colder. I changed already after Sirius' death and I am still changing. I... I was hurt... but the pain turned into something more powerful... hate and the thirst for revenge. You will help me to turn myself into the weapon necessary for my revenge!” Harry was cold and sincere as he told her this self-analysis.

She nodded and replied thoughtfully “You got that right. I already saw, that you have changed as you engaged the death eaters in the park. You allowed yourself to feel hate and anger but despite of it you kept your cool this time and acted properly. I don't think that we have to fuel your anger further. We only have to be sure, that you aren't losing your head in a fight over your emotions, be it a physical fight with death eaters or ‘political’ with Dumbledore and you will have to mess around with the old fool... at least if you become a dark wizard. Alright, we need the books of the Blacks. Until now, we will learn and train normal dark magic... if there is such a thing. What are you going to learn while I am out there?”

“Animagus. I am intended to find out your form, Bella.”

She smiled, “You know the deal. I should go now.”

“Yes. Here is some cash. There is a mall down the street, half a mile away.” He handed her five hundred pounds and his cloak.

“Be careful! The house is most probably guarded by the Order. Take the back door!”

She nodded and stroked the shimmering material of the cloak.

“You do trust me too much, Harry.” she stated.

He only smiled, “I think my trust is well placed for once.”

She put on the cloak and grinned inwardly, as she leaned over and placed a kiss through the fabric on his cheek. She whispered, “Thank you.”

With that she disappeared and grinned once again as she saw him blushing and stroking his cheek before she went away.

She still had no clue what to make of this boy.

Chapter 4 – The Animal within

As she came back nearly four hours later, she found Harry in their room.

She froze amidst the step, as she saw, that he was sitting in a lotus position on the floor surrounded by five candles.

After the grade the candles were burnt down already he had to have been for at least three hours in this state.

She sat quietly down on the bed and watched him intently. Opposed to all she knew about this boy before, he was now sitting upright in a determined and confident way. The position was perfectly achieved from what she knew. She saw, that his eyes were moving in a constant way.

His breathing was slow and regular. It came deep down from his stomach and seemed to be intensive.

She tried to remember how you could find out your form. There were some different ways to achieve that. Of course at first you would have to find out if you have the ability in the first place and that contained a complex potion which only masters could brew. Another potion was also one of the ways to find out your form, but this has to be freshly brewed and that was a long process as well. Another way was a personality test and dream journals. An even longer and harder way. She tried to remember if meditation was a way.

She needed a while before she could remember. Only the strongest wizards with a well organised mind and powerful determination could find their inner animal this way. But if they achieved it that way, it would be the fastest way to achieve the actual transformation. If the trance was deep enough you could learn anything you need about your inner animal and could instantly move forward to the practical part. As far as she knew no wizard or witch had achieved it with the meditation in the last two centuries.

He was smiling as he opened his eyes and with a flick of his wand and again no incantation the candles extinguished and disappeared.

“Hello Bella. You are back to black.” he stated, “Do me a favour and stand up.” he said without moving from his position.

Curiously she followed his wish.

“Turn around!”

She did that too and nearly felt how his intense green eyes were wandering over her body.

He on the other hand took in her new clothes. She wore black and narrow jeans that were low cut on her hip. She wore a silver chain instead of a common belt. Her belly was uncovered and above that she wore a black stretch-top with short arms. On it was a blood red rose printed directly above her breasts.

Her silky hair swayed lightly as she turned around.

The narrow jeans emphasized her long legs and her crisp butt.

Her black top did the same for her other womanly features.

Harry whistled with a devious grin, “What are you, Bella? A gothic femme fatale or a seductive sex goddess?”

She grinned happily, “Thank you. I take it you like what you see. Maybe you will sleep sometimes together with me in my bed.” She teased him.

Without changing his nice expression he said, “Maybe.”

“Now, I guess you were looking for your form. Where did you get the potion?”

“What potion?” he asked.

“The potion which determines if you have the ability.”

“Ah that potion. I didn’t use it.” he said smirking.

“What? Why not?” she asked irritated.

“Why should I? My dad was an animagus and everybody goes on about how much I am like him. Everybody keeps telling me how powerful I am. I didn’t bother.”

“But...”

“No but. I do believe, that anything is possible with magic. You only need two things, enough determination to reach your goal and enough power. I was thinking a lot for the last weeks, a lot over my last years in the magical world. I tried to watch my actions and achievements objectively from a third person view. I came to the closure, that I am indeed somewhat powerful. Take the Dementors for instance! I was able to cast a corporeal Patronus with thirteen. One, that was powerful enough to chase away hundred of the foul creatures. I was able to withstand an Imperius of the dark lord himself with fourteen. I deemed that enough for me to become an animagus.”

“I see. I know it is not very probable but did you find your form?”

“Not only that.” he answered solemnly and was finally getting up.

“What do you mean?”

“I did not only find my form but I did learn all about it I need to know as well.” he stated.

“Impossible.” she gasped.

“As I said, nothing is impossible. All teachers told me it is impossible to block the killing curse. If it had been, I wouldn’t stand here.”

“Alright. I don’t argue with you about that. Spill it!”

“No, you first.” he said grinning.

“I am a black eagle owl.”

Harry nodded thoughtfully, “Studious and vicious. It is fitting for you but I didn’t know you like flying.”

“I had not often the chance to but I do.”

"I like that. We could do this together, Bella." He said smiling.

"Now to you."

"How about you take a few guesses? All wizards think they know me and you are included. Show me, what you know about me!" he asked her.

She became thoughtful.

"You like flying and you are a very good flyer as far as the intelligence of the dark lord says. I think you are a flying animal too. You are very powerful as you said. I mean, nobody found out his form the way you did for the last two centuries. They simply hadn't the power and you did it with the first try. You are brave, noble, courageous and righteous. You are a true Gryffindor. I would say you are a lion but they can't fly. If it would be possible to become a magical animal, you could be a griffin. But it isn't. So, how did I fare?" she asked sure of herself.

"Totally wrong except the first fact." he said with a slightly disappointed voice.

"You too judge me without knowing me as all the others do. How fits the evening of your rescue in that image? I killed and I tortured."

She nodded thoughtfully, "It doesn't fit very well. That was malicious and vicious, not traits of Gryffindor or a lion. Harry, I agree with you. I did judge you without knowing you. Please, tell me where I was wrong. I want to know the real you." She asked seriously.

"Well I like flying, it is the only time when I feel truly free. It is as if I left all burdens on the ground."

She smiled kindly at this.

"I am powerful, we covered that already. But I am not brave, I was simply foolish and stormed ahead without a plan in the past. But I won't do that anymore. I do, what I have to, but in the past I was more foolish than brave. I still am in some ways noble, but I am not against my enemies, at least not anymore. While I would never hurt an

innocent, I have no more hesitation to kill or even torture my enemies. That was also in the past. I am also no Gryffindor, Bella. That hat wanted to place me in Slytherin. I convinced him otherwise.”

“But why?”

“Because I think I was manipulated. First I met Ron, who is a Gryffindor. Second I met Hagrid who told me that all the bad wizards came from Slytherin which isn’t true by the way. Third I met Malfoy who insulted my first friend. After that I decided that I didn’t want to be in Slytherin. Now I agree with the hat. I would have done well in the Snake house and would probably be more ready to fight than I am now. I can be cunning if I need to and now it is time for that. I am now vicious and malicious against my enemies and they all will feel my anger and my revenge, but I am still protecting of my true friends and family. And you were wrong in the last place. Nothing is impossible.”

“What? Don’t tell me...”

“I AM a magical animal.” he interrupted her coolly, without gloating. It was only another fact for him.

“Ok, you win. Tell me, please!” she begged now fully intrigued with the young wizard in front of her.

“What do you know of wyvern, Bella?” he asked with a devious glint in his eyes.

“A WYVERN?” she yelled.

He nodded.

“Wow. If we hadn’t known before, that you are truly powerful, we do it now. Let’s see. They are related to dragons. They are nearly as resistant as them, more malicious while or because they are far smaller. They are nevertheless nearly as dangerous. They reach a height of up to two metres and a length from head to tail end up to four metres. Their span width can go up to six metres. There are different kinds of them. Every kind can start another magical attack.

The most common is fire breathing. Some breath ice, acid or in rarer cases even lightning.”

“Well, I was ever somewhat special I would say.”

“Lightning then?” she asked floored.

He only nodded, “And I am in such a dark grey, that it is nearly black. Besides the magical attack you forgot their dangerous mouth with it’s large teeth and their extremely sharp claws. I think the tail of it is also very dangerous because it is pointed and looked armoured to me. They are also faster and agiler flyers than dragons. I for my part can hardly wait to try it.” He said and rubbed his hands together.

“And I am not sure if I even want to be near you, if you change for the first time.” She shuddered, “Well, then lets eat something and then let the fun begin!”

After that and until the time of his birthday, they trained nearly the whole day from early in the morning until late in the night.

They were still nothing more than friends, maybe not even that.

She still thought too often as foolish boy of him and told him so. He was either insulted and hurt because of that or enraged and he showed her with no hesitation that to enrage him was not a good idea. One time, as she taunted him about it, he even showed her how well he was able to cast a Cruciatus now. After that incident her respect of him grew and her taunting deceased nearly instantly. He on the other hand wanted nothing more, than to gain her respect. He didn’t even know why that was so important to him, but that’s the way things were. He didn’t give it much thought. But he did learn and put much effort in his training to please her but that seemed to be impossible. He didn’t know that she did respect him and simply still hadn’t found his boundaries. So she pushed him farther and farther until exhaustion.

Slowly her view of him changed from that of a boy to that of a merciless but righteous young man. He was powerful and that was something she adored. She found him also sexy despite his age and if he returned that feeling, that was ok with her. So she did tease him

more than once a day with his shyness and made him blush. But from time to time he did it with her too and they get better along as his birthday came nearer.

Mostly she liked the feeling of security around him. Despite countless and loud rows and fights they had, he let her feel that he cared for her. He brushed her hair every morning and that was her favourite time of the day. For the first time in her life, she felt like an adored woman, not like a bitch who is there to please her husband in any way possible.

So his birthday arrived at last. She had thought long about a present for him but she could only come up with one and she wasn't sure that it would go well for both of them. She wanted to give him the same feeling of care that he gave her and she knew only one way.

She sighed, as she got up for the day.

Harry was awaiting her already with breakfast.

"Happy birthday." She nearly squealed and hugged the surprised boy fiercely.

"Thank you." He stammered blushing.

"What have you planned for your special day?" she asked excitedly.

He cleared his throat and fixed her with a serious stare.

"Today, I have to know if you trust me with your life."

She was taken aback by this question.

"I... I do trust you, Harry... what do you mean with my life?"

"Well, better I explain something to you. I have been in contact with attorneys since my first visit in Diagon Alley this summer."

"What? Why?" she got an uneasy feeling in her stomach.

"Because I intend to make that not a special day for me but for you. You told me, that they don't have anything against you, what you

would agree with under veritasserum. The lawyers looked carefully through all charges against you and they are fairly sure, that they would win if you would agree to show up to a trial and make a statement under the serum.”

“What...?” she was once again floored by this boy.

“When would it be?”

“Today at one in the afternoon. I arranged a lunch with them so you could go through the charges to see if there is any concern.”

She looked frightened, ready to jump up and run.

He laid his hand on hers and pressed is reassuringly.

“You are not alone in this, Bella. I will be with you all the time and if worst is to come, we will flee. I have two special portkeys charmed for emergency. I will hold them while you are checked for any magical item and give one to you before the trial begins.”

“You have given this much thought, haven’t you? And since when you can make portkeys?”

“For 5 days. I did independent studies, Bella. And yes, I have thought about it since you came here.”

“Wow... It would nice to be free... but... are you sure?” she asked hopefully.

He nodded.

After some seconds her eyes widened and she gasped “You would be with me? You will be recognized!”
”No, I won’t. I will be disguised as one of the assistants of Webster&Webster, a squib boy with brown hair, brown eyes, no scar, no glasses... you get the picture.”

“I don’t know, what to say, Harry.”

“Yes or no are your options.” He replied with a sincere smile.

"I trust you, Harry. If you say, there is a chance, I am going to use it. But... won't the dark lord know about it?"

"No. They only know in the ministry that there is a trial not about whom. The only one who knows is the judge... Madam Bones."

"They are going to be surprised."

"Yeah. That alone is worth it. I want to see the look in Dumbledores eyes." Harry said with a malicious grin.

So she agreed.

It was one in the afternoon as the judge announced the next trial.

"The ministry against Bellatrix Black formerly Lestrangle."

Absolute silence reigned the great court of the Wizardgamot as the door opened and four people flanked by two aurors walked in.

There she was, one of the most wanted witches in Europe. The black haired woman held her head high and confident and she glared viciously at the gathered crowd.

Behind her were the two aurors and behind them were two elderly looking men and a teenager who seemed to be in awe at the gathered crowd around them. He carried some papers with shaking hands and nervous eyes.

Nobody knew that his hairs were coloured with muggle means or that he had coloured contacts in his eyes.

Nobody knew, that he was inwardly absolutely calm and collected as he sat down between the wanted Deatheater and the well known lawyers and handed them the files.

Madam Bones, the judge spoke again.

"Miss Black has surrendered herself to the ministry today on her own free will. She claims that she has been under a magical binding marriage contract against her will with the now dead Rudolphus

Lestrangle. She will make a statement under the influence of veritasserum also on her own free will. Because she is voluntary here, I grant the right to question her regarding the charges to her lawyers, Mr. and Mr. Webster. Nobody else is allowed to ask her questions as long as she is under the influence of the veritasserum. The lawyers will address all the charges against Ms. Black.”

Murmurs ran throughout the hall but were instantly stopped by Madam Bones.

“Is the Wizardgamot alright with that?”

She received a positive vote and went on. The serum was administered by an auror and Mr. Webster began the interrogation.

“State your name!”

“Bellatrix Stella Black.” she answered in a monotone voice.

“Did you marry Rudolphus Lestrangle on your own will?”

“No. I was forced by my aunt.”

“You are charged for torturing the Longbottoms to insanity. Did you cast any pain curse on them?”

“No.”

The crowd gasped and yelled but Madam Bones put simply a silencing charm up.

“Thank you Madam Bones. Miss Black, why didn’t you help them?”
the lawyer continued.
”I couldn’t disobey him or hurt him in any way.”

“I understand. You are here for murder on MacArthur. Did you commit that crime?”

“No.”

So the questions continued for nearly an hour.

"The last charge is the murder of Sirius Black. Did you kill him intentionally?"

"No."

"Did you kill him at all?"

"I caused his death."

"How?"

"I fired a stunner at him while duelling him in the chamber of death. He was hit and hurled through the veil of death."

"So it was an accident?"

"Yes."

"Why did you duel him if he was a Deatheater?"

"He wasn't."

Again the crowd gasped and this time the Wizardgamot as well.

"Explain!"

"He was framed by Peter Pettigrew. Pettigrew is an animagus with a rat form. He accused my cousin of betraying the Potters. In truth he has been the secret keeper and he betrayed them to the dark lord. After that he cut a finger off and cast an exploding hex with his wand behind his back. He changed to his rat form and escaped through the sewers. He was the one who brought the dark lord back over two years ago. He is still alive and in the inner circle of the dark lord."

"Are there any other people in the inner circle?"

"Yes, Lucius Malfoy, Theodore Nott, ..." she called all the names except Snape because he wasn't quite in the inner circle.

"Now that you are free, do you support the dark lord in any way?"

"No. I hate him and all his followers!" she said truthfully.

"Thank you." With that the anti-serum was administered.

Madam Bones took over, "I have no further questions, Miss Black. An interrogation under veritasserum is not to be questioned." She stated and shoot a glance to the enraged minister of magic.

"I ask the Wizardgamot to come to a verdict."

She received the answer minutes later and read it to the audience.

"Miss Black is freed of all charges. She has to get a compensation for her wrongful imprisonment in Azkaban. As the last true Black besides of the head of the house, she has the right to live in the family home."

Dumbledore gasped at this while Bella and Harry smirked evilly. That much for the secret headquarters.

"I add to that decision." she continued, "I declare Sirius Black posthum innocent. He or in this case his heir has to receive a compensation as well. It is to be divided evenly between Miss Black and the head of the house. The case is closed! A statement has to be printed in the press regarding your innocence, Miss Black."

"Thank you." she said visibly shaken.

She wanted nothing more, than to jump up and hug her new friend silly but she was well aware that this would compromise his security.

Dumbledore cleared his throat, "Madam Bones?"

"Yes, Mr. Dumbledore?"

"Could you tell me, who the new head of the house Black is?"

"No, that is not allowed to me. You will have to ask a Black for that information and I don't know if Miss Black is informed about that because she wouldn't have much chances to get in contact with him."

"Miss Black, may I ask you?" the old wizard turned to her.

She grinned evilly, "You may ask but you won't get an answer. I know very well who is the new head of my family and I know very well who

is responsible for the whole mess in the Department of the ministry in the first place. I think it is too much fun to see, if you can find out that little bit of information.”

With that she stood up and followed her lawyers out of the courtroom while many pictures of her were taken and with every picture her anger rose.

As one of the reporters asked her, “Miss Black! What do you do now? Have you a new lover?” she snapped and grabbed her on her throat.

“Leave me alone you bitch! If you ever come near me again, I will show you why I was one of the most feared Deatheaters! I may have a lover but I wouldn’t tell anyone about that! Now run or I show you the meaning of pain!”

A white witch stormed out of the hall. After that, they were left alone and Harry whispered, “I should have known that kind of answer ages ago.”

She snickered as they got finally out of the building and she had her wand back.

“Thank you, Mr. and Mr. Webster.” she said sincerely.

“Yeah, thanks.” Harry added, “Your charges will be transferred as we agreed in this moment.”

Both nodded and disappeared.

“What cha...” she asked realising the costs of such a well known firm. But Harry disappeared with a smirk as well.

He waited nearly a minute for her arrival in his bedroom.

As soon as he heard the crack he found himself in a fierce hug and even before he could respond in any way, he felt soft lips on his.

He froze startled to the bone and needed nearly a half minute to recover. But then he felt the kiss igniting his feelings and slowly he

began to kiss her back. Finally he closed his arms around her and hugged her gently back.

She broke away after another minute and grinned at his blushing face.

“You did truly deserve that kiss.” she said happily but now she froze as she saw his face changing from bliss to indifference. But she had become to know him and saw that he was not indifferent but slightly hurt... at least.

“What? Didn’t you like it?” she teased him.

She became concerned as she saw that this comment only deepened his hurt.

“Yes, I did.” He admitted, “But, please, don’t do it again. I don’t want to be kissed in that way, if there are no feelings behind it.” he added quietly and turned away.

Her eyes widened in realisation. He had feelings for her! And she had hurt him, with her meaningless comments degrading the kiss to some kind of payment for his helping.

But what brought her to kiss him in the first place? She asked herself. What did she feel for him? She cursed inwardly. Like him she never learned the true meaning of love.

But she knew for sure, that she didn’t want to hurt him.

Chapter 5 – What do we do now?

She hugged him gently from behind and leaned her head on his shoulder.

“I didn’t want to hurt you, Harry. I really enjoyed this kiss. I understand what you are trying to say. Do... do you like me? Please, be honest!”

He only nodded.

“In that way?” she had to be sure.

“Yes” came the whispered reply.

“Why? What do you see in me, Harry? I am nothing but a cruel Death eater! You know very well that I only got luck today because they only questioned me about what I did while being controlled. You know that I, in fact, did some of these crimes intentionally. Why me?”

“I don’t know. I only know what I feel. I only truly discovered it just as you kissed me. It was as if you ignited some dynamite that destroyed the wall of pure stone surrounding my heart” he said quietly.

She sighed and hugged him more firmly.

He sighed as well and turned around. She raised her head and looked into his moist green eyes.

“I don’t know where we will go from here, Harry. I don’t know what I feel about you. I never learnt to love or even to like someone. I can only assure you, that this kiss was not without emotion. I do feel something for you, something nice, that I never felt before. I... I don’t want to be without you anymore. I ... I want to kiss you again, and I like it, when you hug me or even brush my hair. But is this love?”

He smiled, one of his rare, honest, and moving smiles, “I don’t know either, Bella. But it sounds very similar to what I feel about you.”

She sighed and leaned her head now on his shoulder. She was nearly as tall as him.

"I am also afraid about my age. What, if I find out that I do in fact love you? Aren't you worried that I am old enough to be your mother? Harry, you may not realise it but you can get nearly any witch on this planet if you wanted to. You are a nice young man and beyond that you are rich and powerful, but you are also caring and loving. You're what every witch wants in a wizard. What if someday you see some young chick and decide that I am too old for you?"

He hugged her, "I am not that type of man, Bella. I said it before and I will say it again, you are a very beautiful witch and as sexy as a witch can be. I don't care about immature giggling teenagers. They would never be able to truly be with me. They are kids with no concerns.

"I may be young in age but I have a great burden on me. I have suffered and will continue to suffer even more. I have been hurt and I will be hurt again. I have already killed, even tortured, and I will do it again. I need a strong woman at my side, a woman who can bear what it means to be with me, not a girly teenager who only cares about make-up or spending my money.

"I also need some one who can take care of herself in case somebody attacks us. ... I need you as a friend, possibly more. Now I have poured my heart out to you. Now it only depends on you" He said seriously as he hugged her again and held her safely in his strong arms.

She sighed, "You know, you are a bad influence on me, Harry! I was never afraid of something and never insecure before, but now I am both.

"I like you but I am afraid to admit it. I am afraid to take this into a serious relationship because you are the first person who truly has the power to hurt me.

"I'm insecure, and I'm also unsure how I should decide. Normally all of my decisions are made thinking with my head, which says that I should stay away from you. It says that you are too young for me. But my heart says otherwise. My heart truly agrees with you, that you need a woman and not a girl. My heart..."

She looked up, searching his eyes, and found her own feelings, insecurity, hope, despair, love, and attraction, reflected back. Then she found one more thing in his eyes that wasn't there before ... determination. The determination to do the right thing, not the easy thing but the right one.

Her eyes widened, as he was leaning forward and his lips touched hers. It was like a spark that flew between them.

From her point of view, the first kiss was mostly to tease him, but also to thank him and show a little bit affection mixed with a curiosity as to what kind of a kisser he was.

But now they both were fully aware of their feelings, however unclear they were before. Now this soft and gentle kiss was simply breathtaking. For her it was like a little spark that exploded into a huge bonfire. Now she was the one who was, for a second, afraid that the kiss was nothing but a tease. But this second was quickly over. She knew that he would never do such a thing, not to anyone and especially not to her.

She didn't know how she knew that, but nonetheless she was sure of it. She gathered all her courage to give in to him and she did it.

She finally opened her heart to him. She kissed him back and opened her lips slightly. He was inexperienced but he was passionate. He licked her lips gently with his tongue before he slipped it slightly into her mouth where her tongue was waiting for his. She touched his tongue gently with her own and the gentle kiss turned into one full of passion and emotion.

As they separated both had a new fire in their eyes. Harry led her to the bed and sat down. She stood in front of him uncertainly but she relaxed as he pulled her down in his lap and she leaned into his hug.

"I think I like this new development a lot, Harry" she said, now more certain.

"I think I do too. We have to find out for ourselves if this is true love but I am fairly optimistic about it."

She grinned, "You could be right for once."

Then she became serious, "Thank you for everything that you have done for me today, Harry. I don't think you will ever understand how much this has meant to me."

"I believe I can, Bella. Don't forget, that I was a prisoner as well until this summer."

She nodded; it was easy to overlook his true life if all you saw was such a gentle and caring person in front of you. But she would never make the mistake of overlooking it again. And above that, she was one of the few witnesses to his dark side that had come out this summer. She was willing to bet that not even his friends had known about this and she was also sure that the incident in the park had only been the beginning.

Her eyes widened, "Harry! What will your friends say about us?" she asked full of concern.

He shook his head disbelievingly, "Bella! Please think about it and ask me that again!" he laughed, "You, one of the most powerful witches on this planet, not to mention a very dark one as well as a former Death eater, are worried about the reaction of some students when they find out about us?"

She laughed as well, "If you put it that way... no. Honestly, it only matters to me what you think about it."

"I know and I don't care what they think. Frankly, I don't believe they can hurt me much more than they already have. I mean, I only got one letter from them! They had the guts to tell me they could not write me for security reasons! Nonsense! If that was the case, there are still telephones and Hermione is a muggleborn witch."

"I remember! The little mudblood!"

"Bella! While it may not matter to them how I feel, it does matter to me if someone insults them. At least as long as they are still officially my friends. So far they haven't done anything to me. Please do not sink to that level! You are too intelligent to truly believe in purebloods.

If you think about it, wizards need muggles, be it for food or fresh blood. How many pure blooded families are there? How many will be still there after the war? How long does it take for inbreeding to cause effects?"

Her eyes widened, "Shit! You are right! That is the second time in one day!"

He tickled her, "You're mean!" he said while she laughed and twisted on his lap.

"Stop that!" she said and slapped him slightly.

Both yelped, stared at each other, and then laughed again.

"Yeah! I have to... otherwise you will get your proof that you are indeed as sexy as I claim you are," he said, only slightly blushing.

Without hesitation she started to grind herself against him and put her hand down on his lap perfectly between his legs. He froze as she began to grope him gently. He became as red as a tomato but couldn't do anything to stop her. He also couldn't evade her hand since she still sat on his lap, effectively holding him in place.

It wasn't long before he became hard and started to groan. "Bella!" he said sternly.

She snickered, "Your voice says you don't like it but your body disagrees. Which should I believe?"

"You! Are! Evil!"

She shrugged, "And you like me."

He rolled his eyes and pulled her into another hug. He tried to kiss her but she pushed against his chest so that he fell flat on his back. She was on him a second later and kissed him again, this time full of lust.

While she was kissing him, she rubbed her pelvis against his.

He began to groan again, this time not because of her teasing, but because of his own lust.

“Bella! What are you doing?” he asked with a shaking voice.

“Why, I’m seducing you, of course” she replied amusedly and kissed him again.

He pushed her gently away and looked deeply into her blue eyes, “Are you sure about that?”

She smiled one of her own rare but true smiles, “As sure as I am about this relationship. We don’t know if it is going to last but we agreed to try. Sex is a part of a relationship and I for one am looking forward to doing it for the first time of my own free will.

“I want to be honest with you Harry. I already thought about giving myself to you as kind of a birthday present but, at the same time, I was afraid you would reject me... and I was right about that by the way you rejected my kiss.”

He nodded.

“But it doesn’t matter anymore. You nullified it as a present, but you made it mean so much more. I only want to do it now, because I want to do it! Wow, that sounded silly! Okay, in other words. I want you now, because I like you. What about you?”

“Did I tell you, that you are crazy?” he asked grinning.

“No, but I knew it anyway.” she said and smirked.

“Well, that’s a start at least.” He joked, but then he became serious.

“Bella, I do like you, and I do find you attractive. If you want to do this, I want it too. But...”

She smiled as she saw how uncertain he suddenly was, “The great Harry Potter is afraid because it’s his first time?” she teased him but then became a little bit more serious, “Don’t be, Harry!

“We will learn more about each other and our bodies together, ok? All you need to know is that I am safe for at least for the next eight months because of a contraceptive potion. Now... where were we?”

She kissed him again and then started removing her clothes.

He stared again at her as he saw her completely naked for the first time.

Gently he stroked her breast for the first time and whistled, “You are truly beautiful, Bella, even more so than I had imagined.”

“Thank you... but now it is time to show me how well built you are! What I just felt between your legs was promising.” she teased him further.

She pulled his shirt over his head and stroked over his lean and defined upper body.

“Nice.” she said and licked her lips. Then she leaned down and began to kiss his nipples while her hand travelled further down and opened his pants.

She removed it seconds later and began to stroke his manhood.

It didn't take long until they became united for their first time and, certainly not the last time, on the night of his birthday.

It was early in the morning that they finally snuggled up against each other to sleep.

It didn't matter to Harry because he was up with the sun despite the long night. He was only glad, that he didn't have any nightmares anymore.

As he thought about it, he hadn't had any visions or nightmares since the ministry incident. Maybe the moment he pushed Voldemort out of his head, he finally severed the connection?

It wouldn't hurt to learn Occlumency anyway. He would have to ask the black haired angel, or more the devil, next to him when she was awake.

He decided to skip the training for the day and enjoyed watching Bella sleep instead.

As he moved an inch to get into a more comfortable position, she snuggled further against him and a faint smile graced her lips in her sleep.

Nothing could have made him happier than that.

She opened her eyes slowly half an hour later.

"Hey! What are you doing in my bed?" she asked in a dangerous voice.

His eyes widened in fear but she grinned, "Relax! I'm only teasing you!"

He let his breath out loudly.

"That was really mean, Bella." he scolded her.

"Relax! You hooked me and you won't get rid of me that fast. Did you enjoy the last night?"

"Of course! It was the best night ever.... And... and you?" he asked hesitantly.

"For me too. I mean I had sex before but that was different, truly different. You were right; to have something like that powered by emotions is much more enjoyable. And you were great!" she said sincerely.

"Thank you." he said with a light blush. He looked a little bit uncertain in her eyes, "Uhm... do you... uhm... want to..."

She grinned, grabbed him and pulled him over to her. As she had hoped he lost his balance and came to lie on top of her.

“Yes!” she nearly yelled and kissed him passionately.

Some minutes later they continued what they began the night before.

They didn’t get down in time to eat breakfast so they started with lunch.

Just as they began to eat, two owls and a black eagle swooped down to Harry and dropped of some letters before they left again.

“Wow, letters!” he said sarcastically.

He performed some analysis charms on them but they were clean.

“My OWL’s.” he said and noticed her concerned look.

“What is it, Bella?”

“I... I... it was so nice to be with you that I didn’t realise that you have to go back to Hogwarts.”

“Hmm, I didn’t either.” He mused, while he looked over his scores.

“How did you do?” she asked.

“O+ in DADA, O’s in Transfiguration, CoMC, wow, and Charms. E in potions, I bet that caused Snape some nightmares even if I didn’t meet his O-level. A’s in Herbology and Astronomy and a D in divination and history. 12 OWL’s.”

“Congratulations! That’s not bad, not bad at all.” She added more quietly, “I bet Sirius would have been proud and your parents as well.”

Harry smiled and shook his head, “Sirius would have had a field day with my E in potions and he would went on how much like my father and mother I was with my O’s in Charms and Transfiguration. But he would also tease me about not having more fun and causing pranks.”

“That sounds like something he would do.” She sighed.

"I bet he is looking down on us and is proud of us both, now that he knows the real you. I bet he would even approve of me learning dark magic, from you, to kick Voldy's ass."

She nodded, "He knew quite a bit of the Black magic himself."

"That reminds me of something." Harry grinned and picked the next letter up.

As he had guessed it was from his most 'favourite' headmaster.

"He wants me to come over tomorrow evening. Of course I will be 'escorted'."

Her eyes widened now in terror.

He laid his hand reassuringly on hers, "Don't be afraid, Bella! I don't intend to leave you. But somehow I have to at least go for a visit because of the books. We will find a way. Now let's take a look at the last letter."

There were two signet rings in there and a thick letter.

One showed a dragon and a sword, that was the Black seal.

The other showed a striking griffin with unfurled wings, the seal of the Potters.

He grinned and put them on. He received a tingle with both rings, showing that they were magical.

He read the deeds over and grinned even more.

"Guess we should move out of here."

"What? Where?"

"How about Gryffindor Manor?" Harry asked.

Her eyes widened for the third time that morning but this time it was in shock and not in fear.

“Any other options?” she asked stunned.

“Yeah, a small ranch in Texas, a small cottage on Majorca or a flat in New York.”

“Ok, Gryffindor Manor. You do know that the home is legendary? You must be the heir of Gryffindor!”

“Who cares? I am Harry, just Harry, and hopefully your boyfriend.”

She hugged him, “Yes, you are my Harry. What about your invitation?”

Harry grinned, took the letter of the headmaster and turned it around. Of the empty backside he wrote two words: “No, thanks!”

“We give it Hedwig before we move out.”

She nodded happily.

“What about Hogwarts?”

“How long do you estimate I need to become proficient enough with the Black Magic?”

“At least a year.”

“Well, how about an apprenticeship for a year and then we can think about me going back for my seventh year? I mean that is where the action will be. Maybe we can work something out until then so that we can still be together, but I won’t even think about leaving you now.”

“I would be happy with that but only if you truly want that. I assure you, I am still a demanding teacher.”

“I hope so.”

“Well then, I would be happy to stay together with you.”

“So it is decided then. Is there an official way to do this?”

"There would be but I am not sure that it would be in your interest to let the old coot know that you are my apprentice."

"That's true. Can I take my NEWT's independently at the ministry in the worst case?"

"Yeah, that is possible."

"Well, we could do that so Dumbledore doesn't get his weapon back. Care for some DADA training, Charms and Transfiguration as well?"

"Of course. You know by now that I was and still am a really studious type."

He shuddered.

"What? Don't like that?" she asked with an accusing glare.

"Sure I like you. I only thought about Hermione. You know, she is also very studious. Who knows what would happen if she, someday on her own, delves into the dark arts, just because she wants to learn. I don't know if her mind is strong enough to resist the temptation that comes with the dark arts. She could maybe become nearly as powerful as you are."

"Really?" Bella asked astounded, "Seems that the dark lord and a few other purebloods underestimated her."

"They do. Now enough of that. We have to organize a moving and I want to get some kisses in before that. Besides as funny as it would be to see you torturing my relatives, it would be better if we were out of here before they come back."

"Why would I torture them?" she asked.

"Trust me you would the moment they say their first words to me, or you. People like them are the reason why Riddle became Lord Voldemort. His father was like them. His hate made Riddle hate muggles."

"The dark lord has a muggle father?"

“Don’t say you didn’t know you kissed the robe of a half-blood!” Harry said and as he saw the terror in her eyes, he began to laugh hard.

She groaned, “Stop that already!”

“Or what?”

“Or there will be no more kissing and definitely no more sex!”

“Oh, okay.” He stopped his laughter and kissed her. She kissed him back but also groped his ass, which made him groan.

“If you don’t stop that we aren’t going to get anywhere!”

“You’re no fun!” she pouted.

“And you have mood swings!” he accused her and ran up to his room.

She yelled “I will show you mood swings, Potter!” and ran after him.

She reached him in his room and tackled him onto his bed.

Bellatrix contemplated for a moment, how to achieve her vengeance on him, and then smirked for a second. Then she kissed him and began again to rub her pelvis against his groin. As he started to groan she got up and said coldly, “Get up! We have work to do!”

“You... you... argh!”

“Vengeance is sweet, little Harry.” She said teasingly and formed a kiss with her lips.

“I second that.” He said smiling.

She watched him with wide eyes, as he flicked his wand some times and only minutes later all their things were neatly packed, shrunk and placed in his trunk. He closed it, took it and her hand and asked “Well, shall we?”

“And you call me insane!”

"No, I called you crazy, and I am not insane, that is reserved for Voldy."

"Harry! Don't make fun of him! He is dangerous." She reminded him sternly.

"I know that, Bella." he reassured her.

"Don't you want to leave them a note or something?" she asked.

"Why? They won't even realise that I am not here. Or maybe they will since they would miss their slave. I don't really care. Come over here! The Goblins said in the letter that my ring is also a portkey to the manor."

She obeyed and took his hand.

"You know, it is nice to simply hold your hand." She said sincerely, "I think, trying to find out if this relationship is going to work was one of your better ideas."

"Thank you, but to be honest, you were the one who started it. You kissed me before I found the courage to admit my feelings even to myself. The rest was the easy part."

"It doesn't matter."

"No." he answered, smiled and they were whirled away as he activated the portkey.

Chapter 6 Trouble with the Order

The same day an emergency Order meeting was called in.

They were still assembled in the Most Ancient and Noble House of Black.

“Albus, what’s the matter?” Remus asked.

“Harry!” he said gravely and handed Remus the letter.

“That’s the letter you send him to inform him that he was coming over here.” Remus stated as a matter of fact.

“Turn it to the backside!”

Remus chuckled, “What did you expect? That he would be happy to come back here?”

The aging headmaster sent him a stern look while Molly asked, “What is it?”

“Harry politely declined to come here.” Remus said still grinning and handed her the letter.

“How can he do this?” she yelled.

“Molly!” Remus reprimanded her, “Even if you don’t like it, Sirius was more family to him than you could ever be. It is only logical that he doesn’t want to come here where he is reminded of him in every corner.”

She gasped but then looked down in shame. She remembered too well how she had treated Sirius, even in front of Harry. She regretted it very much. Even if Sirius wasn’t very responsible, Harry did love him nearly as much as a father.

“I’m sorry.” she muttered.

“It’s ok, but don’t ever behave like that in front of Harry! Trust me, you wouldn’t like his reaction.” Remus said seriously.

“Why doesn’t anyone go over there to look for him?” Hermione asked.

“I was there Miss Granger.” Dumbledore said gravely, “There was nobody there. It seems to be, that his relatives left suddenly on a holiday a few weeks ago. Arabella never did anything because he was there, at least most of the time, I think. He only moved away today.”

“You think? What about the tracking charm?” Snape spat.

“What? You have a tracking charm on him?” Hermione asked glaring at the headmaster, “That’s an invasion of his privacy!”

“His privacy is of no concern, his health and well-being are much more important for us.”

“Yeah, but maybe not for him!” she replied and crossed her arms.

“It doesn’t matter anyway because somehow he removed the charm and placed it on a chair in his room.” Dumbledore explained.

Ron laughed hard, “Yeah! Way to go Harry!”

“Did any of you inform him of his ability to practice magic?” Dumbledore asked accusingly.

“No, but now it’s one more reason for him to hate us.” Hermione sighed.

“Yeah, I’ve had enough of your manipulations to our friend, headmaster, with all due respect but I won’t take it anymore. If we keep on like this he won’t be our friend for much longer.” Ron stated firmly.

Snape snorted.

Hermione sighed and added quietly, “If it’s not already too late.”

“You’re both right.” Remus said, “But have no fear. I will tell him how you stood up for him, even if it is a bit late. He’s a forgiving person.”

Hermione didn't seem so sure about that. "Harry has changed over the last year. He's matured even more than in the previous years and maybe the death of Sirius led him to think that he's on his own now. Your restriction of our mail to him would have made it only worse."

The headmaster sighed, "Maybe it was another mistake of mine. There is only one thing to do now; to find him before Voldemort does."

"And he is looking for him." Snape added with a sneer, "Besides the newest victim on his wanted list of course."

"And who is that?" Ron asked.

"Bellatrix Black." Snape answered with a sneer, "She defied him after Rudolphus was killed."

"LESTRANGE!" Ron shouted while Remus seemed lost in thoughts.

"Remus, was is it?" Hermione asked curiously as she saw his lack of reaction.

"She claimed that Sirius' death was an accident. She only wanted to stun him." Remus answered.

"She's a Death Eater if there ever was one!" Ron yelled, "She is lying."

"You can't lie under veritaserum!" Remus stated.

"But ... it has to be taken voluntarily" Ron stammered clearly surprised.

"Exactly, that's what's bothering me. Why should she do that?" Remus asked.

"What's even better is that she has the right to live here!" Snape spat.

"What?" Ron asked.

"Yes, as the last true Black she does. And I still don't know who is the new Head of the House of Black.." Dumbledore growled.

They heard a crack in the foyer and the painting started to scream.

Even before they reached the door to see who was there, they heard a loud voice say, "Reducto maximus!" followed by a loud explosion.

As they opened the door; there was silence in the entrance hall.

They looked astounded at the big hole in the wall where Mrs. Black's painting once resided.

In a cloud of dust stood a dark haired teenager with black rimmed glasses, and he was coughing.

"Sorry about that, but I couldn't stand her." the teenager stated.

"Reparo!" he said and the wall repaired itself, this time without the portrait.

"HARRY!" Hermione yelled and ran over to him.

She promptly ran into a shield and fell on her bum.

"What..?" she asked confused.

"I only let my friends touch me, sorry." He said with a cold accusing voice then turned around and went up to the upper level without another glance.

"HARRY!" Ron screamed but ran also in the shield.

Harry didn't even look at him.

Remus chuckled, "Harry?" he asked.

This time the teen stopped and turned around, "Hi Moony."

"What are you doing here? I mean, I just received your message."

"Oh that! I'm only stopping by for a visit. Sirius left me something. I'm going to get it and be on my way."

"But you could stay." Remus suggested.

"No, you WILL stay!" Dumbledore demanded sternly.

Remus rolled his eyes and Harry saw it as well as the accusing glances of his former best friends.

Harry smirked at the old man, "Says who?" he asked.

"I do and you will obey me!"

"I only obey myself, old man. I will get my things and be on my way. Have a nice evening!"

He went further up the stairs while Ron coughed to hide his laugh. Hermione proved herself to be a friend to him by not reprimanding him for once.

Ten minutes later, he was back with a charmed bag. Moony stopped him, "So that you know it, Harry, your friends stood up for you. Okay, they only did it today but they did."

"Thank you." He said and looked down the stairs at his friends and said, "Maybe I will forgive them of their betrayal with time. They still let me down when I needed them most. That hurt me deeply and I am not as forgiving as I once was. Others will be soon feeling that too." His voice sounded of steel with the last sentence and even Remus shuddered.

"Now, I have to go. Be careful!" Harry said with a smile and twinkling eyes and went down stairs.

Naturally Dumbledore and Snape were awaiting him.

"Harry, please stay here! You are not safe on your own!" Dumbledore tried the nice approach.

"No, thank you, Professor." Harry declined, keeping his voice as polite as the headmaster... his thoughts were another matter. He was beginning to get angry and had to remind himself to keep calm.

"You will stay!" the headmaster demanded now with a hard voice.

This impertinence was too much and the teenager had enough.

"Fuck off!" Harry said now enraged. All the others gasped at his tone as well as his power that was suddenly radiating off him.

Snape had his wand out, "You will not speak in this way to a Professor!"

"I think I just did!" Harry stated unimpressed, "We are out of school and he has nothing to say about me. Same goes for you of course."

"I won't let you out!" Dumbledore's eyes lost their legendary twinkle.

"It isn't your house, Dumbledore." Harry replied still barely restrained.

"I still can put up wards to prevent you from leaving and apparating."

Harry smirked, "No you can't. At least not against the will of the head of the family. Without his consent only the owner is able to do that and Moony would never do this to me."

Remus nodded but he was uncertain.

"See you guys... have fun!" Harry said and wanted to go, but at that moment the door opened and a dark haired woman with an evil grin marched in.

As Remus saw the woman, he turned around quickly to restrain Harry but he was only looking curiously at the woman.

"Well, what do we have here? A gathering of some kind? This wouldn't by any chance be a meeting of the legendary Order of the Phoenix? Severus! What are you doing here? Does the Dark Lord know of your involvement in this? Oh and little Potty is here too." She muttered in her teasing baby-voice.

But Harry grinned only coldly, "You can stop your act, Bitch! I have heard about your whining performance in the court. You aren't as tough as you made us think!"

The eyes of the woman narrowed dangerously.

"Care to prove that?" she asked now coldly and flicked her wand out.

All of Harry's friends watched in terror, because they thought he would enter this fight without thinking. But he didn't.

"Don't bother, Black! I was leaving anyway. We are going to meet again, maybe then I will take you on your offer. Bye and have fun with the gathering of the fried chicken!"

He disappeared without a sound in front of the unbelieving eyes of the headmaster.

Ron couldn't help it; he chuckled and nodded to Hermione, "He's definitively changed."

"The question is, to the better or the worse?" she stated, "He wasn't as rash but he was much colder."

"Hey, Lupin! You are the new owner, right?" Bellatrix disrupted her musing.

"Uhm, yes."

"Where can I move in?"

All the occupants stared at the woman as if she was insane.

"Please, tell me you don't mean that!" Remus groaned.

"Well, I don't want to hear an old fool stuttering all day so I won't stay here permanently. Besides it is not very healthy to be around a werewolf on certain days a month. But I want a room to stay in whenever I want."

Remus sighed and nodded, "If you give me some time, I'll figure something out. I just received the message of your new right to live here. But I warn you, any nonsense and I will kill you! Especially if it's against Harry!"

"Nah, why would I want to hurt little ickle Harriekins?" she said reverting back to her insane baby-voice.

Then she became more serious, "I give you a week! After that, I may pay you a visit any time. Besides sometime I have to arrange a meeting with the new head. I am very interested to get to know him. Ah... and before I forget it, I want a large room with a nice queen sized bed! I don't intend to stay alone for long!" With that she disappeared.

"Bloody Hell!" Snape cursed, "My security is in danger."

"Keep calm, Severus!" Dumbledore pleaded, "Don't forget, she hates Voldemort!"

"Albus, that woman is insane! We can't trust her on this!"

"What should we do? How did she find us anyway?" Dumbledore muttered.

"That is surely the Black-Magic." Severus said quietly, "They were an old family and had powerful magic. With her innocence proven and the 'divorce' of her husband she has been once again named a true Black."

"That is clearly possible." Dumbledore muttered, "Maybe we should bring her into the Order?"

"No! I will not allow that insane woman to enter the Order!" Molly protested. "Ask her and my whole family will quit! She may have been freed of charges but she is still a dark witch!"

"Well, it was only an idea." Dumbledore defended himself, "Now we still have the problem of Harry. We have to find him!"

Ron, Remus and Hermione nodded to each other and went upstairs, "Without us. He was here, he was well and he doesn't want to stay here. Mission over!" Remus said and was away before Dumbledore could shake himself out of his stupor to reply.

"That's insubordination!" Snape bellowed.

"I'm too old for that!" Dumbledore sighed, "Severus! Keep your eyes open and see if Voldemort has planned something for the boy. We will meet again tomorrow and talk again when all are cooled down."

With that he disappeared.

Harry was already placing books in bookshelves. He had gathered nearly four dozen books in the Black secret library after he got the directions from Bellatrix.

He jumped up, his wand drawn as a silent crack was to hear behind him. He came face to face with a woman who was laughing like mad.

"Did you see their faces, Harry?" she asked.

He laughed as well and nodded his head.

"Dumbledore's face was priceless!" Harry agreed and then laughed again, "And Snivellus! His face as you accused him of being a traitor!"

"Yeah! That was my best one! And your coolness at the sight of me, that surely blew them off their hinges."

She strolled over to him and grabbed him on his collar.

"But there is one thing bothering me, Mr. Potter."

"What?" he asked and gulped. She had a clearly wicked expression in her eyes.

"You called me a bitch!"

His eyes widened, "Bella! I..."

"You called me a bitch!" she stated and pulled him roughly to her.

Her stern expression was suddenly replaced by a wicked grin and she licked over his whole cheek with her tongue and snickered, "As long as I am your bitch, you may call me that, but only if we are alone. Understood?"

“Sure!” he said. He was slowly becoming more confident in dealing with her and pulled her to him. With one hand he pulled her to him and with the other he grabbed her ass. Then he kissed her with heavy use of his tongue.

“Hey, you are becoming too bold! I’m going to have to show you your place little Harry!” she said and pushed him away slightly. Before he could react, she tore apart his shirt and opened his pants in a matter of a second.

They did it right there in the library of the ancient manor which at one time belonged to Gryffindor himself.

After they were finished, she took a look at his books. He had chosen a wide spectrum of the darkest of the dark, but nearly half of the books were on one topic only... “Necromancy! Bloody Hell! Harry!”

“I know it is a really black art and it is dangerous. But it’s very powerful as well, and Voldemort does have an army so we have to find one of our own.”

“But nobody has mastered it in over thousand years, it was even before the founders!” she gasped.

“Then it’s time to do it again!” he said determined.

She was once again astounded to see the raw magical power shining through these emerald green eyes.

Slowly she nodded, “You would have a real chance if you could really become a necromancer. I will help you as much as I can, but I don't have enough power to do it.”

He smiled and she could see that it didn’t matter to him. He liked her for her and not because of her magical power. He had his own reasons. One of which was her trust in him and she swore to herself here and now that she would never betray his trust.

He smiled as if he had read her thoughts.

Her eyes widened as he said: “Thank you.”

"But I didn't say anything." she replied.

"I know, but I could see it in your eyes." he said with a soothing voice.

She gaped at him, "What the hell...?"

He shrugged, "I don't know. I feel a bond developing between us. I also feel my power growing, Bella. It started shortly before my sixteenth birthday."

"No, it can't be possible! You ... you're entering your magical puberty."

"And that means what?" he asked.

She rolled her eyes once more about his ignorance of the magical world even if she knew it wasn't his failure but a failure or a manipulation of Dumbledore.

"Every wizard or witch at some time enters a magical puberty. Usually it is around twenty for witches and twenty-two for wizards and the growth in the magical power develops between six months and a year. The sooner that happens, the greater will be the magical growth spurt. And even now you're very powerful!" she gasped.

"Oh, that should be ok then." he stated coolly and she gaped at him.

"Doesn't it... you know... excite you or anything?"

"No, why should it? I don't really care about power. In fact, I hate it that I stand out against all others. To me that little fact has only two positive meanings, Bella. Firstly, I know very well that you like power and so I am happy that I have it for you so that I can keep you safe.

"The second reason is that it will help me against Voldemort. All other reasons to raise my power are not relevant."

She hugged him, "I appreciate that Harry. I like power but I don't like the consequences of power raising rituals. That was what let the Dark Lord snap. I don't want you to become insane."

She seemed to be in thought and at last she nodded, "You know, the powerful wizards of old didn't use wands. They simply couldn't withstand the use of that much power. For things such as necromancy they used staffs."

"Staffs? I think I've heard of something like that." Harry mused.

"But there is no one who is powerful enough to create one anymore. It would be better for you to create your own anyway so it would be better suited for you. I'll look into that and together we can create one for you. You need to concentrate on learning the magic."

He nodded and kissed her gently.

A month later a group of people cautiously entered the platform between tracks 9 and 10 at Kings Cross Station.

They disappeared in a wall between the two tracks.

On the other side they immediately started looking for a friend of theirs.

There were three significant people in this group, all teenagers, a read haired witch, a brown haired witch, and a red headed wizard.

"Where is he?" Hermione asked, clearly concerned.

"I told you he isn't going to come." the younger girl with the red hair muttered disappointedly , "I feel it."

"Why shouldn't he come?" Ron asked, "He has to complete his education!"

Hermione snickered, "I never thought you would say something like that."

"Gee, geroff!" he said but laughed with the two girls.

They still had to enter the train as the last signal sounded throughout the platform.

"Shit! He didn't come!" Ron swore.

They said goodbye to their parents, Remus, and Tonks.

Remus was concerned as looked over the platform.

“He’ll be ok, Moony.” Tonks whispered.

“I hope so.” he said as the train started to move.

The disappearance of their saviour nearly caused a riot by the students of Hogwarts. Not all of them had liked him but most were losing their hope now. Adding to that, there were more and more reports about Death Eaters activities even if there weren't any murders yet. It seemed to the wizards that Voldemort was searching for his arch enemy intensively.

They all hoped, that he would not find him so soon and keep himself busy with his search.

Two weeks later a visibly stronger Harry Potter entered the study in Gryffindor Manor. His muscles had developed and seemed to come together with his magical puberty to compliment the growth of his magical power.

He also had a growth spurt over the last month. His girlfriend estimated he would reach the height of six feet within this year.

Said girlfriend sat in the study with many open books, some wood, and other materials. The green eyes of the young man became hard, as he saw that she was clutching her left forearm, exactly where the dark mark was placed.

“Damn!” he spat.

She hadn’t heard him come in and her head shot up.

“Shit!” she cursed and took her hand away.

He pierced her with an accusing stare, “How long?” he demanded with a cold voice.

“Since my trial.” she said and stared defiantly back at him.

He nodded and accepted that she hadn't wanted him to be concerned on her behalf or that she showed weaknesses in front of him or whatever her reasons had been. But now he knew and he was going to deal with it.

He strode over to her and grasped her arm. His firm grip showed her, that he would not accept any resistance so she gave in. He had gained much more confidence since they were together. Once he set his mind on something, he wasn't swayed from it easily. They had more than one row during the time they were together but in her mind it was worth it.

He carefully looked over the black tattoo. The skin around it was deeply red and swollen.

He closed his eyes, concentrated on the point in his forehead where his famous scar had been and placed his right hand over the mark.

Both gasped as hot stinging pain shot through them.

Harry let himself feel the magic that was woven throughout the mark and her body.

He was using his connection to the Dark Lord at the same time and he knew, the pain Voldemort felt at this moment was at least ten times worse than what they endured together.

The combination of his growing power and his unique connection allowed him to nearly see the strands of Voldemort sickly green magic.

He let his own dark red, nearly black magic flow throughout his girlfriend.

His strands of magic were twice as thick as the green ones of Voldemort and wound around them. With a mental signal his magic tore the green strands of Voldemort's apart.

Bellatrix screamed in pain but he kept a firm grip on her arm.

He kept his grip until he had destroyed every single strand of foreign magic in her before he drew back his own.

She had screamed the whole time and tears were rolling down her cheeks.

He knew it had been hell, because his girl didn't scream lightly and nearly never allowed tears to flow. She had endured the Cruciatus from Voldemort himself without screaming but this had proven to be too much.

He still had his hand above the tattoo. He smiled and muttered, "Now we need to remove this ugly tattoo from your beautiful body... let's see... hmm... the original incantation was Morsmodre ... let's try this... 'ERDOMSROM'"

She yelped again and swayed visibly. A green glow was forming under his hand for a moment. As he took it away he smiled as he saw the red but unmarked skin on her arm.

"I am sorry for the pain, Honey!" he said and hugged her fiercely.

She leaned against his arms and sighed contently. She felt safe in his arms and the pain slowly drifted away.

"Thank you Harry. If I had known that you would be able to remove it, I would have told you about his torture long before."

"I know. I wouldn't have been able to do it long before, so it doesn't matter. You are truly free now. That is the only thing that matters." he said and stroked her back.

"I thought only the one who cast the mark in the first place can remove it." she said curiously.

He smiled, "I know. But I am still connected to him. I activated the connection to access the mark. There is one other thing that came out of this."

"What, besides the obvious?" she asked and looked in his amused green eyes.

“Well, Voldemort was connected to you through it. It should have hurt him much more than it did to you.”

She laughed despite her pain and he laughed with her.

“Now, how is the staff coming along?” he asked.

“I know the needed spells and the most probable materials for you.”

“The ones we selected yesterday?”

She nodded and began to explain the spells to him.

“Do you have enough power to try it?”

“I have to, Honey.”

She rolled her eyes, “Don't call me that Drake!”

He smiled, “No? What shall I call you then? Princess? Angel? Beauty?...”

“Bitch!” she called him.

“No! I only call you Bitch if we are in bed or a similar situation!”

She slapped him and yelped, once again reminded of her oath.

“Well, you are a beautiful but vicious eagle owl. So I think I'll call you Talon. How's that?”

“Better.”

“Don't kill me if I still use more lovely names for you, ok?”

“We'll see. I make no promises.” she said with a smirk and meaningfully played with her wand.

“Anyway, I've learned a lot of spells, Talon. I can't go any further without practising them.”

“Ok, let's try it.

They got it right on the first try and the resulting staff was magnificent. It was made of the tree of life, tail hairs of a old and wise griffin; freely given, heartstrings of a black dragon, and scales of a wyvern... in this case, of Harry himself in his animagus form. There was a blood emerald the size of a golf ball embedded in a stylised claw of a dragon.

A blood emerald was a emerald which wasn't green as usual but a dark glowing red. It pulsed lightly with the rhythm of his own heartbeat and he felt the power of it as he took it in his hands for the first time. He felt a wave of magical power washing trough him and he felt something else... it was a new connection to his staff... he had bonded to it.

They were truly and rightfully proud of their achievement and both relaxed that day and celebrated their success.

After that, he studied the practical portion of necromancy with new vigour.

And so the year flew by quickly after that.

Chapter 7 - Reappearance

It was in June of the following year as the last meeting of the Order of the Phoenix happened. It was taking place within a secret room in the old Castle of Hogwarts. As was usual by now, Ron and Hermione were there along with the core members.

"We are here to discuss the security of the students while they travel back for the holidays." Dumbledore opened the meeting, "But firstly I want to know if there is anything new to discuss."

"Nothing new about the suspected students, Sir." Ron answered for once in a no nonsense voice.

"Anything new about Harry?" Hermione asked.

The eyes of the headmaster were twinkling like mad, "Indeed."

"What?" Molly nearly screamed.

"It seems to me that little Harry has come to his senses. Just this morning I received a letter from him asking me to allow him back to his seventh year."

"That's great!" Ron shouted.

"But what about all the lessons he missed?" Hermione asked concerned.

"As far as he told me in his letter, he has been studying this last year and thinks he is up to it. And even if he isn't, I trust you to help your friend catch up." Dumbledore said with a small smile to Hermione.

"Of course." she replied beaming.

"What other news do we have?" Dumbledore asked.

"There were some Death Eater raids during the last month." Snape stated.

“What? Why didn’t we hear anything about it in the press?” Ron asked.

“Because not one of them was successful. They had been small raids to keep the Death Eaters satisfied. But not one of them came back... alive.”

“What? There’s somebody out there who is killing them?” Remus asked interested.

“It would appear that way. Some were simply hit with the death curse, it seemed. But clearly more had been mutilated. The torn apart bodies and all the remains had been sent to the secret hideout.” Snape reported.

“This is disturbing news.” Dumbledore stated gravely, “There has to be a powerful dark wizard at work to achieve this. While it’s good that he is ridding the world of Death Eaters, it is bad to have another dark wizard out there.

“Severus, do you know anything significant about these occurrences?”

“There are rumours flying around, that before any of this happened, a dark eagle owl was seen flying over the places where it happened, like a messenger of the impending death if you will.”

“That sounds more like a myth. Anything else?”

“Not that I know of. The only thing bothering me is how he or she know of the raids?” Snape mused.

“Is there another spy?” Ron asked intrigued.

“I don’t believe so. None of the Death Eaters have enough brain or skill to pull that off.” Snape said sure of himself.

“Lucky guesses?” Remus asked.

“Not possible. Then at least one of the raids would have been successful.” Snape responded.

Ron mused, "It doesn't matter as long as the person is fighting on our side, even if it is a more final way of dealing with the bunch. I for one appreciate it. At least this way, there won't be any other escapes from Azkaban."

Hermione scowled, "I never thought I would say this, Ron, but you are right, from a logical point of view. But in my heart I can't condone such actions."

"We'll see if we can find out anything else about this stranger." Dumbledore concluded.

"Wait! One thing more." Snape interrupted, "I have a feeling about this guy, Albus. Don't cross him! It seems to me that he is killing all who stand between him and his target. The Death Eaters are already terrified! For now, we aren't a target as far as we know... but if we ever try to stop him..."

Ron nodded, "I hate to say it, but I second that."

Snape smirked at the red headed teenager but nodded glad about the support even if it came from a Gryffindor.

"We shall deal with him carefully." Dumbledore decided.

"Now to the security of the students. Miss Granger, Mister Weasley, I trust the DA is ready to protect the students?"

"We did all we could, Professor." Hermione answered, "They are proficient in DADA but we don't know how they will fare in a fight. And without Harry as their leader... well, they didn't learn as enthusiastically as last year."

"Thank you. Remus, Tonks, and Shacklebolt shall accompany the train. Sadly to say I can't send Severus along because it could compromise him."

The teenagers nodded.

Molly seemed to be concerned, "Do you really believe that an attack could happen?"

"It's possible, Molly. We know now that Voldemort is becoming impatient and he isn't actively searching for Harry anymore either.

"When he strikes he will do it where it will hurt us the most."

She nodded agreeing.

As the teenagers sat in their compartment some days later, they mused about the last school year.

"I wished Harry could be here." Ginny sighed.

"He will be next year, Ginny." Hermione reassured her.

"But we have learned so much in the DA alone. Won't he feel singled out?"

"I don't think so. We know he's fine from the few letters he sent us and we know he will be coming back for the next term. Then you can see him again and work on seducing him." Hermione teased her.

Ginny blushed fiercely and Ron groaned, "He better behave!"

"Don't you dare to interfere, Ronald Weasley!" Hermione scolded him, "Or I wont even kiss you anymore!"

"That's not fair!" he whined.

"What's he going to say about you two being together?" Ginny asked.

Hermione gulped and blanched visibly, "We hope he will be alright with it."

"You didn't tell him?"

"We still couldn't send him a letter. You know that." Ron said.

"Yes, you're right. But you should tell him as soon as you see him. We know now he isn't very forgiving anymore." Ginny reminded them, "He still hasn't forgiven you... or me for that matter, for what we did to him last summer."

Ron looked deep in thought as he stared out of the window.

“Oh shit!” he muttered and blanched.

“What is it?” Hermione asked alarmed.

“There is a black eagle owl flying beside the train!”

Both girls looked out of the window and there was indeed an owl flying directly beside their window. She seemed to see them, screeched once and flew out of their sight.

“Do you believe the rumours could be true?” Ginny asked clearly frightened.

“It wouldn’t hurt to alarm the DA.” Ron stated as a matter of fact.

Hermione nodded and activated the charmed coins. She put all members on a high alert.

“I hope it’s a fluke.” Ginny prayed.

Her prayer wasn’t heard. Not even fifteen minutes later they heard an explosion and the train came to a halt with screeching brakes.

As soon as it stopped, curses were impacting on their side of the train.

The window in their compartment shattered and covered them in shards of glass. Luckily none of them were seriously injured. Ron was the only one and he only suffered from some small cuts because he sat nearest to the window.

Cautiously they looked out of the window and saw at least twenty Death Eaters out there and they were getting closer. They fired curse after curse at the train, mostly exploding hexes or the Cruciatus.

Suddenly they heard the screech of the mysterious black owl.

Ron nearly snickered, as the Death Eaters stopped their attack for a moment and looked to the sky more than a little frightened.

But his smile froze on his face, as a black cloud appeared out of nowhere between the train and the Death Eaters. Darkness and evil were radiating from the black cloud until it disappeared. The students nearly became sick as the feeling ran through them.

After the cloud disappeared, a tall athletic wizard stood before them. He wore a dark red, nearly black, cloak and had the hood up, which covered his hair and face.

But the most significant feature was the staff he carried. It was six feet long and had a gleaming crystal of some kind on top of it. It pulsed in a dark red light.

"A staff? Who is powerful enough to use one?" Hermione asked.

"This guy obviously." Ron said absently.

They watched, as the guy didn't even wait or warn the enemies before beam after beam left his staff. They didn't even hear an incantation.

The beams caused explosions and screams from the confused Death Eaters.

The teenagers shuddered as he began to fire green beams between the Death Eaters. It was the same green color as the death curse. The only difference was that it was surrounded by a spiral of the same dark red light as the pulsing crystal.

Death Eaters tried to cast shields but the curses flew straight through them and killed them on impact.

"He's using the killing curse." Hermione stammered frightened.

"They're beginning to reorganize themselves and fight back." Ron said concerned.

They saw, like in slow motion, how he raised his staff a foot in the air, the glow of the crystal intensified and he rammed it down on the ground.

A red circular wave exploded over the ground and suddenly the stranger was surrounded by a circle of glowing red runes and a pentagram also encompassing runes.

“What is that?” Ron asked his girlfriend.

“I... I don't know, Ron. It could be some kind of summoning ritual.”

The stranger began to chant in an old strange language and shudders of pure terror ran down their spines.

“That's sick.” Ron stuttered as he began to feel a gut wrenching feeling flowing through his body.

“Black magic.” Hermione stated as a matter of fact.

Suddenly the ground began to shake and the earth between the stranger and the Death Eaters was torn apart. Large chunks of earth were moving upwards as if something large was trying to break free from beneath.

And it was.

A huge skeleton broke out of the ground with a skull as large as a car, sharp menacing teeth, and glowing eyes in the colour of the crystal.

As it completely emerged out of the ground they could see that it has once been a huge dinosaur of some kind.

“A T-Rex!” Hermione gasped. The animated skeleton began to move towards the now running and screaming Death Eaters and reached the first ones shortly after that. It tore them apart with its' claws and teeth.

They heard a strange laugh in a cold and foreboding manor, “Now, you shall reap what you sow!” he yelled over the noise and started to hurl dark curses over to the Death Eaters once again. Some of them started to fight back and fired curses of her own at him or the unholy creature.

He only laughed and batted most of them away with a flick of his magnificent staff. Others, like the un-blockable killing curse he intercepted with an expertly levitated chunk of earth or a rock which exploded at the impact of the green light. He didn't even move once from where he stood.

"This guy is good." Ron said impressed.

"But he is evil... look at that monster!" Ginny said full of terror.

"He... he...he's a necromancer!" Hermione stammered with a shaky voice.

"And?" Ron asked.

"Ron, nobody was powerful enough to even try it in the last thousand years, not even Voldemort." she explained.

"Holy shit!" Ron swore.

"More unholy." came Remus voice from the compartment door as he came over to the window.

"Dumbledore has been informed and will be here soon. No matter how foul the magic is that he is using, he saved us." Remus said shaken.

"You can say that again. He's dealing with them without mercy. He isn't here to take prisoners, he is out for the kill, exactly as Snape said." Ron whispered.

"One against twenty and he is laughing at them." Remus said and shuddered, "Even if he has his hands full with blocking now. But he has already cleared the lines of them and his monster is still killing, even if they did blast apart some bones."

The girls clung to each other with shaking bodies.

Dumbledore appeared just, as the stranger blew apart the last three Death Eaters with an empowered reductor curse.

The old wizard visibly blanched as he saw the still moving skeleton of the haunting dinosaur.

“Great Merlin!” he gasped.

“Not exactly.” the stranger replied with a magically altered deep and reverberating voice.

He once again rammed the end of his staff into the ground and with a red flash the skeleton, the rips in the ground, and the symbols surrounding him disappeared.

The mysterious eagle owl swooped down with a screech and landed on his right shoulder.

“Who are you then?” Dumbledore asked.

“None of your concern.”

“Why did you help us?” the headmaster asked.

“I didn’t.”

”But you did!”

“No, I was here to kill Riddle’s minions. It was your luck, that I stood between them and you.”

“Why... I mean, why are you killing them?”

“That’s simple. I want to kill Riddle himself and I will kill anyone who stands between me and him. Don’t even think about crossing me because for me it is no difference between you and them. There are only two things that matter, me and Riddle, and one of us is going to die a painful death.”

“But we...” Dumbledore gulped, “We could work together.”

“No, we can’t!”

“Why?”

“Because I said so.” the stranger replied coldly, “You got your first and only warning, fool. Stay out of my way or bear the consequences!”

With that he and the owl disappeared in a black cloud.

Chapter 8 – Harry is back

They were still shaken as they arrived, with two hours delay, at Grimmauld Place.

Remus opened the door to his home and had his wand out within a second.

“What..?” Ron asked and took out his.

“Somebody’s here.” Remus stated quietly and pointed with his wand to the burning fire in the fireplace and the light in the house.

They cautiously moved in and throughout the house until they stood before the library door and heard someone moving around inside.

Remus kicked the door open and the group sent a series of stunning curses into the library.

They were very surprised as they saw a tall black haired teenager sitting there on a desk not even moving as the curses missed him widely.

He coolly looked up and watched them with cold green eyes.

“Nice welcoming.” He muttered and looked back down to his book.

The teenagers, Remus, Tonks, and Molly looked questioningly at each other only Ginny kept her eyes on the dark haired, green eyed young man in front of her.

Molly asked, “Who is that?”

Ginny’s eyes widened and she whispered: “Harry!” before she ran over to him.

“HARRY?” Ron and Hermione simultaneously shouted before they ran over to the young man.

But once again they all ran into a shield.

“Shit!” Ron swore.

Remus only chuckled.

Harry looked him in the eyes and stated annoyed, “In the past the library was a quiet place without such disturbing pests. And why did you want to curse me?”

“PESTS?” Ron yelled insulted.

But he was thrown off as Harry simply ignored him.

“I am sorry, but we didn’t expect you. As we saw, that there had to be someone in here... well we were cautious.”

“Yeah, sure! You are idiots! What did you expect? Thieves? Death Eaters? Who can even find this house you morons?” he spat.

Remus nodded and put his wand away, “Sorry. You are right of course.”

“I think I better leave.” Harry muttered and placed the book back in the bookshelves.”

“No! Please stay!” Hermione pleaded with her former best friend, “We’re sorry for how we treated you, really!”

“Really!” Harry repeated in an unbelieving sarcastic voice.

Hermione looked as if tears would start to fall soon.

Harry groaned and rolled his eyes, “Don’t you dare to start wailing!”

His friends gasped.

“Harry, what happened to you?” Ron asked shocked.

“Nothing. I only realised that I am better off on my own.”

He went past them but Remus stepped in the way, “Harry, Please! Stay with us for the summer!”

Harry sighed, "Why?"

"Because, you were once like a son to me, even if you didn't know it. I want to have you back! I want to be it like the old times."

"It will never be that way again Moony. I changed."

"I know. But at least we can be friends again." he pleaded with the young man.

"Alright, but I have a few conditions. I want a room for my own. My privacy will not be invaded, be it Dumbledore, you, or the morons behind me! And I warn you all not to annoy me!"

"No problem. I..." Remus hesitated, "I would like to give you Sirius' old room. I think he would have liked that."

Harry simply nodded, "Alright with me."

Someone tapped Harry on his left shoulder, he turned around like a flash and had his wand pointed between the eyes of a shocked Hermione.

"Shit! Don't do that!" Harry cursed.

She gulped but stayed firm, "Harry, could we please talk to you?"

He looked at all the faces, "What is the matter with you? You look all as if you have seen a ghost... no wait, that's normal for you. Anyway, you get the picture!"

"We did see something like that." Ron stammered.

"To be precise, we saw an animated skeleton of a long dead tyrannosaurus which was summoned by a necromancer, who killed twenty Death Eaters that were attacking our train." Hermione said in a fast way.

"Don't forget to breathe!" Harry replied grinning, "Well, sounds good to me. No reason to freak out."

They all stared at him disbelievingly, "How can you take this so coolly?" Ginny asked.

He shrugged, "Why shouldn't I? One wizard more on our side. Nothing more matters."

"But he's a dark and evil wizard!" Hermione said sternly.

"Who cares as long as Voldemort and his minions are the ones getting killed?"

"You're frightening me." Hermione said quietly.

"Now, that's not my problem. You wanted to talk to me?"

"Would you like to sit down with us in the kitchen?" Molly asked hesitantly.

"Not preferably but I don't think I have much choice, eh?" he smirked and went down, passing a disturbed but lightly chuckling Remus.

"This isn't going to be easy." Hermione sighed.

As they sat some minutes later in the kitchen, Harry looked at them questioningly.

"Well?" he asked.

"We wanted to say, that we are sorry." Hermione began.

"You already did upstairs." Harry replied unimpressed.

"Um, well. How are you?"

"Fine."

Hermione sighed, "We're fine too, if you're interested."

"Fine."

"ARGH! Harry!" she groaned and she got finally a reaction of him... he grinned.

"Well, what else?" Harry asked now more relaxed.

"Um... Ron and I... we're dating." Hermione said quietly.

"Fine." Harry replied in the same curt tone as before.

"Are you ok with that?" she asked surprised.

"Why shouldn't I? I am not interested in girls who put the idiotic ideas of a senile old man before the well-being of a so called good friend."

Hermione's eyes became moist and Ron supported her, "Harry! We already said we're sorry! We know that we made a mistake! Please, don't take it out on her! If you have to, pick me!"

"As you wish!" Harry stated coldly and instantly had his wand pointed between Ron's eyes. He didn't move an inch or show any fear.

"I should curse you. Although it would be a waste of magic." Harry stated coldly and put his wand away.

But then he looked over Ron and nodded, "Well, at least you are standing up for your friends now. I'm impressed."

Ginny gathered her courage and asked, "How have you really been over the last year, Harry? Wasn't it lonely?"

"No." he stated but then sighed, "I have learned a lot during the year. I set myself a hard schedule and was preparing myself for the war and I am still doing that."

"I missed you." She said and blushed, "I mean, we missed you." she added quickly.

Harry sent her a smile and asked, "You still have a crush on me then? I thought you were over it."

She blushed even more but nodded.

"Ginny, that what you dream of is not going to happen. Please, I don't want you to get false hopes. I like you as a friend, maybe even family, but not as girlfriend. I'm sorry, but that's the hard truth."

She looked at him horrified and her eyes got moist. Her mother moved to her and hugged her while Ron sent Harry an accusing glare.

Harry only raised an eyebrow at him, "What?"

"You hurt her!"

"Maybe, but it is better to clear that up now than later, Ron. I actually did it to lessen her pain not to hurt her intentionally. It simply is as it is, I don't think of her that way."

"You're right Harry." Hermione supported him, "It was better to get it out of the way now. She will get over it with time and won't dwell on pointless hopes forever."

She sent Ginny a look which said that she was sorry but being serious and she nodded back.

Ginny gathered her courage and said, "Thank you, Harry, for being honest with me."

He smiled his first true smile since he was back.

"So, Mr. Potter, do you have a girlfriend?" Hermione asked with a devious grin.

Harry betrayed no emotion, "That is none of your concern."

Hermione pouted, "I thought we were beyond that."

Harry grinned evilly, "We may even be, but I won't share all my secrets with you anyway."

"Ok. Where were you?" she asked.

"I would like to know that too." came a well known voice from the doorway.

Harry turned his head to the headmaster, "Well, if isn't that the manipulating old man himself."

Hermione gasped but kept her mouth shut like the last time.

“Are you finally done with using my friends against me?” Harry asked with a smirk that would have had made Snape proud.

Dumbledore gaped at the young man.

“Harry...”

“That’s Mr. Potter to you.” Harry interrupted him.

“What?” Dumbledore asked clearly blown off his track, “Well... Mr. Potter, where have you been?”

“Here and there. It’s none of your concern.”

“I have to know!”

“Why?” Harry asked.

Again Dumbledore was thrown off his track for a second.

“Because I only care for you.” he said with twinkling eyes.

“Since when?” Harry asked seemingly surprised, “Was it before or after you forbid my friends to be there for me as I needed them? Or was it, as you shared your damn prophecy with me? No I don’t think that was then, because it was just half an hour after I saw my godfather die. Hmm... maybe it was, as you left me with my loving relatives. No, strike that! They were abusive; beating me and locking my away in a cupboard. I’m sorry, but I don’t remember a single moment where you cared about me.”

His friends stared at him in shock and shot the headmaster accusing glares.

“They beat you?” Molly asked enraged.

“He had known the prophecy the whole time... and didn’t tell you?” Remus asked shocked.

Dumbledore was now shaken and looked from one accusing wizard to another. Only Harry was smirking evilly.

"Why did you do that?" he asked finally the young man.

Harry only shrugged, "Because it was the truth."

"Albus, I would prefer it if you would leave for now." Remus said with barely restrained rage.

"But we have to talk about his training!"

"What if I don't want to?" Harry asked.

"But you must!" Dumbledore insisted.

"For five years you had your chance to help me and didn't. Now you're only a waste of my time. Bye, bye!" Harry said and turned to Remus, "You know, as owner of this place, you can order the magic of the very house to kick him out."

"Really?" Remus asked with a marauder-like grin, "How do you know about that?"

Harry grinned like a marauder himself and held his left hand up where two signet rings glittered in the light.

"Well, that's what I thought. Who else would Sirius have named as the new head?" Remus said with an evil grin to Dumbledore who blanched once again "I asked you peacefully but you didn't go. Now OUT WITH YOU!"

Dumbledore disappeared with a blue crack, visibly forced, because his last look was one of shock.

"Where is he now?" Hermione asked curiously.

"Don't know for sure, probably where he came from in the first place." Harry said shrugging.

He couldn't know it but dear old Dumbledore had landed in Antarctica and had to charm a piece of ice with shaking hands into a long range portkey.

"Now, where have you been?" Molly asked concerned.

"Home." he said with a smile.

"Home?" Remus asked.

"Gryffindor Manor."

"Bloody Hell!" Ron gasped, "I thought it was only a legend."

"No it isn't. It is real, ancient, and nice, if too large for one man alone." Harry said shrugging.

"So that was how you disappeared last time." Hermione mused, "Surely it's un-plottable. To find it, you would have had to have a portkey and as you disappeared without a sound, you used it?"

"Clever like ever." Harry stated with a grin.

"When are you going to invite us to see it?" Ron asked eagerly.

"I didn't say I would." Harry said as a matter of fact, "No one will get to go there... at least until the war is over."

"But we're your friends." Ron whined with a hint of jealousy.

"Yeah, I thought that too for a time and I was wrong." Harry said, "Think of it as payback, for keeping the information from me that I could do magic."

Ron blanched, "Ok, you win."

"How did you find out anyway?" Hermione asked.

"Well... my other aunt was there and after three days of constant insulting of me and my parents I snapped. She called my mother a whore.."

His friends gasped and Remus growled in rage, "... and I cursed her." Harry finished, "After that I obliviated them all and sent them on a trip."

"Well done!" Ron shouted.

“What curse did you use?” Remus asked.

“Oh, you don’t want to know that.” Harry said in a voice that wouldn’t tolerate any resistance.

Remus looked questioningly but then shrugged.

“Alright. What do we do now?” Remus asked.

”I will go up to Sirius room to get comfortable. After that, I will leave the house for a while. Don’t expect me back before late in the evening.”

“What? You can’t! It’s too dangerous!” Molly yelled.

Harry sent her a piercing glare and growled “Don’t make the same mistake as Dumbledore! I can and will do what I want and when I want. Is that clear?”

She was taken aback by his cold and cutting voice.

“Otherwise, I will simply stay away again.” Harry finished with a smirk.

“But... Harry. I’m only worried.” He just glared at her. “Alright, but please tell us when you are back!”

“I can do that, but don’t treat me like a child! I’ve had enough of that from the old coot. I know perfectly well what I am doing.” He snapped.

With that he disappeared and minutes later, they heard a second crack from upstairs, indicating that he left.

“Where the hell is he going?” Ron asked disappointed.

“I would say that Hermione may have been right.” Remus said with a smile.

“How?” she asked Remus.

“He’s exactly like James was... I would bet he, indeed, has a girlfriend.”

"But why didn't he bring her with him?" Ginny asked.

Remus shrugged, "Who knows? There could be many reasons. Maybe he wants to protect her and as long nobody knows her, she'll be safe... Maybe he has other reasons."

"Yeah, maybe she is ugly." Ron snickered.

Hermione rolled her eyes, "I doubt that that would be the reason, Ron, honestly! Which girl was he after in Hogwarts?"

"Cho."

"And? Was she ugly?"

"No, she was beautiful."

Hermione scowled at him and he blanched "Not as beautiful as you of course." But Hermione didn't buy it for a second.

Remus and Ginny laughed.

"Anyway. Harry has a good taste at least for the outer attributes. I only hope he has a better taste of character now." Hermione stated.

"He has matured quite a bit Hermione. I am sure, he does. And no offence to you, Ginny, but he needs a woman who is very mature too, not a girl like you. You should realise something... before he comes back."

"What?" Hermione asked.

"Harry has changed a lot. He intends to stay on his own now. Even if he did talk with you again; he won't share everything with you anymore and he will get nasty if you try to force him. Keep that in mind and give him room! Give him a lot of room!" Remus said seriously.

Molly nodded, "As much as it hurts me to admit it, Remus is right. Talk with him, be there for him, but stay out of his way!"

The three teenagers nodded and went in the girl's room to chat a little bit more about the new cold Harry Potter who was once their best friend.

The aforementioned friend had arrived a few minutes before in his home where he was awaited by his love.

She took one look at his face and snickered, "It didn't go well then?"

"Bloody childish idiots! How am I supposed to live with them for a year?" He growled, "At least I hope I got through Ginny's thick skull that I never was, and never will be, interested in her."

"I would hope so too!" she scowled at him.

He strode over to her with a fierce glare and a shudder went down her spine. She had recognized on a few occasions now that he could be more frightening than the dark lord is. But she didn't back away because she knew he would never hurt her... at least not intentionally.

He grabbed her by her collar and pulled her roughly to him.

She found herself in a rough but intense kiss. After a few hot minutes he separated from her and grinned wickedly, "Question answered?"

"Hmm... I'm still not sure. Let's try it again." she replied in her own wicked way and pulled him into another hard passionate kiss.

"Okay, I believe you this time."

She pulled him onto the couch and pushed him down. She sat down behind him and laid her arms around him in a rare show of comfort and affection.

He snuggled against her and sighed.

"You don't really need them anymore, Drake. You're far beyond them and not only in maturity. I know you still care about them and that is ok with me. But don't let them bug you! Anyways, you have me now." She added with an unusually soft and caring voice, for her at least.

He turned slightly around and kissed her gently.

“Thank you.”

“Now, how did it go?” she asked.

“It was ok. I tried to show them, that I need space and I think that at least Moony got it. They’ll behave. But the old coot showed up.”

“He did? I bet he wanted to get you under his thumb again.”

“Yeah he did. I told him to sod off. I even got Moony to kick him out with the Black magic.” He added with a snicker.

“You are a bad, bad, boy, Harry!”

“I am?” he said with puppy dog eyes.

“Yes and I think I need to show you what I do with bad boys like you.” She said and rolled him over so that he was above her on the couch.

“Strike that, I would only do this to you!” she added with a wicked grin and tore his shirt apart.

He groaned, “If you don’t stop that, we’re going to have to go shopping again.”

She shrugged and kissed him, “Ah come on! I know you like it! Besides, you are wizard, you can fix it!”

He grinned, “You know me too well. Now, where were we?”

They made love until early morning before they both finally fell asleep.

Harry showed up in Grimmauld Place at nine in the morning. The others were in the kitchen and eating breakfast. They were all startled as he appeared in the middle of the kitchen with a loud crack.

“Harry!” Ron said as he got out of his shock, “You nearly gave us a heart attack!”

“Sorry.” He said, sat down, and conjured up a coffee, “By the way, I’m here.”

“What?” Ginny asked.

“Molly said I should tell you, when I am back... well I am.” He said with a mischievous spark in his emerald eyes.

“I told you he has a girlfriend!” Remus teased him.

“Harry! You haven’t been sleeping with her, have you?” Molly asked outraged.

“I’ll tell you this now for the last time!” Harry growled, “What I do or who I do is NONE OF YOUR CONCERN!”

She visibly gulped, “Please be careful, Harry! I only mean well!”

“What do you think I am? An irresponsible child?” Harry snapped, “I know very well what I am doing! If I ever slept +with a girl, I would be responsible enough to take measures for prevention or otherwise bear the consequences.”

You could clearly see how she kept her legendary temper in reign. She had to swallow her pride as she was spoken to in this way.

“You’re right. You aren’t my child and I have no say in this matter.” She said in a disappointed voice.

“With all due respect and without the intention to hurt you... you’re right about that.” Harry replied firmly, “You don’t even know me enough to judge me or my deeds. Even if it is about a girlfriend.”

She sighed, “I understand and I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to offend you, Harry.”

“Apology accepted.”

“Harry, where are your glasses?” Hermione asked. “For that matter, where the hell is your scar?”

“What?” Molly bellowed again and looked more closely at the young man.

He only laughed, “I thought that you all would have asked about that yesterday.”

“Well, I knew something was off when I first saw you. I just couldn’t place what had changed.” Hermione admitted, “I mean you have changed quite a bit.

“You’ve grown and developed muscles...we were too busy processing those details to take notice of the smaller ones. What happened?”

“I had both issues fixed by an acquaintance.”

“By who?” Remus asked interested.

“Let me put it this way; sometimes it pays off to treat other creatures with respect.” Harry said with a grin.

“A creature, which has powerful and nearly unknown magic?” Remus asked.

“Like a house elf.” Hermione stated smiling.

“In this case a goblin.”

“You let a goblin hex you?” Ron asked outraged.

“That’s exactly what I meant!” Harry snapped again, “Wizards are so narrow minded and arrogant that I truly wonder why they still even exist. They couldn’t heal my eyes or my scar. He did it with a snap of his fingers. End of discussion!”

Ron raised his hands, “Calm down!”

“I am calm! You haven’t seen me when I’m not!” Harry said with a truly evil look.

Ron shuddered, “I don’t think I want to.”

Harry smirked, "But you will and it will be an.... interesting... experience."

Then he relaxed a bit, "Well, enough of that nonsense. I've changed, alright. Get over it! What do you have planned for the day?"

Ron and Hermione shared a glance and Ron nodded, "Well, we wanted to do some more work on our animagus studies."

His eyes lit up, "Have you already found your forms?"

"No, we're still working on that."

"Which way did you choose to find it?" Harry asked clearly interested. He had gained the attention of everyone in the room now.

"You know about the two ways?" Hermione asked.

"Two? There're three, maybe even more." Harry smirked again, "The potion, the personality test, and the best way."

"I didn't know there was a third way! What is it?" Hermione was hooked.

"Meditation." Harry answered shortly.

"Nobody has found their form that way for the last two centuries." Remus stated.

Harry coolly raised an eyebrow, "Are you sure?"

Remus groaned, "Don't tell me you did!"

"As you wish."

"What?" Remus asked irritated.

"You said I shouldn't tell you so I won't."

"Argh! HARRY! Did you do it that way or not? And forget my earlier statement."

“Well... I don’t know if I can trust you.” Harry said indifferently.

Hermione sighed, “Harry, I swear that I won’t betray you again.”

“You do? Have you mastered Occlumency?”

Her eyes widened and she shook her head.

“So, I can NOT trust you.” Harry stated as a matter of fact.

“Well...” Hermione sighed again, “At least I wouldn’t tell anyone.”

“I wouldn’t either.” Ron and Ginny said at the same time.

“Me neither.” Remus said.

“I won’t either.” Molly promised.

“Alright. I did it the short way.” Harry said grinning.

“What form do you have?” Ron asked.

“I won’t share that information with anyone who can’t protect it. Sorry.”

“I can live with that.” Hermione said deeply in thought.

“Tell us if it is a cool form at least!” Ron pleaded.

“It can be useful.” Harry said with a mischievous smirk.

“Why didn’t anyone chose this way, Remus?” Hermione asked.

“Well, it happens to be the shortest way but also the hardest. It doesn’t take as long as the personality test or the potion takes to brew. But it can only achieved by extremely powerful wizards.”

“Oh.” She was clearly disappointed but then smiled at Harry, “I knew from the beginning that you would become a great wizard.”

He rolled his eyes and groaned.

"Fine, you go studying your forms; I have to find out how to kill Voldemort."

"WHAT?" came the triple scream from Molly, Hermione, and Ron.

"Didn't the old coot tell you the prophecy? At least he allowed me that privacy. Well it says, I have to kill him or he will kill me."

"Oh dear!" Molly nearly sobbed as did Hermione and Ginny.

"Can... can I help you?" Hermione asked despaired.

"No, I don't think so. But thank you."

"But..."

"Trust me! The kind of research I'm doing is nothing that you can do, Hermione." Harry said with an honest smile.

She nodded and Ron hugged her with a thankful look to Harry.

"Then you are truly on your own at this point." Ron stated as a matter of fact, "But up to the point where you're going to face him, we'll be with you! We'll stand beside you."

"I am not so sure about that." Harry said with a far away look, then he eyes refocused on Ron, "But thanks anyway."

Chapter 9 – Fun with Bella

This behaviour continued for the next two days. They all would talk a little while Harry would still be distant to his former friends. In the evening he would disappear to Bella's and spend quality time with her.

He would learn most of the day but unknown to the others, he wouldn't study defence against the dark arts. No, he was studying the blackest arts he found in the vast library of the Blacks.

But on the third day it happened. Harry was drinking a cup of coffee in the kitchen while reading a book about fatal spells. It was a dark book but not really black magic.

Hermione sat down beside him but kept her distance.

The door opened and a very hyper Bellatrix entered the kitchen.

"Well if it isn't Potty and the little Know-it-all!" she taunted them.

Hermione kept a careful eye on Harry but to her surprise he didn't even look up to her.

"Are you now mute or deaf, Potty?" she teased him. "Hey, are you drinking coffee? I could drink one too!" she said with a wicked grin.

Without looking up, Harry conjured a cup of coffee with a flick of his wand and shoved the cup over to her.

"Now keep quiet, Black!" he hissed.

"Whatcha reading? ... What? Hey! Those are dark arts!" she squealed and clapped her hands excitedly.

Hermione just blanched as she read the title. "Harry, what are you doing?" she whispered.

"Learning." he answered shortly.

"Hey Potty, I could teach you the ways of the dark!" Bella said.

Harry looked up to her and to Hermione's shock he seemed really to think about it.

"Please don't!" Hermione begged him.

He looked annoyed at her, "Keep out of it!"

"But..."

He turned his look again to Bellatrix and only she recognized the amused glint in his emerald eyes.

"Well, I don't think that would be advisable, Black. My little friend here would worry about me." he answered her.

"Too bad! I could teach you much more than magic, little Harry!" she said in a seductive voice.

"Really?" he asked again seemingly interested.

Hermione gasped, shocked to the bone.

"Yes. I'm a grown up girl, Harry. And it's been far too long since I've had sex." she said and winked at him with her beautiful black eyelashes.

He laughed, "Yes, I can see that. But I am afraid I'll have to decline."

"WHAT?" She screamed insanely.

"Nothing personal, really. But I'm already in love with someone." he said sincerely.

"Love?" she asked surprised.

There was nothing but sincerity when she looked into his green eyes.

"Yes. I do love her. She's beautiful, has an angelic expression when she is sleeping, and she has a body that most girls can only dream of. And...She has the same wicked sense of humour as me." he said with a true smile.

“Little Potty’s in love!” she teased him. Though he still caught the slight shaking in her voice.

Hermione watched him with a curious look in her eyes.

Unseen by Hermione, Bellatrix mouthed a kiss to him and said, “Well, I’m in my room. I had a long night. Bye kids... and behave!”

With that Hermione and Harry were left alone.

“HARRY!” she shouted at him.

“What?” he asked.

“Why did you tell HER that you’re in love but not us... and I could tell you were telling the truth!”

He looked into her disappointed brown eyes and grinned, “I didn’t tell you, because it annoyed you and gave you an impression how I felt when you told me nothing; and I told her, well, because it annoyed her.”

“You’re mean.”

“What else is new?” asked and looked again in his book.

They were startled by the sound of curses and other commotion in the entrance hall. Harry growled and stormed out of the room with Hermione directly behind him.

Harry took one look around and flicked out his wand.

Snape and Bellatrix were standing across each other, wands out and curse marks already on the floor and the walls behind them.

Other occupants like Remus, Ginny, Tonks and Ron came as well.

“Oh is Sevvie afraid of me?” Bellatrix teased him.

“I only said I can’t trust you not to sell me out and I have to do something about it...” Snape bellowed and flicked his wand again, but he did never finish his spell.

“Operor non vulnero meus prosapia!” Harry bellowed and a sickly black beam flew from his wand and into Snape. The potions master screamed in pain and fell to his knees in cramps.

After it was over, Harry strode over to him. They all could feel the rage that was radiating of the teenager as he went. He stopped directly in front of the man who had just stood up and snarled: “If you ever try to curse a member of my family again, I will kill you!”

With that he punched the older, taller, man in his face so that he was thrown back to the ground.

Without even looking at the man he swirled around and pointed his finger on an astounded Bellatrix, “You! Keep in mind that we Black’s mean business! We don’t bother with teasing. If someone engages you in a fight, deal with him quickly, don’t hesitate. Kill him, punish him, or do whatever you think reasonable, but DO IT INSTANTLY! Got it?”

“Yes sir!” she answered totally taken aback.

“Keep in mind that it was similar actions that got your cousin killed!” She blanched and nodded.

“Good.” Harry said and put his wand away.

“Harry! Why were you defending her?” Ron yelled. “That was dark magic!” Hermione gasped at the same time.

Harry’s eyes flared up again in rage and he turned to Ron, “She is now a member of my family and it is my responsibility as head of the family to protect her. Not to mention that I simply hate the greasy git. And you’d do well to remember to stay out of my business!”

Then he turned around to Hermione, “And it wasn’t just dark magic, it was Black magic. Black, as in black and white, as well as in the Black family!” he said with a smirk.

Hermione now seemed terrified and she ran over to Ron and clung to him. Even Remus looked disapprovingly at him this time.

“What did that hex do, beside cause him pain?” Ron asked clearly interested.

Harry smirked again and whirled around to face Snape who was getting up again.

“It wasn’t a hex, Ron; it was a curse... a real curse, speciality of the Black’s. I’m also betting that we’ll find out exactly what the curse did in a few seconds.”

Dumbledore apparated in just as Snape raised his wand at Harry and shouted “Cruc.. AAAAARGH!”

He stopped the curse mid sentence and fell, screaming, to his knees.

“What...?” Dumbledore asked as he reached out to help Snape up.

“That brat cursed me! He used dark magic!” Snape spat.

“What? How could you?” Dumbledore asked.

“Are you really that senile, old man? You stand there and berate me on the suspicion of using dark magic when you walk in on your pet death eater casting an unforgivable at me. Oh, I forgot, it doesn’t matter how your lapdog treats me.

“Well, he attacked a member of my family and I dealt with it. I had to make sure, that he would never do it again, and he won’t.” Harry said with a smirk but then his eyes became hard, “And now I have to punish him for casting an Unforgivable on me...”

“No!” Dumbledore tried to interfere but Harry had his wand out faster than anyone thought possible and hissed coldly: “Flippendo!”

A bright golden beam raced towards Snape. He was hit with the bludgeoning curse directly in the stomach. His body crumpled as he hit the wall brutally and slid down the wall unconscious.

“And now...OUT WITH HIM!” Harry bellowed and Snape disappeared with a crack.

“Harry! He’ll die!” Dumbledore berated him.

“Is that his problem or mine?” Harry asked the headmaster.

“Harry, when did you became so uncaring and cold?” the headmaster asked gravely.

“Off hand, I’d say around sixteen years ago when you left me on the doorstep of my relatives.” he spat the last word out like it was Malfoy’s name. “Or how about, when you told me that you kept the prophecy from me? How about..... Pick a point in a history when you interfered with my life and that should answer your question.”

“But... I have no time for this. Do you know where you sent him?”

“No, but I have an idea that you’ll tell me anyway.”

”To Antarctica! He’ll freeze to death!” Dumbledore accused him.

“If that’s the case, it’s his own fault. He attacked a member of my family and he attacked me. You would do well to look at the whole story instead of picking and choosing what to address... Well, do you want to help him?” Harry asked.

“Surely!”

“Then...” Harry grinned, “OUT WITH HIM!”

Dumbledore disappeared and left two smirking members of the Black-Family and some other stunned people behind.

“Harry!” Hermione nearly sobbed again, “While I can understand why you attacked him, I can’t condone how. You’re turning into a dark wizard! You’re using dark magic!”

“Oh no. Hermione doesn’t approve of my actions. Whatever shall I do?” He spoke theatrically. “There is no dark or light magic, there is only magic.” Harry said coldly, “Besides, how should I kill Voldemort in another way? With a stunner?”

“But dark magic is only used to hurt people!” she insisted.

"You can also hurt or even kill people with so called light charms. Think about it!

"What happens if you levitate someone fifty feet into the air and end the charm?

"And to give you an opposite example, the Cruciatus was developed for medicinal purposes. With a well placed Cruciatus you can wake people from a deep coma.

"You could use the AK for defence purposes.

"The so called dark magic becomes evil only if the wizard is giving in to the temptation of power that comes with it and uses it for his own evil purposes. Now, I would prefer if you would leave me alone to finish my studies.

"Bellatrix, I think you were heading to your room!"

With that he turned around and went back into the kitchen while everyone else stood rooted to the floor in the hallway.

"Uhm... Miss Black?" Hermione asked hesitantly, "Why did you obey him? I mean, you used to want to kill him... or worse."

"What? Ah, the little know-it-all doesn't know all!" she was back in teasing mode, "You're a mudblood, you won't understand if you don't know about our culture! He's the head of the Blacks. He has at least some authority over me. But mostly, I have to admit that, I was stunned that he stood up for me. It was really impressive. Now shoo!"

With that she disappeared to her room snickering.

Harry had just sat down at the table when the door opened allowing Remus and Tonks to walk in together.

"Harry, you shouldn't mess around with dark magic." Remus scolded him.

"Stop it, Moony! Don't even bother me with this!" Harry growled.

“Harry!” Tonks yelled but froze as his green eyes pierced hers.

“Stop it, Tonks! You may be a far part of my family, but you still are a part of it. You will not question me! Is that understood?”

“What? How dare you...?”

Harry flicked his wand and put a silencing charm on her before turning to Remus, “Anything to add?”

Tonks stormed out of the room angrily.

Remus sighed and sat down beside Harry.

“I don’t mean to bother you, Harry. I only worry about you.”

“I know that. Otherwise you would be in Antarctica too...”

Remus smirked, “You can’t. I’m the owner of this house.”

Harry grinned, “I still could do it without the magic of the house but it would be more difficult.”

“Do you really think it’s necessary to learn dark magic?” Remus asked concerned.

“I know it is. You should realise something, Remus, I have accepted my fate. As hard as it may be I have accepted it. I have decided that all of my burden and all my suffering comes down to two people. Voldemort is obviously one of them and the other is Dumbledore. I will do anything to stop and kill the first and I won’t hesitate to deal with the second if he’s standing in my way.”

Remus looked at the teenager and saw only hate and determination. “You may be powerful but you are not almighty.” He pointed out.

“I know that. I don’t care anymore, Remus. If I die, then I die. But I will do everything I can to take him with me.

“Before last summer I cared about what other people would think, what my friends would think, or how they would live if I lost against Voldemort, but I don’t anymore.

"They dropped the ball one to many times now. Now I don't care, what happens to them if I lose. It isn't about protecting or saving the Wizarding world anymore; it's only about revenge."

"You don't care anymore about anyone?" Remus asked surprised.

"Hmm, there is one person I do care about but she can look after herself. And then there's you. I'm... uhm... neutral at the moment about you but I know, you can also look after yourself. The rest of them don't matter anymore."

"Who is she?" Remus asked curiously.

Harry scrutinized him for a moment but then smiled, "You'll never guess it and I won't tell. Besides I don't even know if it is going to last. She's stubborn and independent. The same goes for me. I do love her but we've had some fierce rows already, and that's just about small disagreements."

Remus only laughed, "Sounds like some other people I knew."

"Who?"

"Your parents. Both, Lily and James, were stubborn to no end but their love was stronger and they did end up together. I may not know her but if you truly love her, then she must be worth it. You'll end up the same."

Harry smirked, "I never said that you didn't know her."

"I do? That's interesting. Any more hints?"

"Well, she's beautiful, sexy, about my height, and mature enough to be with and understand me. She is also hot tempered, feisty, and as quick with her wand as she is with her tongue. She's highly intelligent and very studious. And not to forget, she's damn hot." he added with a devious spark in his eyes, "That reminds me..."

He disappeared in front of a laughing Remus.

"He's worse than Sirius."

“Who is?” Ginny and Hermione asked from the door.

“Harry! I asked him about his girlfriend. He described her and ended with... ‘she’s damn hot! ... that reminds me...’ and with that he disappeared.”

“What? Do... do you think they’re going to...” Hermione asked blushing while Ginny looked clearly jealous.

“I bet. Little Harry has become a man.” Remus said still laughing.

“What did he say about her?” Hermione asked already in research mode.

“That she’s beautiful, sexy, feisty, hot tempered, quick with her wand and her tongue, intelligent, studious,... and hot. She should be around his height and.. ah yeah, mature as I said she would be.”

“That’s too inaccurate to find out who she is. No hair colour, eye colour, age, or anything like that?” Hermione asked disappointed.

“No. But it sounds like a grown up mixture of the two of you.” Remus replied with a grin, “Ginny is hot tempered and feisty, you both are stubborn and intelligent and Hermione is studious. You both are around his height and you both are beautiful.”

Both girls blushed.

Ginny's eyes became determined, “We’ll find out who she is.”

Hermione nodded but Remus shook his head, “No, you won’t. Not until he tells you. He may have become uncaring and cold but he is very protective of her. It may very well be that you’ll only find out when the war’s over.”

Unbeknownst to them, Harry wasn’t that far away. He had reappeared with a soft pop directly behind Bella in her room.

She yelped, as he hugged her from behind. “Harry! What are you doing here? What if somebody finds out?” she hissed.

He kissed her, "Do you actually care? At least it would be worth it to see the looks on their faces."

She snickered, "Yeah! It would be funny. And to be honest, I don't care. I wouldn't have a problem with it, but you could. They might shun you or whatever."

"And? Do you think I care more about them or you? They can go to hell!"

"Why are you here?" she asked smiling.

"Remus asked me about you... as in my girlfriend. I described you to him and got hot... that's why!" he said and shoved her on her huge double bed. As he knelt above her and began to remove her clothes she asked, "What did you tell him about me?"

He answered with every piece of clothing he removed, "I said you are... beautiful... sexy... intelligent... studious... hot tempered... feisty... stubborn...and damn hot." With that he placed his hands between her bare thighs and began to stimulate her.

"Thank you!" she whispered between her groans.

Ron was very surprised to hear groans coming out of her room as he passed it on his way downstairs. He hurried down to the kitchen and burst in the room.

"Ron! What's wrong? Are you sick?" Hermione asked worried.

Ron made retching sounds, "I might as well be. I heard groans coming out of the Bitch's room. Groans out of lust!"

Remus, Ginny and Hermione shared a surprised look, "You don't think he's..." Hermione began.

"With the bitch? The monster that killed his godfather? She is much too old for him and she's insane! Why would he go for someone like her?" Ginny said.

Remus nodded but thought otherwise in his mind. He thought it would be very possible and in addition it would explain his new knowledge about the dark arts and the Black family magic. But he wouldn't point out that to his former friends.

"What'd you mean?" Ron asked.

"Nothing. Only Harry disappeared a few minutes ago to his girlfriend to... uhm..." Hermione stammered but Ginny finished this sentence without qualms, "...to shag."

"They're shagging already?" Ron asked jealously. Then he realised what they had implied, "Nah! Harry would never go for that bitch. She's an old insane hag," he paused, "and she murdered Sirius."

Remus twitched but reminded them, "She claimed it was an accident while under veritaserum. It still wouldn't be easy for him to forgive her for that, but it would at least be possible."

Ron shrugged, "She's still not his type. She could be his mother."

He shuddered, "It made me nearly sick to even think about her having sex. It's even worse thinking about him with her."

Ginny shuddered too, "Right you are!"

But Hermione had her own thoughts and felt supported in them as she took a look at Remus who curiously looked at her.

She nodded slightly in an asking manner and Remus shrugged barely visible.

The teenagers stayed in the kitchen while Remus got up and went after Tonks to calm her down. She could be as hot tempered as the rest of the Blacks were.

He met Harry again in the kitchen later that day. Bellatrix sat on the other end of the table reading a book like Harry was doing. They didn't even look at each other. But Remus sniffed audibly as he passed her and again as he sat down beside Harry.

Remus groaned in realisation causing Harry to catch on and without even looking up from his book muttered, "Bloody werewolf and his cursed enhanced senses! If you even think about telling anyone, I'll kill you!"

Remus shuddered, his cold voice made perfectly clear that this was no joke and that his former friendship wouldn't save him.

"You truly are turning dark and dangerous." Remus said.

"No, I already am." Harry responded and looked up at him, "So?"

"I'll keep it to myself. I have my own thoughts about your girlfriend, and some concerns." With that he looked over to Bellatrix. That had clearly been an error because her former curious eyes narrowed dangerously and promised pain... at least.

"But it's your decision. You may have a point, that she is one of the few who could be with you and understand you... at least as long she isn't as insane as she made us believe."

Harry growled, "If you ever say something like that about her again, you will not live long enough to regret it!"

Remus gulped as he saw the fire burning in Harry's intense green eyes.

Bellatrix snickered, "But I'm not sane!"

Harry turned his head to her and grinned, "I never said you were."

She struck her tongue out to him and he laughed but then said seriously to Remus, "But I am the only one allowed to call her that."

Remus nodded and watched the two people who seemed so much different at first look... but if you thought about it... he would have to keep an eye on Bellatrix Black and get to know her for real.

"How did you two end up together?" he asked.

"He saved me from Death Eaters while I was protecting a child," She nearly whispered. For once she was seriously and honestly thankful.

Remus was gaping at her, totally surprised, Bellatrix Black; the most feared Death Eater was protecting a child?

"Remember the raid on Surrey? Allegedly stopped by the aurors?" Harry asked.

"Don't tell me that was you?" Remus sighed.

"I stumbled over them. Bella was protecting a girl and I was already in rage because of my aunt. I decided to help Bella first and kill her later after some questions got answered.

"She made it clear that Sirius death was an accident. She was also wounded so I healed her and took her in."

"And he helped to clear my name." Bella added with a smile.

"That was you? Holy shit! We wondered who was behind it.

"What happened to the Death Eaters? The press wasn't very clear about it." Remus asked.

"Doesn't surprise me. We killed 'em." Harry said coldly.

Remus blanched, "Is that when you started turning dark?"

Harry shrugged, "It was actually when I cursed my aunt. After that, it became clear that in the end it has to be me or them... in a final way. If we arrest them, they get out again... if we kill them, they don't. Besides some people may think twice before signing up now. And as I already said, it doesn't matter anymore."

Harry suddenly smiled as he felt a jolt of positive and supporting emotions coming from Bella. The bond between the two had deepened a lot since his sixteenth birthday. His eyes began to gleam as she got up and strolled over to him making her movement as seductive as possible.

Remus couldn't help but stare, as she leaned down to the, at least thirteen years, younger man and kissed him in a more than passionate way. And not only that, Harry was kissing her back the same way... at least. When did he become so confident with girls... women? Remus asked himself.

Finally he groaned and averted his eyes which caused a snicker from both, Bella and Harry.

She strolled back to her seat, just as the door opened and Hermione with Ron in tow came in. She looked questioningly at Bellatrix and Harry but both had a cool, indifferent, expression on their faces.

Only Remus still had an expression of slight surprise in his face causing Hermione to look at him sternly before his face became indifferent too.

"Hey, Harry! How 'bout a game of chess?" Ron asked cheerfully.

Harry looked up coldly and asked, "Why should I even bother? You'd beat me anyway. I also don't have enough time for such trivial things. I have to learn." With that he looked down on his book again.

Ron stared wide eyed at his former best friend. He was clearly disappointed.

Bella squealed suddenly, "I haven't had a proper chess game in ages! Care to play against me?"

Ron looked shocked at the weird woman.

"Oh, little Ronniekins is afraid of the big bad girl!" she taunted him.

"I am not!"

Hermione rolled her eyes.

"What should I do?" Ron asked Hermione.

Harry groaned, "For god's sake, Ron, go and play with her! She won't kill you!" he said, "At least I don't think she will." he muttered under his breath.

Ron blanched causing both Bellatrix and Harry laughed.

But then Harry became cold again, "But if you continue to bother me, I will! So shoo!"

Ron shuddered at the coldness of Harry's voice.

"Come on, Ron! I will keep an eye on you both." Remus said and got up.

"Oh the big bad werewolf is protecting the little boy. I'm so afraid!" Bella teased both of them.

Harry only smiled and shook his head.

"Crazy folks." he muttered and went back to his book.

As the three headed out of the kitchen Hermione studied Harry for a while.

She couldn't imagine him going out with Bellatrix Black of all people. And up to now, she hadn't the least hint that it was remotely possible. Still, he was too cool around her. The Harry she knew wouldn't hesitate to get into a fight with the woman who killed his godfather. The new Harry may be colder and harder but still, she couldn't believe he wouldn't start a fight with her.

She cleared her throat, "Harry! Can I ask you a question?"

"You just did." Harry growled.

She gulped, "I was just wondering, about you and Bellatrix. Is she maybe..."

Harry stopped her with a piercing glare, "Keep your nose out of my business! It's the last time I'll tell you! Next time the only thing I will say is the hex that is going to hit you! Is that understood?"

She blanched and looked at him with moist eyes, "You have changed." With that she ran out of the kitchen.

"Finally," Harry muttered and started to read this chapter again... for the third time that day.

He was interrupted again as a steaming Tonks entered the kitchen.

"What have you done now?" she yelled.

Harry groaned and looked up again, "The same, I'll do with everyone! I told her not to stick her nose in my business. And I told her the next time I would hex her. Same for you... and everyone else."

With that he began to read again.

Since he had started studying and practicing necromancy he had learned how to feel the magic flowing around him. It was essential to find corpses or skeletons beneath the earth so he could summon them.

It was the same way he had found the skeleton of the T-Rex near the attack of the Hogwarts-Express.

And now he was feeling the magic that was building up very fast and coming from the young auror opposite him.

He could feel the curse start flying towards him and he concentrated fully and was able to feel the direction and speed of the curse heading towards him. It was heading directly towards his head.

He wasn't able to recognize the kind of the curse but that didn't really matter. She wouldn't seriously hurt him. He leaned slightly to the side and the curse whirled past his head and missed him by only inches.

"Finished?" he asked coldly, "Just so you know, it's illegal for aurors to curse innocent students. And let me tell you something! This first one was free! If you ever do that again, I will defend myself and more likely than not that's going to hurt. Now stop your childish behaviour and grow up!"

She gaped at him, "How did you do that? I cast it silently and you didn't even look at me."

"None of your business." Harry answered coldly and groaned, "Can I finally start to study now?"

Tonks was too stunned to do anything more to this confident and cold teenager.

It was thirty minutes later when he had finally managed to finish this chapter. As he started to read the next chapter, Ron burst in and yelled. "That bitch!"

He didn't even see the curse that hit him and flung him to the wall. Remus came in laughing hard followed by a grinning Bellatrix.

"She beat him two times!" Remus laughed but became concerned when he saw Ron holding his stomach and getting up.

"What happened?" he asked.

"Uhm,.. he came in yelling 'That bitch' and Harry cursed him." Tonks explained more than slightly surprised.

"Oh. Ok." Remus said and sat down beside Tonks.

"OK?" Tonks nearly yelled, "How can that be ok?"

Remus shrugged, "Harry warned us against calling her a bitch. Something about his responsibility for his family or something like that."

"Exactly. Besides he disturbed me, again, while I was studying." Harry said grinning. Ron growled but kept his temper in check. This Harry was simply not one who you would cross if you could avoid it.

"Anything else I should know about you and this... uhm... woman?" Ron growled.

"Just stay away from her or treat her with respect. She's a member of my family and she was declared innocent. Don't judge anybody

without knowing them! AND DON'T BOTHER ME!" Harry said with a hard voice. He was now really to start getting annoyed.

"But... but she killed Sirius." he stammered.

Harry's eyes lit up with inner fire and the room became silent instantly. Even Bella stopped snickering and looked concerned and guiltily over to Harry.

Harry only whispered, "I know that you insensitive bastard! But she didn't mean to! She only wanted to stun him!"

With that he disappeared.

"Well done, Ron!" Remus growled.

Even Tonks looked disapprovingly at him and he blanched. As he looked frightfully to Bellatrix, his eyes widened. She had disappeared too. "Where'd she go?" He asked.

Remus and Tonks looked as surprised as him.

"What? Why?" Tonks asked stunned.

"I think you may have hurt her as well, Ron. Maybe she really did care about Sirius. They were really close as kids. Maybe she truly didn't want to kill him. Maybe you just fuelled her guilt. Maybe you should start to think before you say anything! How could you do this to Harry? How could you say THAT of all things to him?" Remus growled.

Hermione came in just at this moment.

"What happened?" she asked.

"Ron was as insensitive as ever and hurt Harry and seemingly Bellatrix as well with a comment about how she killed Sirius." Tonks quietly explained, "And now they've both left."

"Why?" Hermione asked her friend and disappointedly.

He looked down ashamed, "I don't know. I can't understand why he's standing up for this foul woman. I can't understand him any more! I know we made serious mistakes! But how he's treating us, is too much! And... maybe I was angry because I lost to her." he added almost to himself.

Operor non vulnero meus prosapia means Do not hurt my family

Chapter 10 - Revelations

"I hope that where ever he is there's someone helping him." Tonks said and surprised them all. They knew how angry she had been about the way he had treated her.

"I don't know." Remus said clearly concerned.

"You know something, don't you?" Hermione asked.

"Maybe, but it isn't my place to tell you." he replied apologetically.

"We know he has someone who cares about him or even loves him." Ron stated.

"But why wouldn't she be able to help him with this," Hermione asked, she looked deep in thought and her eyes widened, "Oh shit!"

Remus glanced at her with a raised eyebrow.

"She has a few issues about it herself?" she whispered to him so that the others didn't grab it.

"Maybe." Remus replied.

Harry was sitting on his bed in Gryffindor Manor with tears rolling down his cheeks. It's been over a year but he still felt the pain of his godfather's death. It didn't hurt him too often but in moments like this, the reminders were too much.

Bella silently opened the door and stepped over to him.

Concerned, and disturbed, herself she sat down next to him while resting an arm around him.

"I'm sorry." she whispered.

"For what?" he asked quietly.

"For killing him." She answered, her usually cold eyes becoming moist.

He hugged her back, "I know that you're sorry about it, Bella. I meant it when I told you that I don't hold it against you. It was a serious fight and his death was an accident. It was just too much to hear that idiot accusing you. It wasn't anything you did. I love you and nothing will change that."

"Thank you, Drake." she said sincerely. She showed off a bit of her feelings by calling him by his special name, in honour of the marauders.

"Do you think that anyone else knows about us?" she asked after a while.

"I think Hermione suspects something now but that doesn't matter. She won't tell anyone." he said.

"Did you mean it when you said nothing matters to you anymore?" she asked concerned.

He looked at her and sighed "I don't know, Bella. You're my anchor, my friend, lover, the only one I really care for anymore. With the exception of you nothing else does matter. I know now that I love you. I'm afraid that it's not strong enough to keep me alive or sane for that matter. The burden is too much."

She snuggled against him, "I love you too, Harry. If there's anyone who's strong enough to deal with the bastard, then it's you and I will stand by your side, whatever you do."

"I know." he said and kissed her.

They didn't do anything passionate that evening. They simply went to bed early and snuggled against each other; trying to help each other over the pain they felt. But they both knew, despite their momentarily weakness, somebody was going to pay for it soon.

The following weeks nobody saw anything from Harry, at least no one from the Order. Instead there was an increase in the amount of ambushes on suspected Death Eaters. The attacks were bolder and more daring. They were no longer counter-attacks. Whoever was attacking was going after them in broad daylight while they were on

their way to work or shopping. Every time a Death Eater was killed a Black owl was reported to be in the area.

Naturally, the order was looking for Harry again but they couldn't find him. Even if they had guessed that he was probably in his manor, nobody knew where it was.

So they concentrated on discerning the identity of the man who was out attacking the Death Eaters.

Bellatrix popped randomly in if only to taunt and tease the inhabitants of Grimmauld Place. Molly was more and more agitated about the woman but with Harry's threats she was forced to do nothing about it.

Remus was the only one to act civil towards Bella and that was just to see what Harry saw in her. Bella noticed his interest in her and toyed with him because of it. One day, the day before Harry's birthday, he cornered her in the drawing room. They were alone in the room but unbeknownst to them, Hermione spied at the door.

Nobody else was in the house at that point since most of the Order members were either at work or on mission. Ron and Ginny being the only other occupants of Grimmauld Place were in Diagon Alley working for the twins.

"Bellatrix, could we talk seriously for once?" he asked her.

"No." she answered and snickered. Even Hermione rolled her eyes outside the room.

"Fine. Could you answer me at least one question? I know, Harry has something against calling you insane. I want to know if you are in fact insane or if it is just an act."

She grinned, but to his surprise, she became serious shortly afterwards.

"I may not be sane, but who is?" she said and winked at him, "But I'm relatively sane and not as crazy as you think I am. I know that you worry about Harry but you don't need to. He's fine and can take care of himself."

"I know that. I just wish that incident with Ron had never happened."

"Wouldn't we all?" she asked quietly.

"How's he dealing with it? And how're you dealing with it? I could see that you were nearly as affected as he was."

Bella looked surprised at the werewolf and allowed herself a little smile which in turn surprised Remus.

"I can see what he sees in you, Bellatrix." Remus said sincerely, "If you would, umm, maybe wear a nice dress, some decent makeup, and wear that sincere smile, nobody would recognize you."

Bellatrix laughed, not in her usual wicked way for once but a true laugh, "Harry said the same. It was shortly before I hurt him because of it!" she said grinning, "He did make me wear a dress!"

"No, he didn't!" Remus said incredulously.

"Yes he did." she said with a scowl but then smiled, "He took me out for a dinner in a fancy restaurant. At the time we weren't even friends, but he didn't care about that. He saved me, he took me in and he ... I don't know, he simply bought me some clothes and took me for a dinner. He said he was too tired from his shopping to cook. Nobody has done anything like that for me." she added quietly.

Remus smiled, "That's just Harry. But I still don't understand how you two could end up with each other."

"Oh well. It started as teasing between the two of us. I was unconscious when he brought me to his house and he had to remove my robe because it was full of blood. When I woke up the next day, I couldn't clearly remember the night before. He teased me; he said that he was hurt that I couldn't remember our first night together. I was shocked and let me tell you that that doesn't happen very often. I looked underneath the sheets and saw that I was indeed in my underwear.

"I decided revenge is sweet and began to tease him back. We slept in the same room, his excuse of a bedroom, of course; so I naturally got

a look at least on his developing upper body. I teased him about it but at the same time I found him very cute. I was aware, that he was only a boy at this time, but nonetheless, he cared for me. You know what I liked the most?" she asked dreamingly.

He shook his head still intrigued by the story.

"He brushed my hair. Even though at the time it had little to do with affection. He said he simply liked it to care for somebody. I liked it, because nobody has ever done anything like it; not since Cissa got married. I think that was the point, when I started feeling something for him. The next day I agreed to teach him and I also took a witches oath to never betray his trust.

"He was hurt because he could not trust anyone. Even Sirius' death paled in comparison to the hurt that caused. His own friends, and people he once considered family, betrayed him. Dumbledore was still manipulating him and pulling the strings on everyone else but the betrayal struck him the hardest.

"I saw that he was in a nearly similar situation to me. Did you know that he was the one that freed me from my husband? It happened during the fight in Surrey. He still didn't know if he should hurt me or kill me. I told him that I had done most of my crimes because I was forced too and explained that I hated Rudolphus. I mean, he even stood thereby laughing, as his Death Eater friends raped me." she added ashamed, "But what did Harry do? He simply asked which one of them my husband was and killed him without hesitation."

"He did what?" Remus asked shocked.

"He didn't use the killing curse, he didn't even use a dark curse, but he did it and he did it for me, the woman who killed his godfather." She sighed.

"Anyway, I knew, I liked him but I wasn't sure how much. I never learned to love or even to like anybody. My whole life, until then, consisted of pain, mistrust, and hate. I was afraid because I realised, after nearly a month, that if I would ever give in to my feelings, he would be the only one who could truly hurt me. I didn't even know how he felt. I simply could never imagine that he would feel anything

for me. We had some rows about why he even was helping me, a former Death Eater and a dark witch to the bone. He said it didn't matter to him, he said, he did it, because he could trust me and it was the right thing to do."

"It's a difficult situation." Remus agreed.

"It's more than that. Then his birthday came, but he intended to make it not his special day, but mine. Unbeknownst to me, he had arranged for the trial and freed me. He told the attorneys he would arrange their payment and then simply disappeared. Until then I hadn't thought about the money. Those two nearly famous wizards would charge a fortune. So I was stunned. When I apparated back to him, I was so happy and nearly in bliss... I simply kissed him. At first, he was shocked, I admit, I was too. Then he kissed back but after that I made a serious mistake.

"I made it sound as it was some kind of payment and he was hurt by that. He told me, that he didn't want to be kissed in that way; if there weren't any feelings behind it. That's when I realised, that he truly felt something for me. Again, I couldn't find any reason for that. We talked about it and about our feelings. We were both very insecure about it. In the end it was up to him. He decided to give it a try. I tell you, he had some serious convincing to do, to make it clear that he didn't care about my age, on the contrary..."

"... He wanted a mature woman who could deal with his problems." Remus finished the sentence quietly. "And a woman who could defend herself if worse would come to worse."

"Right."

"Let me tell you, you both are the most unlikely couple I would ever have imagined to come together. But well, it is how it is. I only have one question... Do you love him?"

She nodded without hesitation, "I do."

Remus smiled, "Well. I don't like the path that Harry has chosen. I don't like that he is learning the dark arts. But I can see that he isn't becoming evil or insane because of it. I think, after this talk, the same

goes for you. I don't like his new cold attitude but maybe we have truly earned that behaviour."

She nodded, "You hurt him a lot and he decided that he is better off on his own. As a result, he's pushing you away. Maybe if he would only have to deal with you, he would open up a bit. It's his friends that he has problems with. They're too immature to understand why he's doing what he has to."

"I know. I may have problems with him learning the dark arts but it may help him against Voldemort, so I can accept that. It's necessary to be able to deal with the dark lord. Do you think that he has a better chance now?" Remus asked silently.

"Oh, you've only witnessed the tip of the iceberg, Remus. He's more powerful than you can imagine. I truly believe that he is more powerful than even the dark lord, but he still can't match his experience and his ruthlessness. He has learned a lot more than you think he has. Trust me on this."

Remus eyes widened and he nodded, "That could very well be possible... hmm..." he suddenly whispered, "You don't know by any chance an unregistered animagus with the form of a black eagle owl, do you?"

Her eyes widened ever so slightly. He knew and nodded, "That would explain many things."

She scrutinized him, "I trust you because Sirius trusted you, Remus. If you betray this trust, I will show you how dark I truly am. Why were you whispering?"

"Because Hermione's listening at the door."

Bellatrix groaned, "Come in Know-it-All," she said, and indeed, the bushy haired girl was coming in but she was sobbing.

"What's wrong with you?" Bellatrix snarled.

"I'm so sorry about what happened. I'm sorry that I wasn't there for Harry, and I'm sorry for what happened to you."

Bella raised an eyebrow, "Interesting. Well, I'll tell him that."

Hermione gathered her courage and looked the witch in the eyes, "I'm happy that he has found somebody to love and someone that loves him in return. May I ask you a question?"

Bella nodded.

"Why did he trust you after he was betrayed by... us?"

"Oh, there is a reason for that. I plead a witch's oath to him that I would never betray him, hurt him, or kill him." she said curtly.

Hermione's eyes widened, "A witch's oath? I've read about them. They require a light blood ritual and they're forbidden."

"You truly are as intelligent and studious as he claims you are." Bella grinned, "But don't you think that the word 'forbidden' means anything to me other than making it more interesting."

"No, not really."

"Same goes for Harry, now anyways." Bella said smirking.

"I can imagine. Please do me a favour, even if you think I am a worthless mudblood."

"Oh, but I don't think you are. Harry's positively influenced me. I don't mean it anymore, even if I use it to annoy you." she said grinning.

Hermione groaned, "Now I know that you both belong together. Please, look after him. Even if we won't be best friends anymore that doesn't mean I want him killed or hurt. I do care for him."

"Hmm, I can see that. Maybe I'll talk to him about you. But don't even think about telling anyone about all this, and that includes your red headed boyfriend. I meant when I said that I love Harry. Of course I'll look after him... and for him." she added with a wink to Remus.

His eyes widened, as he thought why there was an eagle owl seen before every attack. She was his scout. But how did she tell him about her observations?

Just then Dumbledore appeared with a pop, and he did not look very pleased. In fact he looked annoyed and determined.

Without even so much as a warning he drew his wand, pointed it towards Bellatrix, and muttered, "Incarcerous!"

Before she even had a chance to react she was bound by magical ropes and glaring at the headmaster.

"Now, you will tell me what you know about Harry's hiding place! I don't know how you two are involved but you seem to be here, whenever he is and he's the head of the Black family. Nobody knows anything but its obvious that you do. Tell me where he is!"

She snorted and, to Remus and Hermione's surprise, she closed her eyes and seemed to concentrate. After a few seconds she opened her eyes and snorted. "I won't say anything. But I will charge you with assault and kidnapping."

"You think that bothers me, do you? When I am through with you, I'll simply obliviate you!"

"I don't believe that the head of the Black's will be very pleased about that, even if he doesn't like me." Bella said coldly.

"I don't care." the old man responded amusedly.

"But I do! *Flippendo!*" Harry's chilling voice said from the doorway.

The old man was fast and erected a shield, but was surprised, as the curse shattered his shield and hit him in the stomach. Like Snape he was thrown roughly against a wall but he kept his consciousness. The shield had protected him, at least somewhat, from the impact.

With only a flick of his wand, Harry had freed Bellatrix of her ropes.

"Are you alright?" he asked.

She nodded and he nodded back while he put his wand away.

“Do what you want with him, Bellatrix. It was you that he attacked. If you think, he should be tortured or killed... well... I won't hold it against you, for this time. He got a warning and ignored it. Deal with him as you like.”

“You have turned dark!” Dumbledore accused him.

Harry raised only an eyebrow and wanted to say something, but Bella was faster, and muttered “*Sterepto!*”

Dumbledore winced in pain. It was only a mild pain curse.

“Don't you dare accuse the head of the Black's of anything, you fool!” She hissed.

Dumbledore looked at her with wide eyes that changed to a determined look before raising his wand.

But this time she was ready and only muttered, “*Expelliarmus forte!*”

Dumbledore was, again, thrown into the wall as the overpowered disarming spell hit him.

His wand flew over to Bellatrix who caught it with a smirk. The hard and fast training sessions with Harry had definitely improved even her performance.

Harry grinned, “You have the nerve to accuse me of turning dark? Weren't you the one who just attacked an innocent? I've never done such a thing and you're calling me dark.”

Dumbledore growled. “Where have you been?” he asked after he calmed himself down and got up.

“That's not your concern.”

“Harry!”

“It's Mr. Potter to you.”

Dumbledore's eyes narrowed, "As you wish. But I still have to know."

"Why? You aren't my guardian or even a relative. So sod off!" Harry calmly stated.

"It's too dangerous!" Dumbledore insisted.

"Even if I were in danger it still is not your concern!" Harry stated.

"I only want to protect you!"

"I'm going to say this for the last time, KEEP YOUR NOSE OUT OF MY BUSINESS, DUMBLEDORE!" Harry roared before turning to Bellatrix, "Well? What are you waiting for?"

Bellatrix smirked and flicked her wand. She bound him the same way she had been bound by him. After that she calmly walked over to the fireplace and called the aurors.

It was a visibly irritated Kingsley Shacklebolt, accompanied by an unknown auror of about the same age, which answered the call.

"What's...? ALBUS!"

But before he even could free the old mage, Harry stopped him.

"Hold it!" Harry said coldly, "He attacked an innocent witch. I wish to charge him with assault, attempted kidnapping, blackmail, and threatened obliviate her in front of witnesses to. Ah yes, and be sure to add trespassing! He was not invited into this home and simply apparated in!"

"What? Surely you're joking!" Shacklebolt said.

"Oh, I assure you, I do mean it!" Harry said with a cold glare, "Take him into custody or the press will print tomorrow that you are not taking your job seriously and are, in fact, not even working for the ministry."

The other auror didn't hesitate and took a hold on Dumbledore. Kingsley shot an accusing glare at Harry which only caused him to

smirk, "Don't look at me like that. It is not my fault that he attacked a member of my family. As the head of my family I have to protect her even if I don't particularly enjoy her company."

Shacklebolt sighed and nodded. They left and took Dumbledore, and his wand with, them.

Once they were alone Harry turned back to Bella and he did not appear very pleased.

The two others were shocked. Now that they both knew of the relationship, they were somewhat surprised to see the anger in Harry's eyes. Lovers didn't look at each other like that.

"What now," Bella asked in a manner that showed her annoyance. She knew that look. With his new confidence came a new form of criticism along with it. Nobody had ever dared to correct her before, but it was something that Harry had no qualms about.

If he thought she had done something wrong, he told her so in a really disappointed and accusing manor. She knew he only did it because he wanted to know that she could look after herself, but it still enraged her. The most annoying thing was that he did, in fact, find some quite serious mistakes when she was duelling or dealing with problems. It was only with that criticism that she had truly learned to improve her capabilities.

Harry looked around and probed Hermione and Remus with his legilimency.

Then he looked at Bella accusingly, "You slipped! I have no problem with you telling Moony, but it was foolish to forget to put up privacy charms."

She growled, but nodded. He was right, again.

"And how could you let such an old fool bind you? He may be more powerful but you're faster than him. You weren't alert! You should know, that he could have apparated in at any time!"

She narrowed her eyes at him. She didn't have enough time to react but he was right nonetheless. She had let her defences down.

"Are you finished?" she asked annoyed. He may have been right but she still hated to get reprimanded, especially in front of witnesses.

"Not quite!" Harry said and turned to Remus, "I trust you to protect my secret! You're too trusting! Keep up your Occlumency shields! Dumbledore may be an ass but he's no fool. He'll test you next time he meets you."

Then he turned around to Hermione, "Your next research project will be Occlumency. If you even show a hint that you know something about me and Bellatrix then you'll wish you never had the ears to eavesdrop with!"

Hermione blanched but nodded.

Then Harry smiled, went over to Bellatrix, sat down and pulled her into his lap where he kissed her passionately.

Hermione gasped and Remus groaned.

Without even looking up or saying something, Harry flicked his wand and locked the door and put up privacy charms.

"He's worse than Moody. Constant vigilance!" Remus grinned.

Hermione snickered but then said, "Well, in his case it's necessary."

"STOP IT ALREADY!" Remus shouted at the two lovebirds.

Harry and Bellatrix separated and grinned towards Hermione, "May I introduce you to the love of my life? Bella, Hermione, Hermione Bella."

"I never thought I'd say this to a dark witch, especially you, but it's nice to meet you." Hermione said with a grin.

“Touché.” Bellatrix snickered, “Well, I think the more I get to know you, the more my respect of you grows. But you still betrayed my Harry!” she added more seriously.

Hermione nodded understandingly.

“Well, now she has the opportunity to prove herself to me again.” Harry stated with an honest smile.

Hermione was happy; it was the first time this year that he had smiled to her, and nodded eagerly.

“Well, can you help me learn to shield my mind?”

“No, I think Bella is better suited. I don’t have enough time.” Harry said, “And when she isn’t available, Remus can help you.”

Hermione looked uncertainly at the dark witch while Bella just clapped her hands and grinned, “Wicked. Now I can find out for myself if you’re as brilliant as Harry keeps telling me. He claims you’re as studious as I am.”

Hermione's eyes widened as she recalled what she knew about Bellatrix Black. She was said to be highly intelligent and allegedly had a vast knowledge about nearly everything but mostly about the darkest arts.

“Oh shit!” she groaned.

Remus grinned, “A study session between the two of you would be fun to watch, Hermione against Bellatrix. You know, in the old days as we were going to school, young Bella was a know-it-all worse than you ever were. She could keep up with us in most classes even if she was years younger than us.”

Remus was hit with a tickling curse combined with a hair colouring curse from Bellatrix who had a stern look, “Don’t call me that!”

Harry laughed and Hermione joined him after a few seconds.

Dumbledore's imprisonment caused an uproar in the press, especially since it was, the Hero of the Wizarding World, Harry Potter who had him imprisoned. Naturally, Dumbledore had been set free after a trial before the whole Wizengamot. They weighed the charges, which weren't really evil crimes, against his many achievements. He had to pay a fine to Bellatrix Black after making a public apology to her. Rita Skeeter had a field day with that, especially since Harry, for once, gave her an exclusive interview.

Dumbledore was, furthermore, stripped of his title as Supreme Mugwump of the Wizengamot since, with this crime in his file; he wasn't suited for the position anymore. Fudge was happy on one hand because Dumbledore was publicly punished, on the other hand, it was Harry who was responsible for it, and that didn't suit the minister very much. He had been on the receiving end of Harry's comments in his interview just as much as Dumbledore had been. Harry's interview sparked a massive public outcry since he had claimed that both Dumbledore and Fudge were indirectly helping Lord Voldemort through their inaction.

It was a shame, that Harry was the head of the Blacks but Remus the owner of Grimmauld Place. Remus was still too much under Dumbledore's influence, and as such, the meetings continued in the house.

Naturally Harry wasn't allowed into the meetings and didn't get any information from anyone, but that didn't disturb him. He had Bella. She was out scouting the known meeting places in her owl form. As the meetings happened usually during the night, her black feathers were the perfect disguise.

If she caught some Death Eaters on her flights, she would send an emotional impulse to Harry. He would find her in a matter of seconds using his dark teleportation. This special form of wizard-transportation could only be achieved by the most powerful dark wizards and it enabled him, to avoid all anti-apparition or anti-portkey wards.

The reason for the need of a powerful dark wizard was simple; the transport took a shortcut through the underworld. If the wizard wasn't strong enough, he would get stuck in the underworld and join the

tormented souls in Hell. He would physically die, but in his studies he had found out, that every wizard who mastered necromancy was able to perform the teleportation, so he had learned it too. It had one disadvantage though; it was detectable with simple dark magic detectors. However, this wasn't a major problem as the wizards he hunted wouldn't use such devices since they used dark magic themselves. One of the main advantages, besides the avoidance of any wards was that he could take up to two people with him, even if it wasn't a nice experience for any light wizard.

But he didn't care anymore about that. If they didn't disturb any meetings, they hunted the known Death Eater's in their homes or at their work and killed them mercilessly and always avoided leaving any traces.

They had thought about creating their own mark, but decided against it. They didn't want to form an organization or get famous. They only wanted to get this bloody war over with and furthermore didn't want to be hunted by the ministry. Their methods weren't exactly 'approved' by the ministry.

Chapter 11 – Trouble is calling

By August 28th; the day Harry and his friends went to Diagon Alley under the guard of Moody, Moony, and Tonks, Harry and Bella had managed to kill off half of Voldemort's inner circle in their raids.

Even with the increased activity Dumbledore wasn't any closer to discovering the identity of 'The Dark Avenger,' as Harry was now being called in the press and by the Order.

Despite the revelation of his relationship, to Hermione and Remus, Harry still kept his distance from his friends. He had managed to push them away and he wasn't going to lose that advantage. He only needed his anchor now, and that was Bella but she couldn't be with him today. It would cause too many questions.

They headed down Diagon alley. Hermione had her arm locked around Ron's and chatted happily with him and Ginny. Harry always stayed a few steps ahead of them and never really joined in on any of the conversations.

"Hey, Harry! Wait for us!" Ron yelled to him as he swept past the quidditch store without so much as looking into the window. Even Hermione was shocked at that. That wasn't the Harry she knew. In the past he wasn't as obsessed with quidditch as Ron, but he still used every opportunity to look in the quidditch shops.

"Why didn't you want to go into Quality Quidditch Supplies?" Ron asked.

Harry turned back to them and scowled, "You don't buy anything anyway. Why even bother?"

With that he swept around again and hurried further down the alley to the book store.

"What? He... argh! HARRY!" Ron yelled but followed him anyway. He knew Harry was right. He couldn't afford anything in there but he didn't have to be so cruel about it.

In the bookshop Harry found his books faster than everyone else, Hermione included, and he had even picked out more books than her. Harry had definitely changed. First, ignoring the quidditch shop, and now, buying more books than Hermione.

"Where next to?" Hermione asked.

"I already have my potion ingredients and new robes." Harry explained, "But I still have to buy one more thing. You guys?"

"Well, I don't need to get potions stuff, but I don't have my robes yet." Hermione said.

Ron shrugged, "I got the robes from Fred and George and Mum already bought my potion ingredients."

"Same here." Ginny said.

"Good. You guys go with Hermione and I'll meet you guys at Fortesques' for ice cream in about twenty minutes. We can walk part of the way together since I'm going that way anyways." Harry declared.

"What? We aren't letting you go anywhere by yourself Harry!" Hermione said sternly.

Harry only smirked, "We shall see. Now come on!"

Harry, once again, led the way. With his new and improved height also came a longer stride. His longer stride caused the others to struggle to keep up. The girls had to jog to keep up with him and Ron and they all nearly ran into him when he suddenly stopped.

"What..? Oh no you don't. You're not going down there." Hermione scolded him, when she saw where he had stopped to go.

Harry was looking directly to the dark entrance of Nocturne alley.

"Well, it's your decision if you want to follow me, but I wouldn't recommend it. You would be a welcome target for the hags and other

shady folks that linger down there.” Harry stated coldly and pulled up the hood of his coal black cloak.

His friends gasped when they saw him in that clothing. He looked just like a Death Eater without the mask. Without hesitation he stepped into the dark narrow alley. They followed him for a few steps until they saw the shady creatures in there.

Suddenly as if a switch was activated, Harry was emitting an aura of truly dark power causing them to shudder. Incredulously, they watched as all inhabitants of the alley fled away and avoided him at all costs. Harry only laughed in a chilling voice that made his friends slowly retreat.

“What now?” Ron asked.

“We wait here. Where are the guards when you need them?” Hermione asked.

“Bloody hell! Where are they anyway?” Ginny cursed and looked around through the alley.

“We’re right here.” Remus said as he joined them at the junction.

“We couldn't keep up with his fast pace, at least not without giving ourselves away. He didn't go in there, did he?” Remus asked shocked.

“Yes.” Ron said disgustedly.

“Damn! How could he walk into that rat's nest?” Remus cursed.

Hermione looked grimly but said “He is fine, Remus. He scared the shit out of this scum.”

“You're right about that!” Ron scowled, “But not only out of them. He has turned dark!”

“Maybe, but he is not evil. There is a difference, Ron. And he has to kill Voldemort. How can he achieve that with light magic?” Hermione asked.

Ron nodded "You are right, as always. But I still don't have to like it. What, if he becomes the next dark lord?"

"He wouldn't." Ginny said fiercely, "He would never hurt an innocent."

Ron contemplated that and nodded, "Right. But who is guilty in his eyes?"

"Everyone who is a threat to the people he cares about and everyone who stands in his way." Remus said with a far away look.

"And does he care about us?" Ron sighed.

"Not anymore." Hermione whispered in a guilty voice, "Maybe about Remus and maybe about us again if we continue to stay on his side. We can only hope."

"Well, do we stand up for him?" Ron asked seriously.

"Yes!" Hermione, Ginny and Remus answered at once.

Ron nodded, "So it is decided. We help him and stand up against all others."

"Why do you ask us that in such a serious manor?" Ginny asked him.

"Because we will have serious problems. He is dark and all students will shun him and accuse him of siding with you-know-who. Furthermore he is much more powerful now and Dumbledore is going to try to get some control over him. He won't allow that a wizard more powerful than him is running around freely, especially if it is a dark wizard." Ron said in a no nonsense voice.

"You are right about that." Remus mused, "Let's keep it low against Dumbledore and spy for Harry on him but stand up against the students. So Harry sees that you are loyal to him."

Hermione nodded, "We have to be careful, very careful."

Screams suddenly echoed from the walls of the Houses.

"DEATHEATERS!"

Instantly, Hermione, Ron, Ginny and Remus turned around.

“Oh Shit!” Ron cursed. There were at least twenty Death Eaters closing in on their position. They fired cruciatus curses everywhere and at every witch or wizard in their way.

“At least they’re not killing.” Hermione muttered.

“Not killing them. Being Harry’s friends, we may not be so fortunate.” Ron said before yelling, “STUPEFY!”

A red beam flew out of his wand towards the closest Death Eater, but he blocked him with a fast “PROTEGO!”

Order members of the 'Guard' were coming from other directions but even with them the group was still outnumbered nine to twenty and the Death Eaters were good enough to block their stunners.

“Enough of this! REDUCTO!” Ron yelled as his temper flared. The golden beam struck at the feet of three Death Eaters and the following explosion hurled them away.

Even with the three of them out of the fight they were still losing. They had to find cover, because the Death Eaters were beginning to use more harmful spells even if they hadn’t started with the killing curse yet.

“Where’s Potter? Tell us and we might let you all go!” one of the Death Eaters yelled.

“DOLOHOV!” Hermione cursed “INFLAMMEUS!”

A white hot fireball seared towards the Death Eater but he just laughed and dispelled it with a stream of water.

A chilling voice came from the left, at the entrance to Nocturne Alley. “Are you looking for me?” the voice asked.

The Death Eaters stopped and stared at the tall, black cloaked, figure. He still had his hood up and his face was covered in shadows.

“Po... Potter?” Dolohov gasped.

Harry removed his hood and his piercing green eyes locked with Dolohov’s. “You’re the bastard who hurt my friend at the ministry?” he asked coolly.

“The mudblood bitch? Of course I did, and I’ll have my fun again once we’re through with you.” Dolohov sneered and laughed.

“I think not.” Harry said in a harsh whisper, but it still reached the ears of the others and its cold final tone made them shudder and forget that he still was only a teenager.

Fast as lightning he had his wand in his hand and gave it a short jab and muttered “Diffindo!”

Dolohov seemed to want to scream but only bloody foam and a gargle came out of his mouth.

His hand flew to his throat and pressed against it but they all saw the blood leaking out of the large gash directly across throat.

Seconds later his lifeless body sunk to the ground.

Everyone was gaping at the black haired teenager whose eyes were seemingly made of steel.

Another flick of his wand with a loud “Reducto maximus!” brought the fighters of the light out of their stupor but dismembered some of the Death Eaters.

He took advantage of their momentary confusion and fired several fireball, exploding, and bludgeoning hexes. All of them were effectively disabling the death eaters despite the fact that he had yet to cast a dark curse. It wasn’t long before every death eater was unconscious or dead. All that remained was a large cloud of dust and smoke, lifeless bodies in black robes with white masks, and gaping audience who all looked disbelievingly at the black-haired teenager responsible for ending the raid.

Nobody had a chance to say anything as seconds after the fight ended Dumbledore himself apparated into the alley along with some aurors and reporters.

"Who's responsible for this?" the head Auror bellowed.

Harry shrugged and put his wand away, "I guess that would be Me." he said coolly.

Dumbledore looked extremely disappointed. "Harry, you aren-"

"I still haven't given you permission to call me by my first name, old man." Harry cut in.

"Mr. Potter. The use of the dark arts is not something that will be tolerated by me or the ministry of magic." Dumbledore said without the usual twinkle in his eyes.

"First, I never used and dark spells during this battle. Second, the ministry approved the use of any means necessary to deal with Voldemort and the death eaters. And third, you have no authority outside the walls of your school. You're no longer the Supreme Mugwump. You're on the same level as me, authority wise, outside the walls of Hogwarts." Harry said smirking.

"He's right." Shacklebolt admitted grudgingly, "Fudge, issued the decree last year." Then he turned to the witnesses, "Did he use any dark magic?"

"No, he didn't. He only used light spells." Remus said as a matter of fact.

The aurors examined the bodies and bound the ones that were still alive.

"Shacklebolt! Dolohov's here!" one of the aurors yelled.

"What? Bind him and take him to the ministry for interrogation!" Shacklebolt ordered.

"I can't, sir. He's dead. It appears he died from extreme blood loss. His throat was cut open."

Dumbledore whirled on Harry, "Ha... Mr. Potter, did you do that?"

"Yes," he said resolutely. He was the one who hurt Hermione at the ministry. I don't appreciate it when death eaters attack people close to me. A simple 'Diffindo' took care of that." Harry said easily before he shrugged and turned to Hermione. "Are you okay?"

She nodded and muttered, "Thank you."

"No problem." Harry said and winked at her.

"Ha... Mr. Potter! I can not condone such heartless behaviour!" Dumbledore bellowed.

Harry growled and then made a wide arc with his arm to the gathered reporters. "Did you hear that? He's scolding me because I defended myself and my friends! He scolded me, because I did something against the scum that is terrorising the Wizarding world. You there, is that the right thing to do?" he pointed at a random reporter.

"No... No, Sir."

"Did I do something wrong?"

"No, Sir."

"If you ask me, he can invite them for tea and biscuits if he wants but I will fight them when I see them. And I do seriously ask myself which side he stands for if he is scolding me because I fight them! That is active support of the dark forces and you may quote me here!"

Dumbledore gasped, "How could you?"

Harry smirked, "Me? You were the one who wanted to punish me, because I defended myself. I think that question should be redirected, HOW COULD YOU?"

Then he turned to the white-faced auror, "Do you need us anymore?"

“No.”

Harry turned to his friends, “You wanted to buy something, didn't you? Then let's go! I have everything I need.”

He went visibly slower this time so his friends could easily follow him. But they were still too stunned to say anything; instead they focused on finishing their shopping quickly and without any more distractions. They didn't even stop at the Fortescue's as they had planned.”

Harry and his friends were brought home to Grimmauld Place by the Order. Of course, Harry excused himself after a few minutes and disappeared.

“Where's he going now?” Ron growled.

“To his girlfriend” Ginny muttered, obviously still jealous of this mystery girl. She glared at Remus, “I bet you know by now who she is.”

He shrugged, “Even if I did, I wouldn't betray his trust again.”

“Remus, who is she?” Ron begged.

“I said NO!” Remus groaned.

Ginny turned to Hermione accusingly, “and why are YOU so quiet?”

Hermione gulped.

“WHAT?” Ron bellowed, “YOU know too and... Hermione? I'm your boyfriend! You have to tell me!”

She gulped nervously before her eyes gained a determined glint, “No, I don't. Harry asked me to keep it quiet and I won't disappoint him again.”

“But he's my best friend and you're my girlfriend!” Ron whined.

“No, you aren't his best friend anymore; neither am I. He didn't tell me anyways, he caught me eavesdropping.” She admitted and pleaded

with Ron, "And yes I'm your girlfriend but I promised him. Please, don't make me choose between you."

He blanched. Maybe he was a little thick with girls and all around, but he did love her and he did realise, that she wouldn't budge on this matter. If he forced her he would lose her.

"Alright. You're right. If he trusts you to keep it secret, then you should do it." he sighed.

Hermione smiled and hugged him fiercely, "Thank you Ron. I love you, but I won't betray his trust in me again."

He nodded and smiled, "I know."

Ginny growled before storming off.

"Poor Ginny." Hermione sighed.

"Why?" Ron asked.

"Because she's in love with him and doesn't realise that she's far from the level of Harry's girlfriend by many means." Remus stated as a matter of fact.

Now Ron growled, "Ginny's a nice girl and she beautiful too. What does his girlfriend have that she doesn't!"

Hermione smiled, "We know that, but Harry needs a girl who can protect herself and assist him on his task... and his task has become dark, bloody, and dangerous."

Ron nodded and sighed, "We'll be there for her. Maybe she'll understand if we explain it to her."

"I hope so." Hermione sighed.

Harry was surprised that Bellatrix was not at his manor when he arrived but he wasn't worried. He closed his eyes and examined his bond with her. She was calm but far away. She sent him an impulse that told him everything was alright with her.

Knowing she was safe he decided to finish up, so he unpacked his things. He had bought some dark arts books in Nocturne Alley. He un-shrunk them and placed them in a secret compartment of his new trunk. Nobody but him could access to this trunk.

It was after sunset when he received a 'distress-call' from Bella. Cursing inwardly, he concentrated on their connection to get her location before switching his concentration to his staff, which instantly appeared out of nowhere and landed in his hands. His staff had become so much apart of him that he could summon it at will no matter where it was.

He waved it one time and he was in his dragon hide trousers, dragon hide vest, and his dark red cloak with the face-shadowing charm.

He concentrated once again on their bond to make sure she hadn't left again before he left.

He found the signal and muttered, "Ut barathrum!"

The Dark Avenger disappeared in a black swirling cloud before he reappeared one second later in a dark corner in a suburb of Manchester.

The black owl swept down to him and changed back to Bella.

"What's up?" he asked concerned.

"I followed a Death Eater for half the day. He met with some of his 'friends' and I overheard them talking about an attack."

"A special target?" Harry asked.

"The Grangers."

"Shit!"

"Yes. They want to lure you or the Order out, I think, or they simply want to hurt you."

"How many?"

“Ten for now. They’re attacking in a minute. We have to hurry!”

“Alright. Change and show me the way! I love you.”

She gave him a peck on his lips and changed. She jumped into the sky and led him to a house not even hundred metres away.

John and Katherine Granger just sat down in the kitchen to eat their dinner together.

Suddenly they heard an explosion from the front door. The door was shattered and the pieces were hurled into the house.

“What...” John stammered.

Ten black robed figures burst into the house. They had their faces covered with white masks.

“What do you want?” John asked and stood protectively between his wife and the intruders. Katherine cowered behind the kitchen counter, shaking. The figures emanated terror and cruelty. Both muggles were eyeing the wands in the hands of the intruders warily.

“Not much. We know that your daughter’s a mudblood witch. She also sided with Potter and Dumbledore. Since we can’t get to them directly, we figured we may as well attack them by attacking people close to them. We’ll kill you and that’ll break their spirit, at least Potter’s.”

“What? What are you talking about?”

“Aww! Your little daughter didn’t explain the war that’s brewing on the horizon in the wizarding world?” teased a Death Eater, “Our master, the dark lord, is coming and he’ll clean the world of all mudbloods and muggles like you.”

“Enough of this. Time for a little fun.” another Death Eater said and brandished his wand at John, “CRUCIO!”

John had never felt such pain in his life and fell to his knees screaming. Another Death Eater fired a hex at the desk and it

shattered into a thousand pieces; some of them hit John and Katherine causing small wounds.

“Crucio!” the Death Eater said in a cold voice so that Katherine was now screaming along with her husband.

The two Death Eaters stopped after a few seconds.

“Bastards” muttered John still on his knees and breathing heavily.

Suddenly the ear piercing screech of an owl sounded throughout the house and the Death Eaters looked around nervously.

John and Katherine jumped away to the walls of the kitchen as a black cloud formed in the middle of it.

They shuddered because the cloud was reeking of evil and darkness, much much worse than the Death Eaters.

A tall wizard appeared, covered in a dark red cloak and he had a magnificent staff with a blood red crystal embedded on the top. The crystal was pulsing like an evil heart.

“The Dark Avenger!” one of the Death Eater's muttered in fear.

“If that’s what you’re calling me these days.” a deep reverberating voice said.

Then he waved his staff once and a whip of pure darkness came sprouting out of the crystal and it seemed to be underlain with a dark red tinge.

He flicked his staff expertly and the dark whip was searing through the air. It drew a circle around the wizard in the air and with minimal movements of his wrist it branded forcefully down on the ten frozen dark wizards.

As they were hit, they began to scream ten times worse than John and Katherine had. Before he finished his first attack he had dark tendrils come from the whip and wrap around the wand hands of all

ten death eaters. With a thought the tendrils collapsed severing their hands from their bodies, causing the wands to clatter to the ground.

The stranger muttered “Verbero of flamma!” and the whip of darkness was covered in red flames.

As the dark wizards were hit now, the whip sliced through anything, including their bodies.

It wasn't even half a minute after he had appeared in the kitchen of the Grangers and all ten death eaters were nothing more than ten mutilated and lifeless bodies lying on the floor in a large pool of blood.

With a wave of the staff the whip disappeared. The stranger turned around. Where his face should be, there was only black shadow, but for a moment, two green piercing eyes seemed to light up in the shadows. A black eagle owl seared through the shattered door and landed on the shoulder of the wizard.

“Mr... Mr. Dark Avenger...” John stammered once more he stood protectively between his wife and the stranger.

The stranger laughed, “That's not my Name, Dr. Granger, but I'm afraid I can not reveal my real name.”

“You sound fairly young.” John remarked.

The green eyes of the stranger lit up dangerously causing John to shudder.

“It would have been better if you hadn't noticed that.” the wizard stated in an icy voice.

“I'm sorry. I won't tell it to anyone.” John stammered afraid. The stranger may have saved them but he was surely not one to cross and if he deemed his identity important... he doubted that he would hesitate to protect himself... in a final way, John realised.

“No you won't and that especially includes the old fool.”

“What? What old fool?” Katherine asked.

“Dumbledore.” the stranger sneered.

“Now, on to more important matters. Are you hurt, besides the after effects of the curse?”

“Just a few cuts and scrapes. Nothing that can’t be taken care of.”

“Well, I think it would be better if you went to a more secure place. I am going to take you to the secret hideout where your daughter is. Do you agree to go?”

“Yes!” they both answered simultaneously.

“I warn you, it won't be a pleasant experience.” the stranger stated, “Because of the nature of the protection there, we will have to take a path that bypasses the wards.”

“How do we do that?” John asked interested.

Again the green eyes lit up, “The easiest way is to take a detour through the underworld.”

“WHAT?” Katherine screamed.

“Well, I think you will feel a little bit sick for a short time afterwards but it’s the only way.” the stranger explained.

“Alright, we’ll do it.” John said firmly and helped his wife up.

The cloaked wizards grabbed the hands of the two muggles and turned his head to his owl.

“Talon, you know the way! We’ll meet later.”

The owl took flight after rubbing her black feathered head on his for a moment and disappeared, with a screech, into the night.

Then the Grangers felt a gut wrenching jolt of fear and evil as they disappeared in a dark cloud.

Remus and Hermione were just coming down the stairs and entering the entrance hall. They were discussing the death of Voldemort's supporters and Harry's actions in Diagon Alley.

They stopped amidst the steps as a familiar, yet unwelcome, dark cloud appeared and radiated darkness. They shuddered but had their wands out instantly.

"What the hell..?"

This time not one but three people appeared out of the cloud and Hermione gaped.

"Mum? Dad?" she whispered.

The aforementioned people let go of the stranger's hands and threw up on the floor.

"What happened? What's wrong?" Hermione nearly sobbed.

"There's nothing to be afraid of!" the shallow voice of the stranger reassured her, "That comes with the method of travelling."

With that he disappeared but this time with a crack.

Unknown to them he appeared in the same house but in Sirius' room. His reappearance masked by the silencing charms he had placed on the room earlier in the summer. He took off his cloak and banished it and his staff back to his trunk.

He got down to the others and played the surprised teenager when he saw Hermione, hugging two white-faced strangers, sobbing.

"What's up?" Harry asked Remus to keep up appearances.

"They were brought in by the Dark Avenger." Remus answered, regarding him with a raised eyebrow and a knowing glint in his brown eyes.

"How did he come through the wards and how did he know about this place?" Harry asked as Dumbledore and Snape appeared.

“Hermione there’s been an attack... oh.” Dumbledore stopped clearly surprised.

“I KNOW THAT ALREADY!” she yelled.

Ron, Ginny, and Molly came into the hall, alarmed by the ruckus.

“And you didn’t deem it necessary to protect them? I warned you that this would happen but you did nothing!” she yelled to the frozen headmaster.

“Miss Granger, please, calm down!” he said in a soothing voice.

“CALM DOWN? Are you insane? My parents were tortured with the Cruciatus curse and nearly killed by ten Death Eaters and you think I should calm down? I’ll tell you what I’m going to do! Never ask me for help again! You didn’t help me, and I won’t help you! We’re finished! You could have simply protected them with a Fidelius charm but you did nothing! If it weren’t for that strange wizard, the Dark Avenger, or whatever you call him, they would be dead!”

With that the angered young witch turned around and hugged her parents.

Harry poked Remus with his elbow and he jumped.

Remus cleared his throat, “You both are welcome to stay here. I assure you that it is safe.”

“Thank you.” John said.

“I could protect your home.” Harry said coolly.

“You? You are nothing but an overconfident teenager.” Snape sneered.

“Hey, greasy git, what’re you doing here? You should know by now that you aren’t welcome here anymore.” Harry said smirking and looked questioningly to Remus.

“Uhm, Albus, is there a meeting now?”

"No, why?" the old wizard asked.

"Severus, I ask you to leave instantly. You are only welcome here if there is a meeting." Remus said with a sickly sweet voice.

Severus growled but disappeared.

"Rem..." Albus began but Harry interrupted him.

"Have you cleaned up at the Grangers already?" Harry asked.

Albus nodded, "The corpses were taken away and the damage is repaired. Mister and Miss Granger, I could prot..." but Harry strode over to the Grangers. He looked John deep in the eyes and saw satisfied that his eyes widened in recognition.

He winked at him and turned to Hermione, "Hermione, I know we had a hard time in the last months, but I assure you, I have learned a lot. Do you trust me to protect them?"

She looked to her parents and they nodded reassuringly. Hermione straightened herself and nodded, "I do. Will you help us?"

"Of course." then he turned around to face Dumbledore, "I already said this once in regards to my own safety, you had your chance. Now the time of waiting is over and the time of action is coming. Thank you for your help, and have a good evening, Professor." he said in a dismissing voice.

"But, Ha... Mr. Potter. There are complex charms necessary to protect the house."

"Trust me; I know what I am going to do." Harry said, "Remus, bring Dr. And Dr. Granger to the guest room!"

"Sure. Would you follow me?"

Dumbledore sent Harry a disappointed glare and disappeared.

"Harry. What do you have in mind for the house?" Hermione asked.

“Fidelius, Anti-Apparition, Anti-Portkey wards for the basics. And then I have some surprises ready from the Black Magic combined with the Potter Magic.” he replied grinning, “Interested to watch me?”

Hermione’s eyes lit up and she nodded eagerly.

“Then I trust that you know where the house is? Apparate!”

They disappeared with a crack and left two disappointed redheads behind. “Do you really think he can do that?” Ginny asked disbelievingly.

“I’m beginning to think he can do a lot more than that and if he really uses the Black Family Magic, we should pity every Death Eater who comes near the Grangers again.”

Unbeknownst to them, Harry had called for additional help, and it was him together with Bellatrix who put up some of the more ingenious wards around the house. To Hermione's surprise, it was Harry who cast the more complex and most powerful wards.

Bella apparated to the Black house ten minutes before the other two.

As Harry and Hermione appeared with a loud crack in the centre of the living room, both parents of her started.

Hermione nearly jumped up and down with excitement.

She hugged them both and said with a proud look to Harry, “Something like that will never happen again, Mum and Dad.”

“Why? What have you done?” Dr. Granger asked.

“Me? Nothing. It was all Harry's and... uhm... Talons work.”

Both parents shared a knowing look but said nothing.

“Harry, dear, what have you done?” Katherine asked.

“Well your house is protected against apparition and portkeys. And ask yourselves... where is your house?” Harry said grinning.

“What? It’s... what the hell?”

“JOHN! No cursing!” Katherine reprimanded him.

Ron only laughed and Molly looked with a proud smile to Harry, “You’ve already mastered the Fidelius?”

“Yep.”

“Who’s the secret keeper?” she asked.

Harry looked all gathered people in the eyes and finally to Hermione and shrugged, “Your decision.”

“Harry! I trust them! As for the secret itself, only tell my parents!”

“Sure. I’m the secret keeper.” Harry said easily and gave the Grangers a note with the address.

“Read it! It will burn itself when you are ready.” Harry explained.

Some seconds later, the two notes went up in cold blue flames.

“Those were the most important defensive charms, but there are some more offensive too. You felt the pain of the Cruciatus. If there any wizard with the dark mark comes near the house, he will feel the same, and if he should come IN the house by any means whatsoever... let's say, he won't live long enough to feel any pain.” Harry explained in a voice of steel.

Molly gasped, “But that’s dark magic!”

“Sure.” Harry said coolly, “But the Grangers are safe that is the only thing that matters.”

Hermione nodded supporting.

“We’re at war, Molly.” Harry declared, “And I for my part don't have any problems beating them with their own weapons.”

Then he turned around to the Granger's and handed them both a simple bracelet made out of silver.

"If you're ever in danger, say 'Sirius is watching over us' and you both will instantly be brought here. I charmed them to work simultaneously, that way neither of you gets left behind. Are you ok with that?"

Both nodded, "Thank you, for everything you've done today."

Harry smiled, for once, a real honest smile.

"No problem. Even if I have problems with my friends at the moment, I do watch out for them. Remember your promise! Now, if you will excuse me, there's someone waiting for Me." he said and winked at his friends. He disappeared with a crack.

"Who's waiting for him?" asked Katherine Granger.

"His girlfriend." replied Hermione with a smile.

"Oh. He should use his last two days then." John said grinning.

"He won't have problems with him being at school, I think." Hermione said grinning, "He isn't a marauder for nothing."

"Hey, does he already have a name?" Remus asked.

"Sure. His girlfriend slipped... again." she said with a wink to Remus.

"Poor dear. I bet she got an earful again." he sighed.

"You can bet on that. But she gives more than she got. She's a hard teacher, I tell you." she said with a groan as she remembered her own lessons in Occlumency with the dark witch. She was truly at least as intelligent and studious as herself but she was a hard and nearly cruel teacher, more so than even Snape, but at least, she could really teach and she was fair. Hermione couldn't imagine that she had ever anything learned faster than with her.

"I can imagine. Now, spill it!" Remus demanded.

"Alright, I have clearance for that from Harry. His name is Drake. But don't ask me which form he has. I don't know that."

"Drake. Not bad and it suits him." Remus said grinning.

“Hermione dear, do you know who his mysterious girlfriend is?” Molly asked interested.

“Yes I do and Remus does too. But we promised them not to reveal it.” she said, her voice laced with determination.

Molly nodded, “I suppose it would be best not to lose his trust again.”

“Thank you. Mum, Dad, the house is safe again. You could get back now, but I would appreciate it if you could stay here for the last two days.” she said hopefully.

“Sure thing, dear. Now let's relax. It's been a hard day for us.”

She smiled and hugged her parents once again.

Ut barathrum - To the Underworld

Verbero of flamma- Whip of flame

Chapter 12 – Back to school

September first was hectic as ever. Harry was the only one to have everything packed and ready to go but he was also still at his manor house enjoying breakfast with his girlfriend. It was made by the nearly twenty house elves that were busy at the large ancient manor.

"I'm going to miss you, Talon." Harry sighed.

"I know and I'm going to miss you too. But I won't be too far away. The house we found in Hogsmeade is close enough." she said with her typically wicked grin.

"Do you reckon that the wards we set up around the house will be enough?" Harry asked.

"Stop worrying Drake! We placed all the wards around it we know! Not even Dumbledore and Voldemort together could bring them down." she said sure of their work.

"I am only worried about you." he said and kissed her.

"You don't need to be. If anything goes wrong I'll send you an impulse. You should be able to bypass the wards of Hogwarts with your eerie way of travelling." she said and shuddered. Even she didn't like the way through the underworld.

"I hope so. And even if not, I can change and could be there within minutes by flying."

"Just remember a few things. First, someone would actually have to know that I was staying in a cottage in Hogsmeade." she said, "And as far as we know, nobody does. I also won't be walking up and using the front door either. I'll only apparate in and out or use my animagus form. I doubt that anyone will ever know that I ever lived there. And Second, don't forget that I'm nobody to mess with!"

Harry nodded and smiled, "Well, we did all we could to bring you near me."

“And I hope for your sake, that you visit me often. I’ve grown accustomed to sleeping with you. Don’t you dare make me sleep alone too much!”

“I wouldn’t dare, Honey.”

“Hey! No sweet names, Drake” she scolded him, causing him to laugh.

She kissed him passionately, “It’s time to leave, Drake.”

“I know. If I only hadn’t agreed to take the train with the children.” he sighed and Bella grinned, “But you did. Now you have to endure it. Furthermore it shows your good will to the old fool.”

“We’ll see.”

“And don’t forget our well planned pranks! I want to hear about how much spoiled brat of a nephew and dear old Snivellus are suffering.” she said with a devious grin in her eyes.

“I think I’ll give some hints to Colin. Then you can get some pictures too.”

They kissed once more and Harry looked deep into her blue eyes with a light purple streak and whispered, “I love you. Never forget that!”

“Never, in my entire life, did I ever think that I would ever say these words to another human being but, I love you too Harry, be careful. You now have many enemies out there. But do try and trust your friends again. They’ve decided to side with you even with your new dark side.” she advised him.

“We’ll see.” he said and kissed her again, “Bye.” With that he disappeared.

He appeared in the entrance hall of Grimmauld Place. Chaos reigned supreme around him and only Moody stood calmly at the door, letting his eye rotate at high speeds. Harry strode over to him and leaned against the wall.

"They still aren't ready?" he asked.

"No. But this time we have calculated it in our time frame." the old Auror said with a grin.

"Bloody idiots," Harry muttered, "They could simply pack the day before and get up on time."

"You said it, lad. Ready to wreck havoc in Hogwarts again? I've heard you learned quite a bit during your absence. Albus is still fuming about you protecting the Granger Residence. He still couldn't find an error."

"You mean, he still couldn't find the house." Harry grinned.

"Right."

"Maybe I should tell Snape where it is so I could see if the wards are functioning. They're activated by a wizard who bears the dark mark." he said with a smirk.

"Ingenious. Tell me, what would happen if he or another Death Eater would activate the wards."

"That depends. If he's only near the house then he'd feel the equivalent of the Cruciatus. If he somehow managed to gain access to the house... well, good riddance," Harry stated coldly.

"Bloody hell! How did you manage that?" the old Auror asked astounded. He now had both his eyes on Harry.

"Black Family Magic," Harry said with a satisfied smirk, "Combined with some of the Potter magic. I found books about all of it at my new house."

"I say it again! Bloody Hell! The Potters only used light magic but the Blacks... well black and dark magic. Doesn't this cause any problems?"

"No, not if you carefully combine the right spells, for instance the dark mark detection of the Potter's as activator with the more offensive wards of the Black's."

"I believe Albus doesn't give you enough credit. Not for your cleverness, intelligence, or for your power."

"No, he doesn't. But it is better this way. As long as he underestimates me, he can't control me."

"You're right about that. I try to keep him in check but I can only do so much."

"I know and I appreciate it."

"Now, enough with this folk," said Moody and turned to the wild running around Weasleys, "ARE YOU FINALLY READY?" he roared.

Five minutes later they were finally gathered in the entrance hall where they noticed Harry standing there and waiting. They greeted him cheerfully before they finally went to the station by way of a few ministry cars.

Hermione and Ron walked through the barrier between platforms nine and ten like usual. Remus and Molly followed quickly after them. That left Ginny and Harry bringing up the rear.

Harry's clothing instantly changed as they left the Muggle World. Beforehand everyone saw him wearing a form fitting black t-shirt and a pair of black trousers. Now he was wearing black dragon hide trousers, black boots also made of finest dragon hide, a dark red shirt, that would match his 'Avenger' cloak, and a coal black cloak.

Hermione and Ron gasped as they saw him entering the magical platform 9 $\frac{3}{4}$. "Bloody Hell!" Ron swore.

Ginny looked at Harry as she heard that and stopped amidst the step. "Harry?" she asked.

He stopped as well and turned back to her, "Yes?"

"What happened to you?" she asked.

He grinned, "My normal clothing. Why? Don't you like it?"

"Sure I like it. It is cool like Hell. But how..."

"A little illusion charm combined with a muggle detection charm. As long as muggles can see me, it's muggle clothing."

"But why wasn't it this way at Grimmauld Place?"

"The Grangers, now, are you coming?" he asked with a smirk.

She strode up to him and they continued the way together.

The students all gaped at Harry, between the cold and murderous look in his green eyes and the new clothing, everyone made way for him and Ginny to pass through the crowd. Remus smirked and winked to Harry as they passed him, "Just like Sirius or James for that matter. Grand entrance and a beautiful girl at his side." he joked.

"Just remember, she isn't really my girl" Harry reminded him with a grin.

"Unfortunately," Ginny sighed.

"I hope you understand Ginny. I didn't want to hurt you, and that's all that I would have done if I hadn't been honest about my relationship. I am in love with my girlfriend and I have no plans on leaving her." Harry warned her.

She scrutinized him and for the first time he saw acceptance in her eyes, "It'll take some time to get over you, but I will." she said quietly.

She groaned as they made their way towards the red steam engine, "Now everyone's going to think that I'm *with* you or that I'm still interested in you. And even if not, nobody would dare to ask me out with such an intimidating friend watching over me. As if Ron weren't enough!"

Harry laughed, "Well, maybe I should help you a little bit."

“How so?” she asked interested.

“For instance, some hot clothing? We’ll make you hot enough that they’ll forget their fears of me. And if someone asks you, you already know one thing about him.”

“And that is?” she asked with a glint in her eyes.

“He’s courageous,” Harry said and laughed again.

She laughed with him, “I’ll take you up on your offer.”

“Maybe I can get my girlfriend to join us. She could help us if you’re really over me. We’ll see.”

His cloak billowed in a fashion that Snape would never achieve as they walked to the entrance to the train.

After Ron and Hermione got back they all chatted happily about the new year at Hogwarts. Well, everyone except Harry that is, he sat quietly in his seat reading a book for once about defence.

“Harry, aren’t you looking forward to your last year at Hogwarts?” Hermione asked excitedly.

“What’s there to look forward to? To a whole year without my girlfriend but being forced to be surrounded with a lot of idiots who are going to bother me and adults that will try to treat me like a kid or control me? No, not really.” he muttered.

Hermione was stunned for a second, as were Neville and Luna.

“Then why even bother coming back?” Neville asked.

“Two reasons. The first is obvious, I need my Newts. Second, Voldemort will attack Hogwarts and as I’m going to kill him, I have to be here.” Harry stated as a matter of fact.

Nobody said a word after this and Harry rolled his eyes.

“Hey, Hermione. Did you make Head Girl?”

She blushed and nodded.

Harry faked being wounded, "And you didn't deem it necessary to inform me of that little fact? Nice friends you are. Who's Head boy?"

Hermione looked ashamed, "Terry Boot's Head Boy. I..." she gulped, "I thought it would hurt you. We all know, that normally you should have been prefect in fifth year if it hadn't been for Dumbledore and his machinations. And as studious as you are now and with your born leadership, you would have been Head Boy like your dad."

Harry nodded, "That may be true but it's only adding to my dislike of the old coot. But that has nothing to do with you. In the end, I didn't want to become Head GIRL." he said grinning, "And... I'm proud of you."

She smiled, "Thank you. I'm sorry that we didn't tell you. Ron wanted to tell you. I was the one that had problems with that."

"It's ok. My girl advised me to loosen up a bit towards you. The attack on your parents proved that regardless of how far away I push you all you'll still be targets." Harry admitted.

Hermione gaped at him, "She... SHE said that?"

Harry snickered, "Yeah she did. She also told me to test your Occlumency skills during the year, so constant vigilance!"

Hermione's eyes widened, "Oh shit! I'm in trouble now. She said that you could be stronger than the Dark lord at legilimency if you would just put all your power into it."

"What're you talking about?" Ron asked stunned.

"Well, I caught her eavesdropping. She found out my little secret and I forced her to learn Occlumency. With a combined effort between Remus and my girlfriend, they were able to teach her." Harry explained.

"Oh, that's alright." Ron said coolly, "But maybe I would have wanted to learn it as well. I mean, as long as the teacher's not as bad as Snape."

"But she was." Hermione groaned.

"Not possible." Ron said disbelievingly.

"You are right, Ron. She's not as bad as Snape. She's ten times worse." Harry said with a grin and Ron blanched, "But the only difference is that she can teach and she explains to you what you have to know. But she's really demanding and as far as I have heard she can even give Hermione a run for her money. Can you imagine a teacher who actually is demanding for Hermione? Now tell me again that you wanted to learn from her."

Ron gulped, "Well, probably not then." Then he turned to Hermione, "But you mastered it?"

She nodded proudly.

He hugged her, "Well done, Honey. Care to teach me?"

She nodded a bit hesitantly and looked questioningly to Harry.

"I'll see if I have time to help you with the practical testing. I'm guessing that the three of you will want to learn too?"

Neville and Luna nodded together with Ginny.

"Now you've done it Hermione." he said grinning.

A moment later the door flew open and there stood Malfoy and his goons. He sneered at Harry and his friends.

"Well if it isn't the mudblood, the Weasels, Dumb head and Potty."

Harry only raised an eyebrow, "Greetings to you as well bouncing ferret and greetings from your lovely aunt."

Malfoy looked like a fish, "You know where the traitor is?"

"I do, and I have a message for your father."

"What?"

"Tell him, the next time I see him, he's going to share the fate of Rudolphus as one of the bastards who raped her. Same goes of course for your half-blood loser of a lord. Of course he couldn't get up is thingy if he would take Viagra. But who cares?"

Ron, Ginny and Neville gaped at Harry but Luna snickered.

"Oh I forgot, that is of course, if the Dark Avenger doesn't get to them first." Harry said smirking.

Malfoy blanched "You... you..."

"I? I?" Harry asked and laughed.

"You'll pay for that!" Malfoy yelled.

"No, I won't." Harry said and quick as lightning he had is wand out and pointed at Malfoy. With a single swish he changed Malfoy into a white ferret and with a flick it shot out of the compartment and down the carriage.

He looked intently at Crabbe and Goyle, "Well? Don't you have to catch a ferret or something?"

They hurried after Malfoy and Harry closed the door with another flick of his wand.

His friends were laughing hard and not even Hermione was able to reprimand him. But after Ron caught himself he asked seriously, "She was raped by Malfoy?"

"Yes, by Lucius and a few other Death Eaters as her husband stood nearby and laughed. That's why I killed him." Harry stated coldly.

"What? You killed him?" asked Ron and Neville together.

"Sure. You know the raid in Surrey last year wasn't stopped by Aurors. They were stopped by me and Bellatrix. She protected a little girl and I helped her. We killed the entire bunch."

"Why did you help her?" Neville asked indifferently.

"At first I didn't help her but the girl she was protecting and second, I was killing the Death Eaters with or without her being there. I interrogated her afterwards, of course. As she said, he raped her, well, it added to the rage I was already feeling and killed him. And Neville, she didn't take part in torturing your parents. It was just Rudolphus. She couldn't do anything to stop him because of her binding marriage contract."

His eyes widened, "So the rumours about that are true?"

Harry nodded.

"Well, thank you for telling me. And thank you... you know... for Rudolphus."

"No problem. He got what he deserved."

"So, who's this Dark Avenger?" Neville asked.

"He's a strange dark wizard, a dark or even a black wizard." Ron explained.

"He's very powerful and he's a Necromancer." Hermione added.

"How's that possible? There hasn't been a strong enough wizard to become a necromancer for the last thousand years," Neville gasped. "Aren't you guys worried that he'll be the next dark lord?"

"I don't think so. He saved my parents from a Death Eater attack and up until now he's only attacked Death Eaters. Sure, he does kill them mercilessly and he threatened to kill anyone who stands in his way but still, I don't believe he is evil." Hermione said.

"What about you, Harry?" Neville asked.

Harry shrugged, "I haven't met him. But so far all he's done is help me in my task so, I like him for now."

"You three are normally well informed about anything regarding the war. Don't you have a clue as to who he is?" Neville asked.

Luna scrutinized Harry and smiled a serene smile.

He scrutinized her carefully but she shook her head ever so slightly.

"No, we don't know anything. He's wearing a dark red cloak and has his hood up every time. His face is covered in shadows and he's using a staff. There's usually a black eagle owl accompanying him. It's seen shortly before the attacks. He always appears in a dark cloud and the cloud gives you the creeps. It's radiating darkness and evil." Hermione explained.

"Yeah, it makes you really sick." Ron added and Ginny nodded.

"Sounds like a really cool guy," Harry interrupted with a grin.

"Hey Harry, how about a game of chess?" Ron asked.

"No. You'd beat me anyway. You should have played more against Bellatrix."

"You played against her?" Neville asked incredulously.

"Yeah, but only once because she beat him twice." Harry said and laughed.

Neville was still indifferent regarding her, but Harry could understand it.

They arrived a short time later in Hogsmeade and caught a carriage to the ancient castle.

The One who has the power has awakened

his burden and fate he grudgingly accepted

But there is a new threat to the dark

so do not cross the Avenger's path

The evilness is now fought by dark and light

and both fight for the victory of the right

but if the leader of light doesn't stop to support the dark

The righteous fight for the good will be too hard.

The sorting hat continued on with its description of the four founders and their houses. If anyone were to watch Dumbledore, they would have seen him in deep thought at the head table. He knew, as well as all involved in the fight against Voldemort, who the hat meant when it said the leader of the light. He had been warned before by Moody and even by Harry to stop meddling.

He contemplated his actions and came to the conclusion that he had, in a way, supported the dark, as he continued to scold and restrain Harry. He sighed and decided not to interfere in Harry's actions anymore. He had realised earlier that Harry had slipped out of his control. He had thought about gaining the control back by any means but the hat convinced him otherwise. He would wait and watch for now. He would be there if Harry wanted help but somehow he knew that he didn't need it anymore.

He looked seriously to Harry and sent him an understanding look.

Harry was mildly surprised but nodded in understanding. They both came to a truce that evening but despite this, he, Ron, and Hermione were still called up to the headmaster's office after the feast.

Harry looked at him curiously before turning the same look on Snape who also sat in the office.

"Ha... Mr. Potter. After thinking through the sorting hat's warning I must concede that I have indeed been hindering the war effort. From this point on, I will make a conscious effort to not interfere with your plans."

"Thank you."

"I also want to ask you, and not force you, mind you, if you need any special training. As you know by now, Hermione and Ron were taught to become animagi. I would also suggest that the three of you learn and master Occlumency. May I ask, if you've had any visions that year?"

"No, I haven't since the ministry. I have also mastered Occlumency already." Harry explained.

"I have too." Hermione said, "Harry helped me train."

Snape sneered, "How could that incompetent boy help you?"

Harry smirked, "Headmaster, I ask you to control your teachers. If he insults me one more time, I will send a petition to the board of governors."

Albus eyes twinkled, "Somehow I knew, you would say that. Severus, you heard him. I suggest you apologize to Mr. Potter."

"NEVER!"

Harry shrugged, "Headmaster, may I prove, that I am up to the task of helping Hermione?"

Dumbledore regarded him curiously and nodded.

Harry turned to Snape, "Care to prove your accusation and give me a go on your shields?"

"Do your best, Potter!"

Harry didn't even use his wand. Only his eyes lit suddenly up and the office was filled with an aura of pure raw magic as his emerald eyes pierced Snape's black ones. Snape winced, as Harry brutally attacked his shields and groaned as the shields began to shatter.

But suddenly, his eyes widened as, Harry invaded his mind while his shields were still intact..

"Stop!" he yelled as memories of meetings with the dark lord were brought up.

But Harry didn't stop. He found something and stopped his direct attacks and concentrated on his sneak attack. After nearly ten minutes he stopped his intrusion and Snape shrank back into his seat.

"Severus! What is it?" Dumbledore asked concerned.

Snape needed a few minutes to compose himself before he answered.

"I don't know how he did it, Albus. He attacked my shields with a power that outranks the dark lord himself. They began to give in but he invaded my mind even as the shields were still up! How did you do that?"

"That is the true art of legilimency, Snape." Harry said smirking, "It isn't about brutal attacks. It is about sneaky intrusions to find secrets out without the other realising that. Something that Voldemort accomplished too."

Then he turned to Dumbledore, "Even if Snape is on your side he still betrayed secrets to him. Voldemort knows very well that he's a spy. He invaded his mind at nearly every meeting."

Dumbledore gasped as did Snape.

"Severus, I am afraid you can't go to any meetings anymore."

Snape nodded, he too had witnessed the memories where Voldemort had avoided his Occlumency shields.

"How did you learn that?" he asked Harry dejectedly.

"I had a demanding teacher; a competent one this time." he said seriously.

Then he scrutinized Snape, "You know, once Voldemort finds out about your betrayal, he will torture you throughout your mark."

“What?” Snape asked with wide eyes.

“He did the same with Bellatrix. He tortured her through it and it became worse from day to day.” Harry explained.

“Did you find a solution to help her?” Dumbledore asked concerned.

“Why should he care about that hag?” Snape sneered.

Harry looked him in his eyes and launched a brutal and concentrated mind attack at him. His shields shattered at once and he let out a scream.

Ron winced in sympathy. He had learned the hard way not to insult her.

“You should keep your tongue around Harry or her, Professor.” the redhead said.

Harry grinned at Ron, “You have learned!”

“Sure. If I’m blown into a wall, even I learn quickly.”

“Well?” Dumbledore asked.

“Ah, yes. The solution was quite simple, at least the concept of it. The execution itself is painful for all three involved parties. It’s very difficult and draining.” Harry explained with a wicked glint in his green eyes.

“What’s the solution?” Dumbledore asked with twinkling eyes.

“Simple. I removed the mark.”

Dumbledore lost his twinkle instantly.

“Impossible.” Snape gasped.

“No it's not. Ask Bellatrix!” Harry said.

“Why three involved parties?” Hermione asked curiously.

"Well, Bellatrix, me, and the insane idiot who cast the mark in the first place of course." Harry said with an evil grin, "And as far as I got to know through my connection with him, he suffered even worse than Bellatrix."

Ron laughed at this, "Way to go!"

"But how...?" Snape asked hopefully, "I mean, I thought only the caster can remove the mark!"

"That may be true, but I am connected to Snake face, through the scar and also in blood. So I used my connection and removed it. It seems simple as that but its still difficult to accomplish. And it hurt me like hell too." he said and shuddered.

"Well done, Ha... Mr. Potter. I see, you have indeed learned a lot during your absence. Would you be so kind and remove it from Professor Snape as well?" Dumbledore asked with twinkling eyes.

Harry laughed, "Go through your question word by word, Professor and you already have your answer."

Dumbledore was taken aback but did it nonetheless.

He couldn't come up with the answer, "What do you mean?"

"Why should I be kind to him? He treated me like shit the first five years of my school. Hell, he even deducted points from me for breathing too loud! Furthermore, he didn't teach me anything about Occlumency, in the opposite, he weakened my defences! He is constantly insulting me, my parents, my friends, and Sirius. Why the hell should I even think about helping him! Just minutes before he called me an incompetent child! Two months ago, he tried to cast the Cruciatus on me! And finally, as I said before, it hurts me as well. Why should I suffer for a bastard like him?"

Dumbledore sighed, "I understand your position Mr. Potter."

He regarded Snape with an accusing look, "You alone are responsible for that, Severus."

Snape sunk back in his chair defeated.

"But you have also done a lot for us." Dumbledore said to his potions teacher and turned back to Harry.

"Please, Mr. Potter! I beg you to help him! I know that he has done many things that may even be unforgivable. I know that I have also damaged our relationship in the ways that I've treated you in the past. But please, don't hold a grudge against us, help him!"

"No!"

"Isn't there anything, what we could do for you in exchange?" Dumbledore pleaded.

"As I said, there may be a lot that you could teach me, but nearly nothing would really help me in the fight."

"But he would surely agree to help you to catch up in potions!"

"He didn't teach me anything in my first five years! Any student, who is not in Slytherin, can tell you that. He maybe a potions master but he is an incompetent and biased teacher. And if you even dare to bring the Wolfsbane potion in this argument, I will leave the school. Besides, I already know an accomplished potions brewer, no make that two." he added with a smile to Hermione who blushed.

"But, please! Think about it! You've always done the right thing, why not now?"

"Because, thanks to you, I became a merciless and heartless bastard who's not forgiving anymore." Harry said with a smirk, "And you're all going to feel that."

Harry scrutinized the potions master, "Well, I'll make you an offer. I will think about it, without any promises of course, if you are going to apologize to me in front of the whole school in the great hall." Harry said in a final tone.

Snape glared hatefully at him, "Never!"

“As you wish,” Harry said in a cheery voice, “Less pain for me then.”

Dumbledore snickered, “That is a fair trade, Mr. Potter. Thank you very much.”

Even Hermione grinned while Ron had to restrain his laughter.

“I wanted to ask you to continue the DA.” Dumbledore said.

“Sure thing,” Hermione said.

“I don't believe I'm suited for that anymore.” Harry said seriously.

“What? Why not,” Ron asked.

Dumbledore looked concerned at the dark haired teenager.

“Well, I learned more the opposite of the purpose of the club.”

“Dark arts.” said Snape with a hint of acknowledgement.

“Among other things,” Harry replied.

“But Harry! Couldn't you at least help us?” Hermione pleaded.

“I can promise you nothing.” Harry said, “Don't forget, there's a black-haired beauty waiting for me who doesn't like to sleep alone.” he added with a grin.

Hermione snorted, “Why am I not surprised about that answer?”

“Because you know me too well.”

“There's a girl who wants to be with Potter?” Snape sneered.

“I wouldn't be caught saying something like that when she's around.” Hermione said with a devious glint in her eyes.

“What?” Snape asked surprised about the look in her face.

"She doesn't like you. Whats worse is that she hates it even more when people talk badly about Harry in her presence. And I'll tell you she'd even curse you to Hell." Hermione said convinced.

"Pah! No girl is powerful enough to beat me." Snape sneered.

"I wouldn't be so sure of that." Hermione said.

Even Ron said, "Well, I don't know her, but I for one don't have any doubts about that. Harry would never be with a girl that couldn't look after herself."

"Alright. I'll come to some of the sessions, but not to all of them and it remains under your tutelage. I will only help but not teach them all." Harry said in a final voice, "I have to keep up my own training anyways."

"Sure and thanks." Hermione said.

"Alright. That's all for now." Dumbledore said.

They left Snape and Dumbledore alone. It wasn't long before the former started to become enraged. "Why didn't you force him, " Snape said hatefully,

"Because I can't. He's confident now and he has more power over us than either one of us is willing to admit. He's already stripped me of my post in the Wizengamot. He has no qualms about fighting dirty anymore and don't forget, he's right about you. I told you the whole time to stop your childish grudge. He has never done anything to you. Besides, I meant it when I said that I won't stand in his way anymore. The hat was right, I did stand against him and that is wrong. He may be dark, but he's still on our side. I'll support him. It's his fight now. And you're going to help us! I beg you to heed his demand, Severus. I don't want you to suffer because of your pride. We both know how that will hurt you. You're like a son to me, Severus. Please, swallow your pride only this one time!"

"Never, Albus, I'll help you and if you think it is the only way to win this war, I won't do anything against him, but I will never apologize to him!"

"We'll see."

"Do you know anything about his girlfriend?" Severus asked lightly concerned.

"Ah, are you afraid of her reaction?" Dumbledore asked with twinkling eyes.

"Normally not, but Granger, I didn't like the look in her face. If even she thinks that girl could beat me, ... well I'm concerned."

"I think you're right about that. I know nothing about her. Harry protects his secrets very well now. I believe Hermione and Remus know who she is, but both are very vigilant now and don't slip anymore. I am interested to get her to know too, but I won't pry in his privacy anymore. That is a start to keeping his help Severus and I advise you to leave him alone as well."

Severus nodded, "I don't enjoy it to get hexed or waking up in Antarctica."

Dumbledore snickered, "Well, I don't either. He has surely some effective tricks up his sleeve now. And I am afraid we'll meet new Marauders this year as well."

"Merlin beware," Snape pleaded.

Chapter 13 – The beginning of the new term

The next day began fairly normally for Hogwarts. The students got their schedules and McGonagall had some concerns in regards to Harry's as she handed him his.

"Are you sure you can keep up with your classmates?" she asked, "I mean you could have come back as sixth year."

"It's alright Professor. I had a very competent and demanding teacher."

"Oh, I can second that." Hermione groaned.

"What? Who was he?" McGonagall asked interested.

"I'm sorry Professor, I can't reveal that information." Hermione said sheepishly.

"I think we'll see how I fare; we have your class next." Harry said smiling.

After McGonagall was finished questioning him his other classmates started to bombard him with questions.

"Harry! Where the hell have you been?" Seamus asked.

"Home." was his curt answer.

"What? I thought you hated your relatives?" Dean asked.

"I never said I was with my relatives. I went to my ancestral home."

"Oh, that's good then."

"Sure."

"You're sure talkative." Seamus snorted.

Harry only grinned.

"You better get used to it." Ron groaned, "He is in a talkative mood compared to the beginning of the summer. The only things he said at that point were 'fine,' 'don't bother me,' or in the cases where you didn't listen to him, you heard him saying the hex that was going to hit you."

Harry smirked.

Lavender winked seductively to the very good looking Harry, "What a naughty boy you are."

"You have no idea." Harry said with a grin, "But don't get your knickers in a twist!"

Lavender was taken aback by both comments, "Don't tell me you have a girlfriend." She said, looking imploringly at Ginny.

Ginny only grinned in response.

Harry turned very serious and glared at Lavender. She shuddered as the piercing green eyes locked with hers, "Two things, first, don't even think about creating rumours about Ginny and me. She's like a sister to me. Second, keep your nose out of my business! That's advice that all of you should heed. Ask my friends what happens if you don't."

His friends turned serious as well and gulped.

"He's joking, right?" Seamus asked nervously.

"No, I assure you, he's not. Everything that's he's said and everything we've told you is absolutely the truth." Ron said.

A few minutes later they got up. He absently noted the seventh and sixth year girls admiring him even more as he turned smoothly causing his black silk robe to billow in a very elegant manor behind him.

Snape growled as he saw that, while Moody, the current DADA teacher laughed at his look.

They arrived in time for the lessons and Harry sat next to Hermione and Ron.

"Welcome to your last and surely hardest year at Transfiguration." McGonagall began, "At the end of last year, we began with conjuration. We will deepen our knowledge in this field of Transfiguration and if we get that down quick enough, we'll start on human transfiguration, even though I've heard that some can at least transfigure other humans already." she shot Harry a look while Ron laughed.

"That was you?" Seamus asked and laughed as well as nearly all the Gryffindors.

"Stop it this instant! You are not allowed to transfigure other students outside of this classroom." McGonagall bellowed, "You're only lucky, that there's no evidence. Now, Mr. Potter, let's see if you learned something worthwhile last year. Could you conjure a goblet for us?"

"Sure, why not?" he asked and flicked his wand with only a muttered incantation.

A beautiful crystal goblet appeared. He tapped his wand on it and it filled with a blood red liquid. He sniffed at it and held it against the light.

He gave it to McGonagall and she looked astounded at him and sniffed as well.

"A red wine." she gasped.

"Yeah, but I can't get the flavour right. But the taste is quite good, just like the cabernet-sauvignon I came to like. Test it!" he suggested.

She nodded and took a sip.

"Very good Mr. Potter, the taste is excellent. Regarding to the flavour, you should give your wand a light swirl while tapping the glass. That should take care of the flavour."

"Thank you."

“How long does the goblet last?” McGonagall asked curiously.

“Why?” Harry asked.

“The amount of time a conjured item stays in existence is directly proportional to the casters strength. If I were to conjure something like that, it would hold up to half a day.” McGonagall explained.

“Well, I never thought about that.” Harry admitted sheepishly, “But as I conjured once a cup for coffee, the cup was still there after two days. Then I banished it.”

McGonagall gaped at him while, next to him Hermione gasped and muttered: “Mine only lasts an hour!”

McGonagall nodded, smiling proudly, “We could test it. I’ll place it here on this board. We’ll see then how long it is going to last.”

She did as she said and placed the cleaned and emptied goblet on a board behind her desk. Nobody knew it that day, but the goblet would still be there when McGonagall retired from her teaching career many years later, long after Harry and his friends had left the school and it reminded her fondly of the black haired student every time she took a look at it.

The rest of the day passed quickly with all the work they had to do. Before they could even think about it, dinner was over and they were gathered in the common room. Before anyone could say something Harry had already started his homework.

Hermione sat down next to him and began to work as well.

“Hey Harry! Care for a game?” Ron asked.

“No, I’m going to finish my homework first. And then... well, we’ll see.”

He was finished after a busy hour and gathered his things.

“You’re already finished?” Hermione asked.

"Sure, take a look!" he said and handed her his work.

She read over it and nodded proudly, "Nice work. You could've used more diagrams but it's alright."

"Thanks." He got his work back and packed it in his bag.

Ron had begun his own homework grudgingly and was still at work.

"What are you going to do now?" Hermione asked.

"I think I'll relax a bit." He said and got up.

He left the room and went to the astronomy tower. When he saw, that nobody was there, he changed and spread his magnificent wings. Then he took flight with a powerful flap of the large leathery wings and disappeared into the night.

Unbeknownst to him, Ginny had followed him, curious about what he was up to. She waited at the entrance of the tower for nearly half an hour before she decided to follow him on the platform.

She gaped as she saw, that it was empty.

She hurried back to the common room.

"Has Harry come back?" she asked out of breath.

"No." Ron stated.

"Why do you ask?" Hermione questioned her.

"Because..." she looked sheepishly to the floor, "... I followed him to the astronomy tower. I got tired of waiting and wanted to join him at the platform, but it was empty."

Hermione shook her head, "Give him his space, Ginny! I bet he's gone to his girlfriend."

"But how?"

“Don’t know. He’s probably mastered his form already and if I should take a guess, he has a flying form.” Hermione said with a smile.

“That would make sense.” Ginny said and sighed, “I hope he keeps his promise.”

“What promise?” Hermione asked.

Ginny grinned, “He said if the boys are too scared to ask me out because of him and Ron, then he would make me so hot, that they would overcome their fear of them both.”

“Sounds like a whole shopping day!” Hermione said with a smile.

Ron gaped at her, “You wouldn’t do that, would you?”

“Don’t you dare interfere, Ron! If I can’t have him I have to look for another boy. And if Harry wants to go shopping with me, I will take him up on his offer.”

Ron gulped and remembered the naughty hexes his little sister knew and the new attitude of his best friend and decided to surrender.

“Alright, I care for my health.” He said grudgingly, “But don’t overdo it or Mum will have my head!”

“Mum has been telling me for the whole last year to loosen up a bit but couldn’t give me money for the shopping. Now I have the chance and I’m going to use it.” Ginny said happily.

They talked for a while about the DA and went to bed early.

Harry landed at the top of the Astronomy Tower early in the morning. It was still dark outside as he snuck back to his dorm.

He didn’t go to bed; he had slept enough in Hogsmeade after a very hot night with his love.

He was somewhat surprised to see that Hermione was already up and taking notes in some kind of journal.

“Have a pleasant night?” she asked sincerely.

"Yup." He replied grinning, "What about you? Why are you up so early?"

"I woke up a few minutes ago. I'm writing my dream journal."

"Ah, trying to find your form. May I take a look at it?" he asked.

Hermione hesitated, "These are very personal, Harry."

"I know. You should know by now, that I would never betray your secrets." He said honestly.

"I know." She sighed and handed her journal over.

He grinned, "I trust you kept your dreams about a certain red headed boy out of that."

She blushed but nodded.

He skimmed through the neatly written pages and nodded sometimes.

"It's too bad that you hate flying. You would make a nice owl with your intelligence and cunning." He said absently. She became curious when she saw that he had his first impressions about a possible form already after a third of her book.

He began muttering, "You have affection for cats, and it's very probable that you're a feline creature. You're very curious, that would suit any feline as well. Hmm, here's some dream about you protecting your children and you're really hurting your opponents while your at it. It's similar to what female feline predators would do."

Hermione's heart began to beat faster when she heard that. She didn't have any idea about her form but what Harry said made sense.

"Wow, you're running after a deer? Not a small cat then. That definitely narrows it down to larger felines. But what kind? You're brave but not proud or strong enough to be a lioness. They also aren't very curious. Hmm..."

He skimmed some more pages until he gasped and grinned, "That's it. Rocky Mountains with trees, bushes and such things. Hermione, do you like wandering in the mountains?"

"Very much so. I feel free there. Nothing really matters if you're high in the mountains. There's only me and nature." She said with an absent smile.

"Well, I know only two feline hunters who stalk in the mountains. The Lynx and the Cougar. But a Lynx would hardly hunt a fully-grown deer. Furthermore the cougar would match your hair with his brown fur. So, that is my conclusion: a female Cougar which combines the cunning mind of a Lynx with the protectiveness of a Lion and likes mountains. It's also between the Lynx and the Lion in size." Harry said grinning, "What do you think?"

She only gaped at him, "That's it! There's no other option. I liked to watch them as kid in the zoo and instantly felt attracted to them. But I never would have guessed it myself. I don't see myself as a fighter. But what you said makes sense." She said stunned.

"May I remind you of certain adventures with me, where you did fight against grown up evil wizards and who outnumbered us as well?"

She blushed and nodded, "Alright. I'll study the cougar further. Then I'll see if it truly matches my personality. Oh thank you so much!" she said happily.

"It was a pleasure. I can hardly wait to see you changed." Harry said smiling as he handed her the journal back.

He suddenly grinned mischievously and said, "There's at least another hour before the students get up. How about you join me for a little prank?"

She looked incredulously at him, "Harry! I'm head girl!"

"Your point is?" Harry asked with a smirk.

"I don't prank other students." she said determined.

“I didn’t say anything about students dear Hermione.”

“No! You wouldn’t...”

“Of course I would. Well? Loosen up a little bit, Hermione! Nobody will catch us. And you don’t have to sign with your real name, you know?”

“Who do you want to prank and do you have an idea for a name?” she asked curiously.

“Ah, curious like the cat you are.” He teased her, “How about Velvet Paw and I intend to prank Snape.”

“The name’s nice.” she said smiling, “Alright. What do you have in mind?”

“Nothing difficult for now; only a little visit to the kitchen. You’ll divert the attention of the elves and I’ll charm his dish a little bit.”

“You’re a... a... Marauder!”

“Sure. But we also need to do a little charm work for our signature.”

She nodded, “I’ll leave it to you for this time.”

“Well, thanks Velvet. Then let’s hurry! I won’t get any kisses tonight if I don’t prank the greasy git. Bella didn’t like it when I told her about yesterday.”

“I can imagine. Then let’s make sure you get another pleasant night, dear Drake.” Hermione said with a grin.

They got up and disappeared from the common room.

They met a good hour later with their friends in the common room to head out to the great hall.

As they sat down at the table they took care to make sure they had a nice view at the teachers table.

“Hermione, don’t you usually sit on the other side?” Ginny asked.

"Yeah, but, um, I think for today it would be better to have a good look at the teachers." she answered.

"And why's that?" Ginny asked.

"Now that would be telling." Harry said and winked at her.

"You didn't..."

"Be quiet and watch!" Harry said quietly.

"How'd you activate it?" Hermione whispered, "All the teachers have the same plates!"

"I used the same activation charm I combined with your wards. It's activated by the dark mark." Harry whispered back.

"You charmed all the dishes?"

"Yep and I placed another charm on every plate. I charmed the plates with different pranks so when the plates are switched around each day, he'll get a different prank." Harry said laughing.

"You sneaky brat!" Hermione said but laughed as well.

"What are you two on about?" Ron asked.

"There are two new marauders here." Harry whispered.

"You and who?"

"Me? Who said it was me? I got dragged into this by your girlfriend." Harry said grinning.

"What? Hermione, you're head girl!" Ginny said smirking.

Hermione glared at Harry, "It wasn't my idea!"

"Keep quiet, dear Velvet. And you folks; enjoy the show."

Ron pouted, "Why didn't you let me in on it?"

“Two reasons. First, your girlfriend couldn’t bring herself to wake you and second, you still have no idea what your form is so you don’t have a name.” Harry explained.

Ron’s eyes widened, “Don’t tell me you have your form!”

Hermione blushed, “Harry analysed my journal earlier and came to a very convincing conclusion. But I’ll only tell you about it when I know for sure.”

“Please!” he begged.

“No, Ron! All I’ll tell you is this; it seems to be a feline predator.”

“And that means in English?” Ron asked.

“A big cat with large teeth and great paws to strike you with.” Harry joked.

Ron blanched, “Alright. And what’s your name? Velvet?”

“Velvet paw.” She said quietly.

Ron smiled, “It suits you.”

“Thank you.”

“Stop the sugar talk already!” Ginny groaned but winked to Hermione, “Nice name.”

Ten minutes after that, Snape sat down and began to eat.

“Why’s nothing happening?” Ron asked disappointed.

Harry rolled his eyes, “It has a time delay of ten minutes. Otherwise he’d check the plates instantly. So he’s going to think it was the food because it has to be digested first.”

“Sneaky.” he commented.

And then it happened. The teacher’s black greasy hair was suddenly clean, silky and... platinum blond. His black robe changed it’s colour

into a bright pink. The students gaped at him and after seconds began to laugh.

"What's this ruckus about?" he yelled and jumped as he heard his own voice. It was now feminine and very melodious.

Even most of the teachers began to laugh as they caught on. He looked down his robe and yelped.

"Nice hairstyle, Severus." Dumbledore said with twinkling eyes.

Snape conjured a mirror and jumped up.

"WHO DID THIS?"

Harry flicked his wand beneath the table and an illusion of a black dragon swept through the hall. It breathed a large flame and disappeared. The flame stayed and formed a text line: 'Never badmouth Talon again greasy git!'

After that the illusion of a sweet small cat walked into the hall and played with a wool ball. She gave it a sweep with its paw and it rolled over the floor. Again the cat disappeared but the thread formed another text line: 'Courtesy of Velvet Paw and Drake'.

The fiery words dropped into liquid fire and inflamed the wool and both disappeared in flames without a trace.

Snape was fuming while all the others laughed about him while he was slowly changing back.

Dumbledore cleared his throat and spoke: "Well, it seems to me, that we have a new generation of pranksters here who do remind me very much of the legendary Marauders. While it was surely fun, keep in mind, that we will severely punish the guilty party if we catch them! And please refrain from insulting our teachers! On the educational part, it was a nice piece of transfiguration and charms work that reminds me of a very gifted couple. The man was gifted in transfiguration and the woman was gifted in charms, but I believe the responsible spawn of them has his true strength in another

department.” Now he looked directly at Harry who winked at the old headmaster.

Ron, Ginny and even Hermione gaped at Harry.

“Wow; that was ingenious.” Ginny said.

Ron smiled at his girlfriend and said, “That was some complex charm work.”

Hermione blushed, “I didn’t do anything! I only distracted the elves. The work was done by Harry alone.”

“Wow, you have studied in the last year, haven’t you?” he asked Harry.

“Sure have. Hey Colin! Did you take the pictures?” Harry asked still grinning.

“Sure! Want some copies?”

“Yeah, one of each. I need evidence for that!”

“You’ll get them in the afternoon.” Colin replied laughing.

“Thanks. I owe you one.”

“No, you don’t. Keep up the pranks and we are even.”

“Sure thing.”

So the first day of pranking started. Harry was right, they did place the plates at the teachers table randomly and no one removed his charm work from them. So they were all activated at random meals until all had been activated more than once, even Harry was surprised by the unsuspected start of the prank.

Bella enjoyed the pictures of the pranks endlessly and shared more than one heartfelt laugh with her boyfriend.

Chapter 14 – Caring for friends

Since Harry didn't receive the necessary 'O' in potions, he couldn't take this class, not that he cared but Ron had convinced him to meet Hermione at the classroom after lessons was over. He was worried about the Slytherins but couldn't meet her due to the distance between her class and his. So Harry leaned coolly against the wall in the dungeons. He had a free period while Hermione was in Potions and Ron was in muggle-studies. So he had enough time to be there on time.

Some of the students looked curiously at him as they left the classroom but he sent them a vicious glare causing them to keep their distance. It was a well known fact that if you valued your health, you stayed away from Harry. He seemed to only loosen up a bit around Hermione, Ginny, and Ron; or during the pranks. For the most part it was best to keep your distance from him.

Hermione smiled, as she came out and saw him leaning against the wall, "Hi Harry."

He only nodded and pushed away from the wall.

"Well if isn't little Potty! Afraid something would happen to the mudblood?" he sneered.

Harry turned around coolly and smirked when he saw Snape standing behind Malfoy.

"Such foul insults while a teacher is present?" Harry asked with a meaningful glance towards Snape. The potions master only sneered in response.

"Well it seems to me, that the teacher is biased. Another point for the petition to the board of governors." Harry stated coldly.

"Without evidence?" Snape smirked.

"Why? I have the head girl herself as witness and this... *accio* iris sphere."

A white gleaming sphere sank down from above the door to the potions classroom causing Snape's eyes to widen.

"I warned you once, Professor Snape. The time for idle threats is over. My petition will be sent off tonight." Harry said and Snape's eyes widened again.

"Give that to me!" Malfoy yelled and drew his wand. The Malfoy spawn recognized the Iris sphere for what it was... a recording device for visual and audio.

Harry was faster. He took one step forward and stood beside Malfoy before simply grabbing his wand arm firmly.

"What? You're left handed?" Harry laughed, "And what do we have here? The Dark Mark? That's not a good thing for other people to notice. Its also a bad combination; being left handed and bearing the mark."

Malfoy blanched and yelled at his cronies, "Get him!"

Harry connected his magic with the mark and activated it with the help of his connection to Voldemort.

Malfoy, Crabbe, and Goyle screamed in pain and Malfoy dropped his wand. Even Snape winced from the pain that shot through his mark causing Harry only grinned.

"I told you that it was a bad combination, Malfoy." Harry said and Hermione gaped at him.

"Well, I don't have time for this; we have classes to attend," Harry said in a voice of pure malice before activating the mark again, but this time with more power. The three students passed instantly out due to the vast amount of the pain and Snape went white as a sheet. Harry dropped the connection as Malfoy fell to the ground and joined Hermione, "Shall we?"

She stared at him incredulously, unable to say anything.

“Ah, come on! They did it to themselves! No reason to pity Death Eaters.” Then he turned to Snape, “Nice feeling, eh? Bet you get more of that soon enough.

“By the way, I’m going to send in the petition after school. Be ready to get the answer around the end of the week.” he said and smirked before he grabbed Hermione’s arm and dragged her through the dungeons.

Naturally, Harry was called to the headmaster but this time he didn’t give in and he sent the petition on its way.

Dumbledore was, of course, very disappointed; not so much with Harry, because he had a solid reason to act as he did. No, he was angry with Snape for not heading the warning issued to him.

Dumbledore had to use his full power as Headmaster of Hogwarts to keep his potions master from being released from his contract on the spot. The outcome was not what either Snape nor Dumbledore hoped for. Snape was given a warning, his last warning, that if he did anything else, no matter how small of an infraction, he would be dismissed from the school immediately.

Ever since the meeting with the board, Snape steered clear from Harry at all costs. He even went as far as assigning detentions and taking points from Slytherin if they didn’t act accordingly.

Malfoy was the only one to dare and test Snape’s warning. He made a rather rude comment about a secret love triangle between the ‘golden trio.’ He lost twenty points from his house and received detention with Filch that night.

The following day, Draco became the number one target for the new marauders. In the morning post he received a cursed letter that turned his skin green and his hair a bright yellow colour. While Harry was not responsible for the curse, he knew who was and it wasn’t a surprise that even Flitwick couldn’t remove the curse until it had run its course.

Harry stayed emotionally distant from his friends but he did make an effort to at least appear to be mending the fences. He spent most of

his time with Ginny and Luna, since Ron and Hermione were often busy with 'other things.' This, of course, caused the rumours of Harry and Ginny's relationship to start again, but no one dared asked any questions directly to Harry himself.

It wasn't long before the first Hogsmeade weekend was upon them. Harry met Ginny at the gates of the school and led her down the road to his house in Hogsmeade. They had made Ron and Hermione go on their own in order to avoid unnecessary questions that could arise if Ron were to find out the identity of his new girlfriend. Harry had written to Bella about the trip a few days ago and she was excited to get the chance to make a woman out of Molly Weasley's youngest child.

Harry and Bella really didn't care who found out about their relationship as Voldemort already wanted her dead and Dumbledore seemed to be acting civil at the moment. If others knew the secret at this stage of the game it wouldn't really matter.

"Harry, where are we?" Ginny asked as he led her to a nice two story house which was a short distance from the main street but still secluded from the other houses nearby.

"This is one of my homes."

"Yours?" she asked and took a good look at the rather elegant house in front of her.

"Of course its mine. I couldn't have my girlfriend staying too far away from me now could I?"

"You're naughty," she said and grinned as well, "I don't think I would have been able to keep up with your hormones."

"You're right, however, I'm not dating her because she can keep up with me sexually. You'll understand everything soon enough."

Harry led her to the door and opened it.

Ginny gasped as she felt the tingle of powerful magic running through her body as she walked in the front door. The wards on the house were very strong.

She looked through the small entrance hall for hints about the current occupant but it looked fairly normal, if not a little dark.

"Honey, I'm home!" Harry called.

Ginny looked towards the stairs as she hear fast footfalls heading their way. It wasn't long before a witch clad in black robes flung herself into Harry's arms with a squeal.

"Oh Merlin! Not her!" Ginny gasped and had to sit down because her knees became wobbly.

Bella smirked and separated from Harry but kept his hand in hers.

"Hi, Ginny!" Bella said with a mischievous grin.

"Miss Black." Ginny stammered.

"You don't have to be so formal. I am dating your best friend after all. I think that entitles you to be more relaxed around me. Call me Bella. Shocked?"

"Sure. I mean... Oh wow. I think a lot of things make sense now. Even why Hermione said that I wouldn't be able to match you...I mean, you're beautiful even for an...uhm...older woman... and you are very powerful and you can help Harry.

"I have a question that I have to ask and I'm sorry if it sounds spiteful as that's not my intention."

"Shoot!"

"I can understand why Harry wants to be with you; even it is in a twisted kind of way. But what do you see in him?"

She smiled one of her rare, true smiles, "Look at him, Ginny! Forget his age for once and only concentrate on the actual man. Take a careful look on his eyes!"

Bellatrix watched her eyes become sad before they took on a look of understanding.

Bella continued on, "I'll tell you what I see. I see a man who has matured too fast for his body. I see a man who has already fought in gruesome battles but has prevailed. I see a man, who protected the people dear to him despite the danger for himself. I see a man who conquered his own fears and accepted the burden of his fate. I see a man, who was used as a tool but freed himself of that. I see also a handsome and sexy young man who is well built and also sees me as sexy enough to be with me despite my past. I see also a very powerful and determined young wizard, full of cunning, mischievousness, humour but also hardness and righteous anger. I see also a man, who is full of well guarded emotions, and deep within him, a soaring flame of true love is burning and I know this flame is only burning for me. That is what I see in him, Ginny. Never could any other man give me the feeling that I get if I take one look in his eyes or if I simply hold his hand like I am at the moment. And believe it or not, but we are bonded."

Ginny gasped and looked questioningly at Harry but he only smiled, "She's my soul mate."

Ginny smiled and her eyes became moist. She hurried to him and hugged him fiercely, "I am so happy for you, for both of you. As far as I understand, Bellatrix deserves true love as much as you do."

She separated from him and hesitated, and finally, after a short shove from Harry, she hugged Bellatrix too, but much more lightly than she had Harry.

As she separated from the older woman, she was surprised to see tears in her blue eyes.

When she saw the tears in Bella's eyes, she smiled again, this time a bit more genuinely.

"It's still strange to see you two together; I mean, you could nearly be his mother. But if you forget the age difference, you fit very well together, especially with Harry's new coldness and cruelty. But I understand it's necessary. I hope, when the war is over, that he can help you as you've helped him. You helped him to become a hard warrior, ready for battle with Voldemort. I hope that one day he will be able to help you be able to *feel* again."

Bella smiled, "He's already done that. We never show it in front of others, but when we're alone, we show each other how we really feel. But on the outside... well, you got it already. Now, I believe we're here to make a woman out of you." Bella said with a grin, "Oh, your mother is going to hate me for this."

Harry created a portkey to take them to Diagon Alley and they all grabbed hold before swirling away.

Three hours later Harry, Ginny, and Bella reappeared in Harry's home.

"Thank you Harry." Ginny said happily.

"Give me those bags!" Harry said laughingly.

He took all of her bags and shrunk them down to a manageable size. He handed them back and she placed the miniaturized bags in her pocket.

"Now, Bella and I bought something for you." Harry said and took a little box out of his pocket. Bella grinned happily and clasped her hands.

Ginny stared at them with an astounded look. She took the box of his hands and opened it with a gasped, "What... Harry! You both have already spent so much money on me today! I can't take this on the top of everything else."

"Sure you can. We have more money than we could use in ten lifetimes. Anyways, it matches your new clothes and you got your ears pierced today too. Give it to me and I'll put it in."

She hesitated but realised that she wouldn't be able to get out of this. She smiled and handed him the little opened box. Harry took the small earring out of it and placed it carefully in her freshly pierced earlobe. Magic took care of the healing so that she didn't have to wear a special antiseptic ear piercing for days. On the silver earring was a special rune of protection.

"What is the rune for? I mean, it looks great but I'm guessing it has something to do with protection." Ginny asked.

"Right in one. Bella and I charmed it a little bit. It has a tracking charm, so we can find you anywhere. So wear it all the time." Harry said and grinned. Ginny smiled happily and hugged them both.

Harry turned around and kissed Bellatrix, "I'm sorry but we promised we would meet Ron and Hermione at the Three Broomsticks."

"I know. Wait! I have to tell you something. I got a letter from Narcissa. She wants to meet Me." she said uncertainly.

Harry thought about it and nodded, "She can meet us both next Saturday at the 'Fey Lounge'. It's more stylish than the Three Broomsticks but it's also here in the village. We'll meet her together. Chances are that she will bring either Lucius or Draco with her, maybe even both."

"She said she wouldn't betray me and turn me in to Voldemort but I think I like the thought of meeting her together with you.

"I'd like to be able to tell her about us though. She is my sister regardless of her husband."

He nodded, "I think we can. We're already on Riddle's hit list and Dumbledore's still being civil toward us, so it doesn't really matter anymore. And last but not least, we're both ready now." Then he grinned, "And I want to see their faces. So we will make it interesting."

She hugged him, "I love you."

"I love you too, Talon. I'll try and come by later tonight."

She nodded and kissed him passionately one last time.

Harry and Ginny walked down the street to the Three Broomsticks.

"You know I was shocked, to say the least." Ginny said, "And I still find it strange, but seeing the two of you together, its obvious that you love each other."

"Thank you. I hope you are over me now." he said sincerely.

"Its not something that can go away overnight. I realize that I don't stand a chance anymore, but it will still take some time."

"I know. Its good that your headed in the right direction though. Are you ready to shock everyone?" he asked grinning as they arrived at the entrance of the Three Broomsticks.

She nodded nervously and straightened her clothes.

He smiled reassuringly and opened the door for her.

She smiled back and entered the pub.

Inside the small dining area, all talking ceased.

Ron and Hermione were sitting at a separated table and chatted happily about their developing relationship and their now, slightly better, friendship to Harry, as the pub suddenly went silent.

Surprised, they both looked at the other patrons and looked in the direction they were looking. Time seemed to stop, as they saw who was entering the pub.

"Bloody Hell!" was all Ron could say, as he saw the woman beside Harry.

It didn't take him very long at all to recognize the smaller figure beside his one time best friend.

She stood tall and confident. She had, knee high black shining dragon hide boots, on which had slight plateau soles. Therefore she was now taller than Hermione. She wore black but transparent sexy

tights. She also had a black short mini skirt which ended far above her knees and was made of stretch material. Above that she had diagonally attached a thin silver chain which replaced a belt but it hung loosely above the skirt.

Her blood red stretch top was cut high and tight, leaving her lower abdomen free for the world to see and accentuating her shapely upper body. The blood red stretch top which brought her well formed breasts out. On the top, directly above her breasts was a black Chinese dragon imprinted which was breathing black fire.

The most interesting item of clothing she wore though would have to be her shiny new trench coat. It was made of black dragon hide but cut in muggle style and reached down to her ankles. It made her really cool looking. She had a decent amount of light make up on her face with faintly visible rouge on her cheeks. Adding to that was black mascara and blood red lipstick that matched her top perfectly. And finally she had changed her hair as well.

It was no longer dull and lifeless, but silky and open hanging over her shoulders. She had many coal black strands in her fiery red hair so that it now looked like dark flames.

Harry was normally the centre of attention but with the dark gothic looking women next to him he was almost invisible.

Harry smirked as they moved over to their stunned friends and inwardly congratulated Bella's choice of clothing. He saw that nearly every male student couldn't take their eyes from her as she strode with swaying hips over to the table.

As she sat down, Harry hit Ron with a silencing spell, before he even could mutter a single word.

"You promised to let her go shopping with us and she did. Keep your promise!" Harry said sternly.

Hermione elbowed him and he groaned but nodded. They had a really nice evening and Ginny enjoyed the attention she got while Ron was busy with sending glares at every male in the restaurant.

Two hours later they were back in Hogwarts; sitting in the common room.

"Now I really want to know who your mysterious girlfriend is, Harry. She ruined my baby-sister." Ron groaned.

Ginny was already somewhere talking with a seventh year of Ravenclaw. His name was Michael Andrews. He was as tall as Ron and had short black hair and light blue eyes. He too was wearing mostly dark colours without emitting darkness in the sense of evilness.

"Ron get your head out of your ass. She's no baby anymore. She's a young woman and nearly of age. She is old enough to decide for herself whom she likes and you have nothing to say about it. You may keep an eye on her if you want protect her, but if you even think about interfering, you will regret it! Did I make myself clear?" Harry asked with a voice of steel.

Ron blanched, "But she is my little sister!"

"She is like a sister to me as well, Ron. But you are going to hurt her, if you interfere in her love life." Harry said seriously.

"And Harry isn't the only one who will make you regret your actions, Ronald Weasley!" Hermione added with vigour.

"Fine, so I cant interfere but I can guarantee Mum will not be pleased."

"That is an obstacle that Ginny has to take care of for herself." Harry said.

Ron grinned, "Obstacle. Nice wording, mate. Now, what about your girlfriend? Is she into the same kind of style, and if so, why?"

"Because she's really hot, Ron." came Ginny's voice from behind him. She sat down next to Harry and winked at him.

"Thanks for clearing that up. It explains everything you know." Ron groaned, "Am I the only one who doesn't know who she is?"

"Trust me; there's a reason for that. I was shocked, but you would go crazy." Ginny said and laughed.

"Same for me." Hermione added and snickered.

"I think you might find out soon enough, Ron. Stay calm until then and try to reign in your temper! I would hate to hurt you again because you can't keep your mouth shut and your thoughts to yourself. Ask Ginny or Hermione if they think I'm suited for the girlfriend that I have?"

Ron scrutinized him carefully and looked questioningly to Hermione and Ginny. Both regarded him with serious looks.

"He's right. I was shocked to the bone, but I can see that they belong together." Hermione said seriously.

"I was even more shocked than her Ron. But if you do really think about it, you'll see that they are good for each other. And I could see something more. They are radiating pure passion when they are together.. And show it at least. But there is more about both of them. They are true soul-mates."

Hermione gasped and looked questioningly at Harry. He smiled and nodded.

"Congratulations." she whispered.

"Thanks."

Ron looked once again at Harry and his eyes widened, "I think, I know who your girlfriend is."

Harry had a devious glint in his eyes but Hermione and Ginny looked uncertainly at Ron.

"Is it possible that she's far older than you and is already a member of your family... the Black family and she is a dark witch?" Ron asked seriously without any hint of judgement.

Harry smiled, "I knew you could figure it out sooner or later."

"I don't believe it!" Ron bellowed, "How could you go out with her? You're crazy! She is evil! She... I bet she only uses you! You better stay away from that bitch or we won't be friends anymore! And keep her away from my sister!"

You could see the hurt in Harry's eyes as he stood up and left the room without looking back.

"What?" Ron asked disbelievingly, "He chooses her over me?"

"You bloody idiot! If you ever dare say such a thing to them or about them again, I will hex you into oblivion." Ginny bellowed and stormed out after Harry.

Ron fumed and turned to his girlfriend, only to be shocked yet again. She glared at him with pure rage in her eyes. Nobody had seen a similar expression from her ever and a shudder ran down his spine.

"What about the word soul mates did you not understand you bastard? They belong together! They love each other! And you wonder why he chose her over you? Because you're not being a friend to him! You betrayed him along with us. He needs us and now that we're starting to mend the rift between us, you push him away again about something, that you have no say over! I'll tell you what! Stay away from me until you come to your senses Ronald Weasley! I will not talk to you or meet with you again until you have apologized to him AND HER!" Hermione said in an icy voice and stormed off to her dorm, not after Harry.

Jealously added to the rage in the eyes of the red headed teenager and he muttered curses under his breath.

Ginny caught up with Harry quickly since he hadn't gone far. He was leaning against the wall directly outside the Gryffindor Tower trying to calm himself down.

She joined him, "I'm sorry."

"You don't need to be." He said reassuringly, "You accepted my girlfriend and you stood up for me. That's all that matters."

"Thank you. But still, I can't believe his immature behaviour." she fumed.

"I knew it would go badly." Harry sighed, "He is too much of a Gryffindor and he sees everything in black and white. Add his stubbornness and jealousy and ... well you get the picture."

She nodded.

"I think Hermione's in there giving him a dressing down too."

"Please be there for her. Tell her she shouldn't worry about me and not to endanger her relationship because of me." Harry said seriously.

"But they wouldn't..."

"They would. Trust me. Can you go and talk to Hermione for me please," Harry asked her.

She nodded, "And you? Are you okay?"

"I'm going to go and get my own support," he said with a smile.

She smiled too, "Go and talk to her."

"I'm going. Just talk to Hermione for me." Harry said and left.

She walked back into the common room to see Ron sitting by himself on the couch. She shot him an accusing glare and went after Hermione. She made sure to tell Hermione everything that Harry had wanted her to say but Hermione was adamant that she was doing the right thing,

"I can't be with him if he's going to be so immature Ginny. That's just the way it is."

Ginny sighed and nodded, "I hope it works out, Velvet. I like seeing you together with Ron."

Hermione smiled, "I hope that he comes to his senses too, but judging from his reaction, I'm worried about the reaction of the rest of your family if the truth comes out."

Ginny sighed, "I think my brothers will be okay with it and my father already treats Harry as an adult so that won't matter but mum will be the hardest to make understand. She's just like Ron. She sees everything in black and white, no grey. Not to mention how much hatred she showed towards Bella this summer."

"I hope it doesn't get too bad. I know she loves Harry as a son, but she could act rashly and that would be bad."

"We can only hope. And you? Are you alright?" Ginny asked concerned.

Hermione had moist and red rimmed eyes, but she nodded determinedly.

"If we break up over this then I would rather that it happen now, over this, than over some other stupid issue later on down the road."

Ginny hugged her, "Whatever happens, I will be there for you. I know Harry will too."

Chapter 15 – Dealing with Malfoy

The entire following week was executed in an almost choreographed fashion. Ron avoided Harry like the plague and he was, in turn, shunned by Hermione and Ginny. Most of the school was, of course, curious about the latest cause of disruption in the golden trio's life but nobody spoke of it directly to them and they didn't volunteer any information.

After day two both Ron and Hermione obviously missed each other, but both were too stubborn or thick-headed to try and make amends with the other.

In an effort to not draw noticeable attention to themselves; Harry, Hermione, and Ginny tried a few pranks but their heart wasn't in it. They didn't want the pranks to stop when they were obviously in a rift since it wouldn't take a rocket scientist to notice the correlation between the two. Not that they really needed any more proof but there was no sense in advertising it.

Hermione was starting to make a lot of minor mistakes in class, testament to the fact that she was obviously thinking about other things as much as classes and Ron just kept to himself.

Hermione told Harry and Ginny several times that she would not be the one to mend the ties this time. If she gave in now, Ron would think he could always get away with his childish actions.

Saturday finally rolled around again and Harry was thankful for the respite that his weekend trip would give him, but he had to take care of one small detail before he left. He drug Hermione over to the couch where Ron was sitting and pushed her into the seat next to him before glaring at both of them equally.

"If you're still arguing when I come back I'll hex both of you without remorse. I honestly don't care what you think about my relationship anymore. I love her and she loves me. Your opinion means little to me anymore. That being said, you need to get your head out of your ass and make amends with Hermione before she moves on and you have no one. Just keep in mind that she is like a sister to me and if

you hurt her, or Ginny, again then I assure you that our old friendship won't save you any of the pain that you deserve.

"Hermione," he said turning to his first female friend. "If he doesn't bother to apologize to you then kick him in the balls and find someone that will treat you the way you deserve. I have things to do now. Good day," Harry said forcefully before turning on his heel and stalking out of the common room.

Ginny gave him a thankful smile as he strode past her and he nodded his head to her in understanding. The tense silence and unspoken feelings between Hermione and Ron were getting on everyone's nerves and he honestly didn't care about Ron enough to bother staying mad at him any longer. With those thoughts in his head he made the long walk to the small village of Hogsmeade.

Bella knew that she was early and she also knew that Harry, more than likely, would be a few minutes late. So she stood proudly in front of the restaurant and watched as her sister's black carriage rolled to a stand still in front of her. The door opened and her sister regally stepped out of the carriage and waited as her husband and son both exited the carriage as well. The whole of the Malfoy family was impeccably dressed to make a show of their obvious wealth.

They failed to make as much of a statement as they hoped since Bella was likewise dressed in the most formal robes that she now owned. She had never really cared about monetary wealth before and therefore she rarely wore 'nice' clothes. The only reason she wore them now was because Harry knew the way Malfoy Sr. and Jr. acted and wanted to level the playing field. She knew that spending the extra hundred galleons each was just a drop in the bucket to the vast fortune that Harry had at his disposal now.

Narcissa walked over to greet her sister formally, while her husband and son stood back.

"It's been awhile Bella. You look good," Narcissa stated but Bella could still hear Lucius sneer, "LeStrange."

"It's Black now," Bella growled.

Draco snickered at the expression of hate on her face but gained control of himself when she turned her glare on him.

“Well, shall we go in?” Lucius asked.

“No, I am waiting for an acquaintance,” Bella said with a smile.

Narcissa smiled, “Found another lover already Bella,” she asked curiously.

Bella never got a chance to answer since Draco noticed Harry making his way up the street towards the restaurant. “It’s Potter. Are you going to finish him off like you did the mutt, Aunt Bella?” He regarded Bella with a hopeful glance and even Lucius looked as if he wanted nothing more than to watch the two of them duel in the middle of Hogsmeade.

Nothing could have prepared them for what occurred next though. Harry casually walked up to the group in his own black and silver robes and stood in front of Bella.

He leaned down to kiss her on the lips and said, “Sorry to make you wait. I had to deal with a moronic redhead this morning.”

His eyes were twinkling much the same as Dumbledore’s as he held her close. He couldn’t help the chuckle that came as he heard Narcissa gasp and absolute silence from the other two.

He removed himself from the hug and turned to kiss Narcissa’s hand, and nodded mockingly to both Draco and Lucius.

He sneered at the shocked looks both men wore before focusing his attention solely on Draco. “Now that you know who I’m dating would you care to continue insulting my girlfriend? Bella here hasn’t been able to cast the cruciatus on anyone for sometime now. I think it might be a good chance for her to take out some of her frustrations on you. Otherwise she tends to get a bit wild in the sack.”

Draco blanched and hid behind his father.

“Coward,” Harry sneered before turning to Lucius, “You’re lucky that we’re meeting under a truce. I assure you that the next time I see you alone I will not hesitate to kill you for slowly for every time you raped her.”

Lucius raised an eyebrow noncommittally but Narcissa wasn’t fooled, “Ra-“she stuttered, “You raped my sister! You sick piece of shit,” She yelled before slapping him hard across the face.

Malfoy blanched and took a step back from his enraged wife while Harry laughed loudly and locked his arm with Bella, “Shall we go in?”

“Of course, Harry,” Bellatrix said with a grin and turned around to enter the restaurant.

“The Dark Lord will not be pleased with you, Bellatrix, for joining Potter,” Lucius hissed.

Bella stopped before turning a nasty glare at Lucius, “Your half-blood master can go fuck himself, Lucius.”

Harry couldn’t stop the laugh from forming when he saw the incredulous and angry looks on Draco and Lucius’ faces.

“My master is no half-blood!”

Harry just smirked and drew his wand. He wrote ‘I am Lord Voldemort’ in flaming red letters in the air and waved his wand and had them form the words ‘Tom Marvolo Riddle.’

“Tom Riddle is the half-blood heir of Slytherin. His mother was an ugly woman that had the unfortunate pleasure of being Slytherin’s heir and his father was a muggle in the local village that his mother lived near. If you don’t believe me, use your influence to check the archives at the ministry and Hogwarts. He was Head Boy too, that should make the search easier.

“Now, can we take this conversation inside?”

"No, we cannot! Come Draco, I've had enough of this rubbish!" Lucius said, turning back to the carriage. Draco stood still there gaping at Bellatrix and Harry who had still their hands clasped together.

"You... you're dating my aunt?" he asked Harry finally.

"You really are a simple creature aren't you, Draco. I think the answer to that question was rather obvious. However, since both of us are here, if you have anything to say about my relationship to myself or my girlfriend, feel free to say it now."

Draco looked frightfully at his aunt, "But...she's a Death Eater."

"No, she was. There's a difference. Surely your father was witness to Voldie's screams of agony while I removed the cursed mark from her arm." Harry said with a devious glint and Lucius blanched.

"Traitor," Lucius hissed.

"Don't forget, we are here under a truce." Bella said and fingered her wand dangerously. You could see that even Lucius had a healthy respect for Bellatrix Black.

Harry and Bellatrix once again turned and headed into the restaurant and Narcissa joined them after a sending a vicious glare to her husband.

As the door closed, they saw Lucius and Draco drive away with the carriage.

They sat down at a separated table.

The waitress arrived almost instantly and asked for their drinks.

Harry took a quick look at the card, "I would like a Rothschild of 1971 if you would." The waitress looked him over, seemingly to determine if he could afford it, but one piercing glare of his green eyes sent her on her way as both of the women nodded.

"That was an excellent choice, Drake." Bella said approvingly.

Even Narcissa nodded and seemed to be surprised, "Well, I didn't know that you have taste, Mister Potter. But your clothing and your choice of wine prove that not all of my son's whining is accurate."

Harry smirked and sent a quick thankful look to Bella.

"Well, are you two really together or was that only a joke?" Narcissa asked sneering at Harry, "After all, why would you go out with a mere boy?"

Narcissa gulped audibly when Bella glared at her dangerously. She was also slightly shocked to see her sister visibly relax when Harry laid a restraining hand on her arm.

"It wasn't a joke." Narcissa muttered perplex.

"Of course it wasn't. Do you honestly think that I would just let him kiss me like that even if it were to get under Lucius' skin?" Bella snapped at her sister.

"I guess not," Narcissa sneered. "But what can you possibly see in that *boy*."

Bella's temper flared again but Harry calmed her down once more.

"You should not make her angry, Narcissa," Harry scolded her.

"How dare you me my given name?" she snapped at the teenager.

"You forget your place woman," Harry growled. "I am the Head of House Black and regardless of your married status you are still a Black and will treat me with the respect that is due to the head of your family."

Harry regained control of his temper and finished, "Just so you know, I intend to end your marriage to Lucius in the same way I ended Bella's to Rudy."

"What? What are you talking about?" Narcissa asked while Bella grinned.

"I was the one who killed old Rudy. He managed to make me *very* angry and he didn't live long enough to regret it."

His green eyes flared up and she visibly shuddered.

"One more thing, Narcissa, stay out my way when it comes to Lucius. I *will* kill him and anyone who stands in my way of that goal, related to my love or not. He raped her and he will pay for it with his life. That isn't up for negotiation," Harry growled.

Narcissa's eyes lit up, "Do what you have to do! If I could, I would do that myself! How could he do that to you, Bella," Narcissa asked sounding genuinely concerned for her sister.

"How? Because Rudolphus let them, that's how. You know as well as I do that I can not disobey his direct orders," Bella growled with a manic look in her eyes, "Harry let him get away much too easily. I would have tortured him for hours, maybe even use the imperious on some of the living death eaters to rape him too."

Harry smiled apologetically, "I am sorry for now punishing him to your standards, Talon," Harry said dryly.

She smiled at him and winked.

"How did you both end up together?" Narcissa asked.

"Simple. Harry saved me and killed Rudolphus and other Death Eaters. He treated my wounds and I agreed to teach him. He surprised me and freed me of my charges. Well and we simply began to feel something for each other and tried it. So we ended up each other and we are fairly sure now that we do love each other," Bella explained.

The three of them had an enjoyable meal together and Narcissa was eventually able to be civil towards Harry. She realized that her sister wouldn't date just anybody and she wasn't about to underestimate somebody that obviously held her respect. So she was willing to see how things worked out and decided to be as cordial as she could be when dealing with Harry.

It was fairly late in the afternoon when they finally left the restaurant.

Harry had just barely set foot outside the door, behind the two ladies, when he felt the rush of incoming magic. He reacted instinctively and pushed both women out of the way and to the ground. He could see two figures coming at him from both sides through his peripheral vision just before he blacked out under the combined strain of two overpowered stunners and the activation of a portkey.

His hosts decided to forgo traditional hospitality measures and woke their guest with a well placed cruciatus curse by Draco Malfoy. Lucius wasted no time in adding his own curse once he was sure that Harry was conscious.

“Does that hurt Potter? Thanks to you and your infernal interfering, my wife is going to leave me and she is nothing if not ruthless when she wants something.” Lucius screamed and hit him once again with the pain curse.

Harry tried to concentrate on his bond with Bella to see if she was okay. He wasn't able to hold his concentration for too long due to the pain he was in but he knew that she was alright and just worried about him.

Once the curses were lifted Harry coldly said, “You were the one who couldn't keep it in your trousers and raped her sister.” He used the absolute anger that he was feeling at the moment to fuel his magic, just like Bella had taught him. It wouldn't be long before he would be out of this situation with two less enemies to worry about.

Lucius hit him with a dark cutting curse that created a huge gouge in his shoulder, arm, and to some extent his back. He felt the warm flow of blood running over his back.

“But that's not here or there anymore. I warned you earlier that once we met outside of the truce that I would make you suffer for what you did to her. I think I've played this whole ‘hostage at the mercy of my captors’ for long enough. Now its time for me to live up to my earlier promise,” Harry hissed, ignoring the pain and the blood.

“How do you think you’ll be able to do anything right now? Your wrists are bound to the wall by iron shackles and your wand is here in my pocket.” Lucius taunted him.

Draco was getting closer to him with the intent of inflicting damage muggle style. However he never realized the error in his judgement as he took a swing at Harry. He now stood in between Harry and his father, effectively creating a buffer between the two.

Straightening himself as much as his current position allowed, he concentrated on his staff. “The whole thing is quite simple really...” he said coldly. He called his staff and as soon as he felt the reassuring weight in his hands he flicked it and the cuffs clicked open. Not a second later, Draco was hit brutally in his guts with the hard and heavy staff and went screaming to the ground. Harry flicked his magnificent staff again and pointed it at Lucius, “CRUCIO!”

A thick red beam shot out of the blood emerald and hit Lucius directly in his chest. He screamed horribly and fell to his knees. His finger nails scratching and digging into the concrete floor and Harry did not let up with the curse.

“This is for Bella you sick bastard. *Crucio forte*,” Harry bellowed and a second larger beam hit its target dead on. Draco was trying to regain his footing and reach for his fallen wand but Harry, without even looking, kicked his foot back and connected with Draco’s groin, eliminating him from the fight effectively once again.

Refocusing his full attention on Lucius, he revelled in the screams of agony that his beloved’s tormentor was forced to endure. His finger tips were bloody and drew red marks over the stone. It wasn’t long before the blood started to flow freely from his mouth and even started to leak out of his eyes.

“And now, go to Hell, Lucius!” Harry bellowed and his eyes lit up again as he yelled, “*Crucio Maximus Letalis!*”

The modified curse was one of his own inventions. It made the ‘effects’ of the normal curse actually come true. Lucius’ skin was forcefully torn from his body and he was forced to bleed out on the floor while the pain never ended. It was a few minutes before the

screaming ceased and his, now red, eyes clouded over as he breathed his last breath.

Harry turned around and found Draco still nursing his wounds, how pathetic. "Now it's your turn."

Draco tried to crawl away from him, but to no avail. Harry swept his staff in a wide arc and hit him directly under the chin. Draco was hit so hard, that his head shot up with a sick crack and the body was flung into the next wall.

Draco wailed in pain.

"How pathetic! And you think you are so great! You think you are such a powerful dark wizard. You are nothing but a loser. I'll show you the meaning of true power," Harry said in an eerie voice and changed into his Necromancer gear. Once more, he was radiating darkness and pure black magic.

Draco paled even further, if that was possible, and began to sweat and shake.

"Please, don't hurt me!" Draco wailed.

"You have made your choices in life, Draco. Now it is time for you to understand, and suffer, the consequences of your actions...*Avada Kedavra.*"

The green light of the killing curse, outlined with the red light of the blood emerald ripped the soul out of the blond teenager and he sank lifelessly to the ground. "You've seen too much. I couldn't let you leave knowing what you knew."

He sent an emotional impulse to Bellatrix to let her know that he was alright. He summoned his wand to him and pocketed it. He cleaned himself as best as he could but he was unable to fully heal the wound on his back since it was in a hard area to find. He was only able to stop the blood flow.

He performed a powerful scanning charm throughout the whole manor, but he couldn't detect anymore Death Eaters. He erected the

same wards over this ancient building that he had cast over the Granger residence. He made sure that none of his new wards would interfere with the old ones and once he was sure that the house was adequately protected, he cleaned the room of blood and excrements before conjuring two caskets and depositing the bodies inside.

Checking the room and manor one last time, he vanished in black cloud. He reappeared next to Bella and didn't even have time to regain his footing before he was enveloped in a massive hug by his love. He tenderly wrapped his arms around her in fear of reopening his wounds and whispered soothingly, "Everything's fine."

"What happened?" she asked him with moist eyes and looked at his battered and bloodied body.

He separated himself from her and looked around. They were in a small alley, only Narcissa was watching him with wide eyes staring at his staff. He vaguely assumed that she must know the meaning of the staff he now carried. With a thought he sent it back to his trunk at the manor.

"They thought they could show their superiority by chaining me to a wall with no wand while sending the cruciatus at me. They seemed a bit overconfident and I made sure that he paid for what he did to you."

"You killed him, Narcissa asked disbelievingly.

Harry looked sternly at Narcissa, "No, I tortured him to death," he whispered.

Bella kissed him hard and whispered her promises to thank him properly sometime soon. She pulled back at his wince and she took the time to assess his wounds.

"Impossible. You are the hero of the light!" Narcissa muttered.

"Hardly," Harry scoffed, "But I am the one who is going to kill Riddle. There's a difference."

He hesitated before finishing telling what occurred at Malfoy Manor. "I am sorry, Narcissa, but I had to kill Draco as well."

She blanched and her eyes became moist, "Did... did you torture him as well?"

"No, I killed him swiftly with the killing curse. You are now free and the fortune of the Malfoy's belongs to you now. I trust you are no Death Eater?"

She shook her head.

"Good. I added some wards to your house. The first few Death Eaters that show themselves will be in for a big surprise," Harry said with an evil look.

She shuddered, "Do I want to know what is going to happen then?"

"Surely not. But let's just say that an acoustic alarm will not be necessary. And if someone with the mark actually makes into your house, he will not live long enough to even be surprised."

She looked carefully at the young teenager and saw nothing of a boy anymore in him. She began to understand, what her younger sister saw in him. Finally she nodded, "Thank you, Harry. I owe you one for the... 'Divorce' of Lucius, but I regret the loss of my son."

"I understand. But you have to realize, that he chose his way. He attacked me and I had to deal with him. I had no choice. He could have compromised me. I can't even say that I'm sorry, but I understand you."

A single tear fell down Narcissa's cheek but she nodded, "I know, Harry. I don't hold it against you, and I won't tell anyone about you."

Harry regarded her with a piercing glare which was underlain with pure dark power, "I wouldn't recommend it! I would really hate to kill you as well."

Now the blonde woman blanched and shuddered. She had already known that the black haired teenager in front of her was powerful but that was too much.

He turned to Bella and she asked him quietly, "Are you alright? I felt how you suffered."

"I'll live. And you?"

She smiled, "I am alright, thanks to a young dark haired hero who pushed my sister and me out of the way."

Harry laughed, "It was my pleasure."

He hugged her and kissed her gently.

"I think she needs your help now, Bella. Take her home and keep her company but keep your portkey ready, alright? I don't want you to take any risk."

She nodded and kissed him once again, "I love you. Never forget that! And thank you, for your understanding. She really cared about Draco." she added whispering.

"I know. What mother wouldn't?"

"Will you be alright?" she asked concerned noting how he became even paler since he had arrived.

"I should make a visit to Madam Pomfrey. It's been a while now and I think that she's going to need to give me something for the blood loss."

"Should I accompany you?"

"No, that isn't necessary. Now go on and be careful! Send me a 'message' if you are at home or if you need me. I know now where the manor is and can come to you."

She hugged him a last time and kissed him and then turned to Narcissa, "I will join you today. Is this alright?"

Narcissa nodded with tears in her eyes and looked to Harry, "Thank you. You are a kind person... if the situation allows it. I have clearly underestimated you. I... I think you both fit very well together."

Harry allowed himself a smile, "Goodbye to you both. Rest a little, Narcissa! I placed the bodies in conjured coffins and cleaned up already so that you won't get a shock. Both are in the dungeons."

She nodded and Harry smiled one last time to Bella before he apparated to the boundaries of Hogwarts.

From there he drug himself to the castle. He met Ron and Hermione shortly after he entered the grounds. They had been walking hand in hand around the lake.

"Harry!" Hermione yelled once she saw him staggering around.

Without hesitation Ron came as well and supported him since he could barely stay on his feet anymore.

"What happened to you?" Ron asked.

"Well, I had a run in with Death Eaters." Harry said and leaned on Ron, "Nice to see you both together again."

Harry stumbled over a stone.

"Harry!" Hermione said with tears in her eyes.

"It's only blood loss but I should make a visit to Madam Pomfrey anyways. I'm sure she missed me," he joked.

"What about Talon?" Hermione asked, concerned, as they hurried to the infirmary.

"She is safe. I pushed her and Narcissa out of the way when they ambushed us. The stunners which headed for them hit me and they portkeyed me away. Bella is now with Narcissa."

"Malfoy? They're Death Eaters!" Ron swore.

"Wrong. There is only one Malfoy now and that is Narcissa and I can guarantee that she is no Death Eater." Harry muttered. He was becoming steadily weaker.

"What the hell is wrong with me?" he muttered and touched the wound on his back with his hand. As he took the hand away, it was red with blood.

"Shit, it is opened again." he muttered.

Hermione gasped when she saw the blood and Ron blanched and drug him the last stairs up.

No one had noticed that amount of blood he had lost since it blended well with the black cloak he was wearing.

Harry sat down hard on a bed while Hermione called after Pomfrey.

She hurried to Harry, "Ah, I wondered if I would see you this year. Well, what happened, dear?" she asked.

Harry swayed slightly, "Weakened from blood loss, shallow gashes from a dark cutting curse, multiple cruciatus hits and light scratches from iron cuffs."

"Bloody hell! Where are the gashes?"

"Back and left arm." Harry replied.

She removed his robe and Hermione nearly fainted when she saw that nearly his whole back was covered in half dried blood.

"Miss Granger, go fetch the headmaster! Mr. Weasley, hold him straight while I mend the cuts!"

Ron grabbed him firmly at his right shoulder and his back.

"Oh, you already closed them once?"

Harry nodded, "Re-opened, either through hugging my girlfriend or the movement I went through to get here. It's also likely that I didn't heal it correctly the first time. Battlefield medicine is not a strength for me," Harry joked.

"Right," Poppy replied and muttered under her breath, "Bloody boys!"

"I heard that." Harry said.

"Keep quiet!"

She muttered some healing charms and cleaned his skin afterwards.

"Now lay down! I need to fetch you some blood replenishing potions."

She gathered some vials and handed them to him.

Without waiting for her, he took the red vial out of her hands, emptied it, before taking the slightly blue one and emptied it as well.

"I know the painkiller has to wait for at least ten minutes." Harry said and pointed at the yellow one.

She looked disbelievingly at him, "How could you? You can't simply drink a potion when you know nothing about it!" she scolded him.

"Give me some credit! I had to use this combination quite often during the last year. I know very well how to use the healing elixir after the blood replenisher and I also know that both have to kick in before you can take the painkiller or all potions are countered." Harry said.

She scowled at him but nodded, "Now shoot! What happened this time?"

"I would like to know that as well, Mr. Potter," Dumbledore said with a serious look.

"Nothing special, I had a lunch meeting with Narcissa Malfoy. Her husband and son decided to take the chance and kidnap me. I freed myself after some torture and came back."

"You are fool..." Dumbledore began, but Harry interrupted him.

"Don't you dare finish this sentence! Narcissa is a Black and as head of her family I had to meet her. Furthermore, we had a truce. It was only bad luck, that they ambushed us as we left the restaurant. If I hadn't had to protect her, I would have avoided the attack and

wouldn't have been captured. And as you see I was quite able to free myself.”

Dumbledore sighed, “Alright. What happened to the Malfoys and where is Narcissa now? I can imagine that she is in danger now.”

“She isn't. Her manor is warded, even better than the Granger-Residence, because I combined my wards with the existing ones. And the Malfoys, well, they're dead.”

Poppy gasped, as did Ron.

“What?” Dumbledore asked.

“They are dead,” he said, sounding out each word. “I had to kill them in self defence.”

“How did you kill them?”

“That doesn't matter. They both were Death Eaters so every mean was acceptable. Let it go!”

Dumbledore wanted to question him further but realized that Harry wouldn't budge.

“Was there no other way?” he sighed.

“No.” Harry said coldly, “They chose their side in this war and it was the wrong side. Explanation over.” Harry swayed again slightly.

Poppy glared at Dumbledore, “Mr. Potter has to rest, Albus. He lost too much blood and was subjected to at least three Cruciatus curses!”

Dumbledore gasped, “I am sorry, Ha... Mr. Potter. I didn't know.”

Harry sneered, “Sure, as if.”

“Leave now!” Poppy demanded, “Mr, Weasley, you can leave too. He will get out tomorrow in time for Dinner.”

“Uhm, could you give us a moment, please?” Ron asked.

She nodded, "Alright, you have five minutes."

As Dumbledore and Poppy were away, Ron turned to Harry.

"I just wanted to say that I'm sorry, Harry. I will be honest; I still can't stand that... woman. But it isn't my place to interfere in your relationship. For that, and only for that, I am sorry. She is a dark witch, I only worry about you and wanted to warn you. I know you are now a... uhm ... Dark wizard too, but at least, you aren't evil. I... I don't think, I would ever be alright with that or with her being with you, but I want to stay your friend. I won't say anything anymore about her, I promise."

Harry nodded, "That's more than I would have asked for, but try to understand, there is more than black and white, Ron. Even Dumbledore has already killed! He did kill Grindelwald and surely he didn't achieve that with a light charm! Keep that in mind! And Bella isn't evil, Ron. She has some problems, but who doesn't? She was in Azkaban for a long time and she was forced to marry that bastard in a binding contract! She was raped and tortured! She is saner than every one of us would be after that experience and she loves me as I love her. And if I should be honest, I am more evil than her, at least now. She did some cruel things Ron, but I did already too. And even if you don't understand that, I only warn you. Be very careful about what you tell others about her, be careful about what you tell about her, if I can hear you, and more important, be careful what you say about me or her, if she can hear you. I won't help you in any of these situations!"

Ron nodded, "I know, and you would certainly be right. Let's keep a truce about her, alright?"

Harry nodded and winced, "I should take the painkiller now. That will knock me out for some time."

"Then rest well. I will greet Hermione and Ginny from you, alright?"

"Do that, and thanks."

"No problem, mate. And good one about the Malfoys." Ron said coldly.

“More than you will ever know.” Harry said seriously.

Ron nodded and left. Harry took the painkiller and slept shortly afterwards.

Chapter 16 – Happy Halloween

Harry recovered quickly enough and was up again the next day as Poppy had promised. He joined his friends for dinner and was instantly bombarded with questions. Dumbledore had announced the day before that Draco had been a Death Eater and had been killed as he and his father attacked some wizards who had retaliated.

Naturally, Hermione and Ginny already knew who they had attacked. Now they just wanted to know the details.

Harry refused to offer any details and tabled any questions about the event. He admitted to killing them but nothing else.

Harry received a message that morning at breakfast from Bella stating that both she and Narcissa were doing well under the circumstances and had made arrangements for the services and burials in the family tomb.

He was also informed that the wards were activated twice during the night and that the screams could be heard throughout the entire manor. Luckily none of the intruders were able to actually make it into the manor itself. Harry was glad to know that his 'family' was safe for the moment.

He was also glad that he was still able to conceal his girlfriend's identity. Unless either male Malfoy divulged the information before the attack then Narcissa was the only one that knew of their connection. For once he didn't mind hearing the rumours that were being said around the school. He actually laughed that most of the students still thought that he was dating Ginny, since she had yet to have an actual relationship with anyone as of yet.

As the weeks continued on Harry's life returned to normal most of the time; well, as normal as his life ever gets. He would spend the majority of his time revising for the NEWT's with Hermione, and to a lesser extent, Ron. He even managed to make himself known at some of the DA meeting as well and astounded most of the members with his new duelling abilities. On the nights when he wasn't busy with other things, though he tried to time every night, he would go to meet Bella at their house in Hogsmeade.

It seemed like the blink of an eye and all of the sudden it was time for the Halloween feast. As it was a Saturday, the students didn't have any classes and were allowed to enjoy the nice day out on the grounds. The sun was shining and the sky was blue. It was, more than likely, one of the few 'nice' days before the winter weather would dominate Hogwarts grounds once more.

That day after lunch Ron, Hermione, and Harry were invited to meet with the headmaster. This was a source of confusion to everyone but Harry, who had a good idea what the meeting was about.

"Sit down, please!" Dumbledore said and conjured three comfortable chairs for them. Snape, Moody and McGonagall were also in attendance at the meeting.

"I'm sure that you are all wondering why I've called you here and cut your afternoon short," Dumbledore asked with twinkling eyes.

Hermione and Ron nodded nervously but Harry kept his calm demeanour.

"If I had to venture a guess, I would say that you called us here to warn us to be on the lookout today since it is Halloween and there hasn't been a year that I've been in the wizarding world that 'something' hasn't occurred on Halloween. Tommy boy seems to be obsessed with the anniversary of his downfall. I'm assuming he wants something big to occur on that night to overshadow his failure of fifteen years ago. Does that about cover it?" Harry asked, taking some delight in the fact that he had obviously been correct.

Dumbledore's eyes twinkled even more and nodded, "You are, of course, correct. We don't know any of his plans for this evening since we have lost our contact amongst their ranks. I was wondering if any of you has heard anything that might shed some light on what could occur tonight."

Dumbledore focused most of his attention on Harry, which caused the young man to groan, "Why are you looking at me? Do you think I sneak off grounds at night to attend death eater meetings?"

“Of course not. You just seemed to be quite well informed until this point and I had some hope that you were able to gain some more insight into what might occur.”

“That may or may not be true, but as far as tonight is concerned, I have no further information. I do know that he is waiting for something tonight. I’ve had a prickling sensation in my scar all day. He’s nervous about something,” Harry said.

“That is most concerning. Do you think it would be a major attack?” Dumbledore asked.

Harry turned around to Snape, “What do you think? Was he ever able to repair the damage the unnamed wizard did to his inner circle?”

Snape shook his head.

“Well, since Malfoy was his right hand man, he deprived Riddle of his most important death eater with his foolish attack on me. I don’t believe that he has enough control over his forces to start a major attack.” Harry stated.

Snape snorted, “Why do you think his attack was foolish? It was a perfect opportunity.”

“It was ill planned and executed in rage; all that because I deprived him of his wife. He didn’t have any backup and he was as arrogant as ever and underestimated me. And finally, he is dead and I am alive, that’s why.” Harry said in an icy voice.

“I still can’t imagine how you killed both of them. You were bound to a wall and surely you didn’t have your wand. And how did you kill them without using dark magic?” Snape asked.

Harry smirked, “I never said I didn’t.”

McGonagall gasped and Dumbledore looked disapprovingly at him. Snape’s eyes widened, “You used dark magic! That’s not possible. You need to be powerful to do that and you need training.”

"Ignorant fool," Harry spat, "What do you think I've been doing over the last year? Did you think I was on holiday in Morocco or something?"

Snape blanched, "You turned dark! And the curse you hit me with at Black's house... that was dark magic."

"If that aint the pot calling the kettle black! And that was Black family magic; it only stops you from hurting any member of my family." Harry said with a grin.

The meeting was interrupted as Dumbledore got a fire call from Hagrid.

"Hagrid, what is it?" Dumbledore asked.

"It's Luna, Sir. She is 'ere and really scared. She claims some Slytherin's 'ave abducted Ginny and taken her into the forbidden forest."

"Shit!" Harry swore, "We have to hurry! Fawkes, care to help me find her?"

The phoenix scrutinized him carefully. Harry knew that the magnificent creature no longer actively supported him since he turned dark.

"Fawkes, it is not me that needs your help! It is Ginny! And we have to catch them before they reach their target. They're only using her to lure me out anyways."

Fawkes thrilled and spread his wings.

"Meet me at Hagrid's!" Harry said and stepped through the fireplace to Hagrid's hut.

The others came out of their stupor and followed him, floored.

"Luna, how many were there?" Harry asked determinedly.

"Four. Crabbe, Goyle, Parkinson and Nott," She sobbed.

“Alright,” Harry said and turned to the headmaster, “When I come back your student body is going to be four short.”

Dumbledore sighed resignedly but McGonagall was outraged.

“Stop it!” Harry growled, “It’s her or them! Choose!”

Her eyes became moist, but she nodded.

Ron stepped to him and laid his hand on Harry’s shoulder, “Do whatever you have to, but save her!”

Harry just nodded his answer.

“How do you want to find her?” Hermione asked in a shaky voice, “Fawkes is too fast for you!”

Harry got a malicious glint in his eyes, “He’s not too fast if I fly!”

Harry ran out of the hut and waited for Fawkes to show up in a ball of fire. Harry wasted no time at all and immediately changed into the wyvern.

None of them had ever seen his animagus form before; in fact, most didn’t even know that he had one.

“A wyvern,” Hagrid gasped.

At two metres tall and nearly four metres long, the dragon-like magical creature was spreading its even larger wings and stretching his head to the sky to let out a horrendous screech.

Lightning trickled over his wings and his body before he flapped his powerful wings and took flight.

He shot like an arrow after Fawkes and searched the ground with his piercing green eyes.

“A lightning wyvern; one of the most powerful and rare kinds. That boy is astounding.” Dumbledore said with twinkling eyes.

Ron said seriously, "I wouldn't call him 'boy' if he's in hearing distance, sir. It would be very likely that he would hurt you with those vicious claws of his. His hated uncle called him that and as far as I can tell, he takes that as a vicious insult."

Dumbledore became sombre almost instantly. "I know, and for that I will never forgive myself of my 'decision' regarding his living situation."

Hermione tried to bring the focus back to the issue at hand. "I hope he finds them before they reach their target. Harry was right, it is most certainly a trap for him and there has to be more death eaters waiting for the students, and him, to arrive."

Hermione's wish was granted shortly thereafter. It couldn't have been more than two minutes since the magical creatures had taken flight when they heard a roar and something crashing through the woods. Harry had found his target.

OoO

It wasn't Ginny's day. It had started well enough. She didn't have any classes and she decided to go with Luna to stare at the boys that were in the quidditch stadium. They were heading towards the stairs to take a seat in the stands when they were ambushed.

They banished Luna as far away as they could to make sure she couldn't interfere, though in hind sight they should have stunned her, and they bound and gagged Ginny before taking her wand.

At least Luna got away due to their lack of thought. The four attackers didn't hesitate though and dragged her through the forest. She stumbled over a root and fell down hard. She couldn't catch herself because her arms were bound to her body.

Parkinson, the cow, was laughing madly at this and taunted her.

Nott yanked her off the ground and forced her to start walking again. "Come on, bitch! We have to deliver you to the Dark Lord for a welcoming party for dear old Potthead. You wouldn't want to keep them waiting would you," he sneered.

About five minutes into the journey Parkinson started to whine about the distance. "How much further?"

"Keep your mouth shut before I silence you. You know how far the wards stretch into the forest. We have to get outside the wards to make the delivery." Nott snapped.

Ginny had to grit her teeth together. She had sprained her ankle earlier and she had cuts and bruises from the fall. But she would not give them the pleasure of seeing her weakness.

She contemplated trying to flee, but she couldn't find a way to do that. With bound arms she would be much too slow and couldn't defend herself.

Adding to that, Crabbe and Goyle were in front of her, while Pansy covered the back.

They were crossing a clearing when it occurred. A large shadow fell over the students before they heard the massive roar and saw what they had walked into.

Instantly all their heads shot up as they heard something large breaking through the branches around them.

They saw a wyvern striking down on them for a short moment, before the creature opened his mouth and spat blue lightning at Crabbe and Goyle. Both fell to the ground dead and smoking almost instantly.

The animal landed next to them and with a swish of his powerful tail, it flung Pansy shrieking into the air. She landed nearly twenty metres away in a tree, dead with a broken neck among other things.

The wyvern turned to the last of his enemies, Nott, who had taken to hiding behind Ginny, using her as a shield. He pointed a shaking wand at the large creature but stammered too much to produce a real spell.

The creature walked step by step nearer to the both students, but couldn't attack without harming Ginny.

He locked his green eyes with Ginny's brown ones and she understood that she had to get out of the way.

She flung her head back forcefully and hit Nott hard.

She winced from the pain but still kicked him with her foot and then she flung herself forward to the ground.

The wyvern saw his way free and reacted. His head shot forward like an arrow and locked his sharp teeth around the head of the stunned Nott.

One cruel bite later, Nott was history and the body fell lifeless to the ground.

The wyvern spat blood and gore to the ground and then turned to Ginny. She tried to crawl away from the animal but it took a step back itself and began to shimmer.

Some seconds later, Harry stood in front of her with a look of steel in his eyes.

"Harry? ... Oh....Drake...Now I understand." She gasped.

He took his wand out and flicked it. The ropes around her upper body vanished and he helped her up.

She bent down and took her wand back from Nott.

Then she hugged Harry as hard as she could while sobbing into his chest, "Thank you, Harry."

"No problem. We should get moving though. I doubt that Voldemort is very far away right now."

"I can't walk very well, Harry. I sprained my ankle." She said.

"Okay, let me see here. Let me take a look at these cuts first."

Fawkes made his first showing since leading Harry to the clearing and cried a few tears to heal her wounds. He couldn't do anything for the ankle but Harry had an idea to get her back to the castle anyways.

“Care for a flight on a dragon, fair maiden?” Harry asked with twinkling eyes.

She grinned and nodded.

“Then hold on!” he said and changed again into the magnificent animal.

She climbed clumsily onto the back of the wyvern, trying to use only one foot, and he took flight again. He let out another screech as they left the trees beneath them.

Moments later the wyvern landed smoothly in front of Hagrid’s hut where the teachers, Ron and Hermione were awaiting them.

Ginny squealed in delight as her fiery hair was flapping in the wind as they landed.

The wyvern even kneeled down to make her climbing down easier.

She limped over to Ron who hugged her gently.

“Are you alright?” he asked.

“Yes, thanks to Drake.” She said and turned around to Harry who was changing back now.

“I only have a sprained ankle.”

“What happened to the Slytherins?” Snape asked concerned.

Harry shrugged, “Two were hit by lightning, Pansy broke her neck, as she was flung to a tree and, well, Nott lost his head. The coward hid behind Ginny!” he growled.

“What do you mean with ‘he lost his head.’?” Snape asked taken aback.

“I meant it literally.” Harry said again in a voice of steel.

“The wyvern bit his head off.” Ginny said and shuddered.

“Yeah, the predatory instincts kicked in.” said Harry and smirked, “Well, four junior Death Eaters less.”

Ron supported his smaller sister, “Come on, and let’s get you to the infirmary. I think Madame Pomfrey can fix the ankle easy enough.” He turned his head to look at Harry, “Thanks mate,” he said seriously.

Harry shrugged, “I didn’t do it for you. Ginny’s my friend too and she needed me.”

Hermione accompanied them to the infirmary but Harry stayed behind to talk to the teachers.

“You make a fine animagus, ‘arry. Your father’d be proud.” Hagrid said with beaming eyes.

Harry nodded thankfully and looked at Snape. He didn’t really care one way or the other but it was beginning to become obvious that Snape was feeling the affects of Voldemort’s displeasure with him. He had constantly been rubbing at his arm and he seemed to not be sleeping at all either. He looked dispassionately at his arm one more time before walking away with a parting comment, “You know the deal.”

“What’d he mean?” Hagrid asked.

Dumbledore sighed, “Voldemort is torturing Severus through the mark. Harry said he had removed the mark from Bellatrix after learning how it worked. I asked him to do the same for Severus but he declined. He said that Severus had gone out of his way to torture him at school so he wasn’t in any hurry to do him any favours.

“I can’t argue with ‘hat,” Hagrid agreed, but I would have thought he would do it anyways.

Dumbledore’s eyes twinkled, “Harry agreed to remove the mark if Severus were to make a formal apology to him in front of the whole school in the Great Hall.”

Hagrid laughed in his deep voice, “At a boy, ‘arry.”

Snape growled and winced in pain, "I think his scouts have found the bodies and informed him. He's enraged right now."

"I think for your own sake, you need to swallow your pride. Your wasting away, Severus," Dumbledore said with a concerned look.

Even McGonagall pitied him to a degree, "Come on Severus. Its obvious that you aren't your normal sallow self right now. You don't even take house points from Gryffindor anymore," she teased him.

Snape glared at her but sighed, "I'll consider it. The constant pain is nerve racking. I'd take a cruciatus over this any day."

"We all can see that." McGonagall said concerned, "Please, Severus, just do it."

"I have to sleep on it... and preferable with some drinks as well." He said and left.

"Do you think that Harry is turning dark?" McGonagall asked.

"I know he's dark, but I doubt that Harry will ever be evil. I'm beginning to see the difference in the two now." Dumbledore said.

"Harry would never become evil!" Hagrid thundered, "E's doing w'at he needs to survive. Nothing more."

Dumbledore sighed, "I know."

The next day Harry was eating breakfast at the Gryffindor table. Most of the students still avoided him but Ron, Hermione, Ginny, and Neville still sat next to him.

Suddenly all chatting stopped and it became eerily quiet in the Great Hall.

Harry turned around to see Snape standing formally behind his seat. He cleared his throat and began to speak loudly, so that it could be heard through the whole hall.

“Mr. Potter, as I understand it, I have been very disrespectful to you and your family during my tenure here at Hogwarts. I have, on more than one occasion, tried to cause you harm directly as well as a member of your family. I also realize that I have crossed my bounds in regards to the insults I have made about your mother, father, godfather, and Miss Black. I also admit that I was very biased against you and the whole Gryffindor house and for that I am sorry. I hope, you can forgive a stubborn and embittered aging man his mistakes even if they’ve been numerous.”

Harry smiled and stood up. He offered his hand to Snape, who accepted it, and said, “Apology accepted Professor Snape.” He then added silently, “I could be at your quarters at eight this evening, if you wish.”

Snape nodded.

“I would prefer that Dumbledore and Poppy would accompany us. This is far from a walk in the park and I don’t doubt that you will be in any small amount of agony before its over,” Harry said.

Snape nodded again, “I will see to that and thank you.”

With that he turned around and shot a glare at the hatefully staring Slytherins. Despite his revelation as ex-spy, he had his house still firmly under his control.

After that glare he went up to the staff table.

As promised, he stood at 8 sharp in front of the door to Snape’s quarters.

But before he even had a chance to knock, a black owl landed next to him and changed into his love. She at him looked sternly, “I will not let you suffer alone through this and I don’t care, if I reveal us to them.”

He smiled and gave her a peck on her lips before he finally knocked.

Snape opened and took a step back, as he saw Bella with an icy stare standing next to Harry.

Both entered and snickered as Dumbledore stared too at both of them.

"What is she doing here?" he asked bewildered.

"She is here to support me." Harry said in a final voice and turned to Snape, "Sit down!"

Snape sat down on an armchair and removed his sleeve from the mark.

Harry sat down beside him and grabbed his arm. He touched the mark and felt instantly the connection coming to life.

Bella stood behind him and laid her hands supportively on his shoulders.

"What are you going to do?" Dumbledore asked.

"I will destroy any foreign magic within him and that is going to hurt him, me, and good ol' Tom immensely."

"That isn't possible," Dumbledore stammered. "You would actually need a spell to remove the mark."

"Nothing is impossible." Harry sneered, "And I will use a spell to remove the mark. The mark itself is nothing more than a tattoo. The magic behind it is how it works. Now, I need to get started."

Harry felt a reassuring impulse coming from Bella and closed his eyes.

He pulled some of his dark red magic out of his core and pushed it through the mark into Snape's body. He started to scream almost instantly and Harry was glad when he felt the silencing charm, that Dumbledore had cast, wash over the room

Again, he felt the strands of Voldemort's magic and embedded them within his own magic. Once he had all covered, he tore the foreign magic apart.

Snape screamed his pain out until his throat was hoarse.

Harry felt the Voldemort's pain and the anguish through his connection and tried something new this time. He channelled his own pain through his scar connection into Voldemort's head. He smiled when he 'felt' the Dark Lord scream in agony.

After nearly ten minutes, it was finally over and Snape was free.

Then he opened his eyes and muttered the counter curse to remove the mark. One last time Snape screamed in pain but all that was left of his connection to Voldemort was a red swollen part of his skin which instantly was tended to by Poppy.

Harry swayed as he got up and groaned. The use of his raw magic was exhausting and he still felt some pain from the procedure.

He found himself instantly wrapped up by the arms of his love as she hugged him fiercely.

Harry heard the gasps from all three other occupants of the room but Bella hissed dangerously, "Don't you dare make a comment or even think about telling anyone!"

Snape gaped at them and muttered, disregarding the warning, "Bloody hell! Don't tell me you two are an item!"

Bella grinned wickedly, "Sorry, Severus, but he got my heart. You will have to find yourself another woman."

Snape's eyes bulged out and he groaned, "I don't care for you, Black! At least now I know who taught him the dark arts."

"I didn't teach him that much, Severus, not even the half of his knowledge." She said grinning, "He learned most of his knowledge himself with only little help from me."

"Enough of this," Harry growled, "There is no reason to freak out about my relationship to her, not that it concerns you anyway." And with that he shot Dumbledore a warning look.

Then he turned to Snape, "Are you alright?"

Snape nodded, "Thank you, Mr. Potter."

"It was a pleasure, despite the pain, because I know that Tommy boy was even worse off than both of us together." Harry said with a smirk, then looked Bella in the eye, "And thank you for being here."

She grinned and pulled him into a passionate kiss.

They heard the two teachers gasp and a thump.

Curious the two of them separated and looked for the cause. They laughed when they saw that Poppy had fainted from the sight of The-Boy-Who-Lived kissing the most feared dark witch in decades.

"Now that that's over with, I should be on my way," Bella smirked. "I'd hate to be the cause of rumours that The-Boy-Who-Lived is dating an older woman."

Harry laughed again, "Why not? You aren't ashamed of me, are you?"

"Of course not. But now is hardly the time to throw this news to the general masses. Besides, Narcissa's waiting for me."

She kissed him and stepped out of the door.

Shortly afterwards Harry heard the quiet flapping of wings and he knew she had disappeared.

Chapter 17 – The war is starting for real

The real war began two days afterwards. Nearly a dozen black owls swept down towards the students. Harry understood the reason for it as Hermione gave him the daily prophet. Voldemort had attacked the homes of muggleborn students.

He growled, “He is going to pay for that!” and slammed the newspaper forcefully down on the table.

He got up and went over to the staff-table. There he locked his eyes with the headmaster and said loudly “What are you going to do about that?”

The hall was quiet enough to hear a needle fall. Even the sobbing of the students who got an black owl deceased.

Dumbledore lost the twinkle in his eyes, “I am afraid, I can do nothing about it.”

“So you are telling us...” Harry drew a wide arc with his arms in the direction of the students, “... that you are sitting here, doing nothing, while Voldemort is killing the parents of students? YOU are the leader of the light! Not the ministry, not the aurors! YOU! You have the possibility and the responsibility to take action!”

Dumbledore began to get angry about this display but some of the teachers, especially Snape and Remus agreed with Harry.

“I CAN'T DO ANYTHING!” Dumbledore said forcefully.

“No, you don't WANT to!” Harry said in a cutting voice, “It is your choice. But I tell you something. If something like that happens again, I will do something and there will be no more mercy!”

Some of the students gasped, but these who knew him didn't doubt him for a second.

“Everyone, who will be with me, stand up!” Harry bellowed.

As one, Snape, Remus and some of the students stood up.

Harry nodded to the two teachers and turned around to the students. He smiled, "Thank you. But I have another question, especially to the students. I know, you want to help me, but consider this: I'm not going to capture Death Eaters, at least not many of them. I'm going for the final deal. I'll only consider taking you with me, if you are ready to kill them! I won't hesitate to use the dark arts to deal with them."

Again the students gasped.

"THEY are KILLING, TORTURING and RAPING your sisters, mothers and relatives! I won't allow that, if I have any saying in that. I will pay it back as they deserve and not like a weak, incompetent and corrupt ministry! Now, I thank you all, but do sit down please, if you can't deal with that!"

The students sat down indeed. Only one Slytherin kept standing, a seventh year girl. Blaise Zabini.

Both of his friends sat down, white like a sheet but they looked at him apologizing. He smiled at them. He would have been disappointed if they had kept standing up.

He nodded to Blaise, "We'll meet when something like this happens again."

Blaise nodded determined while Harry turned around to Remus.

"Let's talk!"

Remus nodded and they disappeared into the office of Remus.

"Moony, you did understand, that I said, we are going for the kill? This is war now, no longer a group of wizards who did some crimes!"

Remus nodded, "I know. I don't know the dark arts, but I know, that Sirius and even your mum did at least somewhat."

Harry was a little bit surprised to hear about his mum, but he nodded. If she had been as studious as he had heard, it was only logical that she did learn some dark magic too.

“... and both weren't evil despite of that.” Remus continued.

Harry sighed, “But I'm now, at least a little bit. I have delved too deep already and learned the blackest magic. You know that already. But still, I won't use it on any innocent.”

“I know that and that is the reason, why you are NOT evil.” Remus insisted.

Harry smiled an uneasy smile, “Thank you.”

“Teach me!” Remus demanded.

Harry sighed and nodded, “Today, the evening. We will meet in front of the girls bathroom in the second floor. Do me a favour and fetch Snape and Blaise for me. I want to see, what they already can.”

Remus nodded.

So they met in the evening and Harry led them down to the chamber of secrets. He taught Remus in front of an astounded Blaise and Snape the killing curse and some other dark magics, like some shield shattering curses, bone breakers and dark binding curses that would hurt the victims of the curse if they would try to escape, really hurt. He let them swear a magical oath that they would not reveal anything to anybody the things they may get to see on any mission they were going to. Harry wouldn't hold back with his abilities any longer. But as long as it was possible, he didn't want Dumbledore to make the connection from him to the Dark Avenger.

The next day, again some black owls swept down to some muggleborn students who would shortly afterwards break down in tears.

Harry nodded to Blaise, Snape and Remus.

They stood up as one and Dumbledore intervened.

"I will not tolerate such behaviour! This is a school and not a headquarter of dark wizards!"

"You got that wrong!" Harry said quietly, but his voice had again an eerie quality and was despite of the quietness carrying throughout the whole great hall, "Hogwarts has always been a centre of fight for the good and that has nothing to do with dark or light magic. There is no such thing! There is only magic! The users decide if it is evil or good! Hogwarts has always been the centre of resistance against evilness and that it is going to be again! In this war! In this conflict against Riddle! NOW!"

With that, he turned around and his robe was billowing behind him in a most noble way as he left the hall. His comrades formed a triangle behind him with Blaise at the centre and they left seconds after him.

The three were surprised, as Bella was awaiting them in front of the bathroom in the second floor. Once again they went down to the chamber of secrets.

"What... what is she doing here?" Blaise asked uncertainly.

Harry smiled and kissed Bella, "Question answered?" he asked a wide eyed Blaise. She only nodded.

"Alright, Talon. What do you have for us?"

"I spied on the last gathering. They met at the main outside meeting place. They will meet again there when the sun sets. The dark lord was furious. You not only disturbed his attacks, but you freed Severus and me. This sets a bad sample AND you cost him half of his leaders. He had to make the attacks to prove to his servants, that he is indeed powerful. If we can further disturb his attacks successfully or kill the new members of the inner circle, he will get problems to keep them in line." Bella explained.

Blaise shuddered as she saw, that Potter got a truly evil glint in his eyes and adding to that, they were radiating raw power that gave her the creeps. She would never have thought of Lestranger or now Black dating with the Boy who lived, but she understood now.

Harry turned to Bella and Blaise, "What do you think he is going to do, if we are going to do exactly that?"

"He is going to attack Hogwarts to force a decision." both said simultaneously.

"Exactly." Harry said with an evil grin.

"What do you have in mind?" Remus asked with a matching grin.

"I think that would certainly force the so called leader of the light into action. And secondly, there are some nasty surprises waiting beneath the grounds of Hogwarts."

Snape and Blaise looked at Harry questioningly and Remus blanched.

Bella snickered, "So you found something special?"

"Yes, I did. Hogwarts has it's motto not without reason."

"That's great! I don't want to miss THAT!" Bella squealed wickedly.

"Wh.. what are you talking about?" Blaise asked.

"You will see. All in good time." Harry said in a truly Dumbledore-like manor.

Remus laughed, "Please! Don't become like him!"

Harry laughed as well, "I hope not."

Then he became serious, "Are you ready for the evening? We will surprise them and go in under disguise of course. Don't show any mercy! No taunting, no delaying! Kill them directly and without hesitation! They deserve it! We will show them the true meaning of fear." Harry said.

All three nodded.

"Alright. Any of you an animagus?" Harry asked.

Snape and Blaise grinned.

"Raven!" Snape said smirking.

"Hawk." Blaise said with a bow.

"That's great. So we will come in flying. I will take Remus."

"What? What are YOU?" Blaise asked.

"Well, I am called Drake for a reason, you know?" Harry said with a devious glint, "And when you will see Talon, you will understand the need for the oath you gave me."

"WHAT.ARE.YOU?" Blaise asked.

Harry smiled, "A Wyvern. We will meet at the entrance to the Hogwarts grounds at six. It would be the best, if you would be already in your forms to raise less suspicions." They nodded and left.

The evening came fast enough. Bella never left Hogwarts. Harry hid with her in the Room of Requirements and they made love over and over again.

They both were positively beaming, as they waited for the other three.

Remus groaned as he saw that and if they could trust the looks of the hawk and the raven, they thought in the same directions.

Harry growled, "If you make a comment, you WILL regret it. Now come!"

Harry and Bella changed and Remus climbed onto Harry's back. Harry could see it in the eyes of the two birds of prey, that they recognized the black owl for what it was... the messenger of impending doom for all Deatheaters.

They took quickly flight and headed to the south.

As the darkness overcame the light of the day, they landed on a clearing in a dense wood.

There was nobody there, at least not now.

They went deeper into the woods until they were hid by the trees and the shadows.

A half hour later, they heard some 'cracks' on the clearing but Harry let them wait. Still, they crept now forward to the clearing to get a look on the incoming Deatheaters.

Voldemort himself appeared and made a speech to his folks.

Harry directed his peers with a sign of his hand to stay back and got quietly up. Silently he went forward onto the clearing, his wand drawn, until he was seen by one of the Deatheaters. He dared to interrupt the dark lord.

“CRUCIO!” Voldemort bellowed.

As he took off the curse he asked in a hissing voice, “Why did you interrupt me, you fool?”

“Po...Potter... There!” he stammered and pointed towards the teenager.

Voldemort looked up, “Potter? What are YOU doing here?” he asked, clearly surprised.

Harry only grinned, flicked his wand and yelled: “AVADA KEDAVRA!”

The red slits, where should have been Voldemort's eyes, widened and he disappeared.

The green beam seared through the air, where Voldemort had been a second before and hit a Deatheater behind the point. He went down dead instantly.

The other Deatheaters didn't dare to move.

“VOLDEMORT! YOU.ARE. Harry screamed and then he yelled a charm and swished his wand in a wide arc.

A yellow circle formed around him and enlarged until it was so deep into the woods, that he couldn't see it anymore.

A Deatheater tried to disapparate, but he couldn't anymore.

“Damn! He cast an anti-apparition ward!” he yelled.

Harry only smirked, “Time to play.” he said into the woods behind him.

His four comrades disguised with desillusion charms stepped out and the five as one cast: “AVADA KEDAVRA!”

Five bright green beams of light sped towards the Deatheaters. Even before they hit their targets, three more beams left the group, one from Snape, one from Bella and one from Harry.

Eight Deatheaters fell dead to the ground. The rest took cover. Some of them cast death curses or pain curses at them until Blaise was hit with a crucio. Ten Deatheaters more were dead but the screams of Blaise pushed Harry over the edge instantly.

He let out a dark growl and pure black power began to radiate of him.

All fighting stopped as he held up his right hand and his black staff with the red pulsing blood emerald on top appeared.

Snape and Blaise gasped in recognition, while the Deatheaters began to take only more cover. Some even tried to run away as they saw who really was attacking them.

Harry waved his staff and one beam after another and one more powerful as the previous left his staff and killed, tore apart or hurt Deatheater after Deatheater. The air nearly reeked of dark magic, especially around Harry.

The first who was hit, died quickly and painless from a killing curse, but the second was hit by a bone crusher directly on his skull and died very painfully.

After that, he fired a whole bunch of really dark blasting curses, one speciality of the Black magics and killed nearly half of the Deatheaters, even if they hid behind some cover. Eventually, his comrades joined the battle again and made short work of the stunned and disbelieving Deatheaters.

As they disappeared half an hour later, they left a battlefield full of torn apart bodies and corpses as message to the dark lord. And he got the message as well as all other wizards, because the mess or at least the outcome of the battle was reported in the press the next day. Only nobody besides the dark lord knew who had caused it.

The whole next day Snape as well as Blaise never took an eye of the dark haired teenager. They still couldn't comprehend what they had seen at the clearing. Harry Potter, the Gryffindor-Golden-Boy, the hero of the wizarding world, the so called sample of bravery and goodness had mercilessly killed and tortured his enemies with dark or even black magic, even they hadn't known until then. And he hadn't even hesitated, the same goes of course for Bellatrix and surprisingly to a lesser extend to Remus. He must have known for a while of the identity of the Dark Avenger.

They both looked with a lot of new respect at the dark haired teenager, not that he cared about that.

As the students hadn't seen any black owls arriving the next morning and after they read the article about the murders of Deatheaters, they too looked at Harry and his three companions with awe but also with much fear. They avoided them and didn't even try to talk to them. Snape was even more frightening to them and even in Remus' class, there was only silence and fear.

Remus sighed, but if that was the price he had to pay to support Harry, he would do it willingly.

The only ones, who didn't shun Harry and Remus were Ron, Hermione and Ginny. But even they looked with new uncertainty at them all.

But Harry didn't care anymore. That was a luxury he couldn't afford. They HAD entered a WAR and it had to be fought now by the way, they had chosen.

The next days were quiet from the side of Voldemort. Harry met now every evening with Snape, Remus and Blaise and sometimes even with Hermione and Ron as they wanted to help him, even if they didn't want to use dark arts.

They tried to analyse possible scenarios of an attack of Voldemort on Hogwarts grounds.

Further, Harry tried to prepare himself at the best of his possibilities. One of the drawbacks of a Necromancer was that he had to find the dead beneath the earth first if he wanted to summon them. So he went down late after a meeting to the grounds of Hogwarts and sat down in a lotus-position. He closed his eyes, relaxed his mind and concentrated only on his magic.

He focused on his dark red magical core and began to send pulses of it through the ground surrounding the ancient castle.

A faint smile formed on his lips when he got the first impressions. The castle was indeed ancient. Many battles had been fought around here during the centuries. He sensed hundreds of dead corpses beneath the grounds from many different species. There must have been battles between wizards and goblins, because there were alone hundreds of goblin corpses and wizard corpses, which he sensed were nearly from the same age.

He memorized the positions of the most powerful ones and stretched his senses further. Again he smiled, as he sensed again the corpse resting deeply beneath the ground near the border of the forbidden forest. He had sensed it earlier and he enjoyed the powerful response of that special corpse. He memorized this one especially well. The Death Eaters would be surprised if he managed to call that one to his service. He knew very well, that he had never tried to control a corpse as powerful as that one, but he would try it if necessary. He remembered the motto of Hogwarts: Never tickle a sleeping dragon! Indeed, had one of the founders been a Necromancer too? Well, they would never know it.

Suddenly he heard steps of a person behind him.

He jumped up like a flash from his sitting position and turned around, his wand drawn. Once again he emitted a dark aura of raw power.

“STOP!” Remus said and held his hands up. Snape stood beside him.

“What are you doing here at this time, Potter?” Snape asked, for once without his arrogant sneer. He seemed to be truly curious.

“I was preparing for a possible battle.” Harry said and relaxed.

“What? Here? At this time?” Remus asked.

“And how did you prepare?” Snape asked and ignored the comments of Remus.

“Well, a Necromancer has to sense the dead corpses before he can call them to him. I memorized the most powerful ones that are resting here, so I will be able to call them much faster.”

Snape nodded, “That makes sense. If I am honest, I would never have thought, that you have the power nor the will to delve into the dark arts at such a deep level.”

“I take that as a compliment, otherwise I would have to give you an example of this complex brand of magic.” Harry said coldly.

Snape gulped, he had gotten more than one impression of the new power of Potter to take this threat lightly. Potter had accepted that there was more than black and white, but on the opposite he sorted people now in two categories... enemies and allies and Snape knew very well, that with the past of the two of them, he would have tended more to enemy, hadn't he stood up for him.

“And did you find something useful?” Snape asked.

Harry smiled his now well known evil smile, “Indeed, I did. Your former comrades will be surprised... at least.”

The next Hogsmeade weekend came, but all were wary now, because the war had started for real.

Nonetheless, Harry and his comrades and his friends went to the wizarding village.

Harry and his friends as well had a feeling, that Voldemort would use this chance even if there were aurors and members of the order present.

They should be right with their feeling.

As they went to the Three Broomsticks after a quiet stroll through the village, it happened.

Suddenly they felt a cold wave rushing over them. They had their wands out instantly, at least all but Harry. He stood there with a clearly surprised expression on his face.

"Harry! What is it? There are dementors." Ron asked.

"I know that!" Harry snapped but his face turned into an evil grin, "Do you know, what Dementors really are?"

Hermione wanted to start a tirade of facts but Ron interrupted her in time, "Nobody knows that for sure, why?" "I know it now. They are a subspecies of wraiths."

"Great! Bloody demons from Hell! I thought the existence of real demons was only a myth!" Ron said in fear.

"No, they are real! And it is great indeed!" Harry said while Remus, Blaise and Snape gasped at him.

"How can you say such a thing! They are indestructible!" Ron snapped.

"We will see." Harry said and drew finally his wand and walked calmly into the direction of the incoming creatures.

A wide row of the foul creatures glided to the village from the south.

"How can you be so calm?" Ron asked.

"If they are demons, shouldn't they have been summoned by a dark wizard from hell?" Hermione asked deep in thought.

"Exactly." Harry said.

"And is that good or bad?" Hermione asked.

"Good, because if demons are summoned, they can be banished back to hell. It is only much more difficult if it isn't done by the wizard who summoned them." Harry explained.

"And how can that be done?" Ron asked.

"Well, they are summoned by the blackest of magics. But if there is such black magic, there is logically an opposite of that." Harry said.

"What? What should that be? I mean, WE are already using light magic."

"I am speaking of holy magic, Hermione... the Sacred Words."

"What? What is that?" Hermione asked incredulously.

"Every Necromancer should know them if something should go wrong during a summoning ritual, at least the sane ones should."

"But nobody of us knows this magic... we haven't even heard about it." Hermione sighed.

"I wouldn't be so sure about that." Harry whispered and pointed his wand towards the incoming dementors. He knew the aurors and members of the order were incoming as well but they came from another side.

Harry concentrated and gathered as much raw magic of his core as he could.

He swept his wand in a wide arc towards the Dementors and yelled in a voice of pure power "Lehotk cab og!" A shudder went down their spines, as they felt the raw power that was building up in Harry but this time it let them feel secure and an inner warmth as the magic swept through them.

A blinding white arc of light exploded from his wand and raced towards the crowd of the foul creatures and ran through the group. As they were hit, they began to scream in an eerie unearthly voice and

began to struggle forcefully. All of the creatures who were hit, had a white glow surrounding them and it seemed to hurt them very much.

Harry was clearly weaker but he knew it wasn't strong enough to banish them, because he had stretched his magic over such a large perimeter. So he had to try it again.

“WON LEHOTK CAB OGU OYD NAMM OCI!” he yelled.

This white arc was even more powerful than the first and his friends and allies gaped at the display of power. The aurors and Order members had stopped their attack as well and looked uncertainly towards the black haired teenager and then turned to the Dementors.

As the second wave of holy magic hit the foul creatures, they began to shimmer and scream even more. After some seconds of struggling embedded in white blinding light, the corpses were blown apart and black shadows came out of them and went down into the earth itself and as Harry knew, back to Hell were they came from in the first place.

As Harry was sure that he had dealt with all of them... he passed out from exhaustion.

Remus caught him before he could fall down to the ground. Hermione bend down and picked his wand up, which had rolled out of his weak hand.

She gasped, “It is hot... and look, it is slightly smoking.”

“No wonder there!” Snape said for once in awe, “I have never seen such a use of magical power before and I have seen many things.”

Hermione nodded and stuck the wand into Harry's pocket.

Remus carried Harry directly back to Hogwarts and to the hospital wing. Poppy only diagnosed magical exhaustion and poured some potions down his throat and let him sleep his weakness off.

“He will be alright after some sleep. Now shoo!” she commanded his friends.

Harry slept the whole day until in the late afternoon of Sunday.

As he woke up he was more than surprised, that Bella sat beside the bed and held his hand.

"Hi, love. What are you doing here?" he asked quietly.

"I was worried, silly. I didn't get any emotions from you, so I came here. Poppy knew already about us and after some third years came in and saw me holding your hand, I think the rest of the school does as well." she said with a mischievous grin.

"It doesn't matter now. And as I said, I don't care about that, I only care about you." he said honestly.

"Thank you." she said and bent down to kiss him.

Again some students came in and the two girls which were with them began to shriek.

Harry shot them a dark glare, "Keep your pants on!" he growled.

The girls shrieked again and fled.

Bella laughed in her own wicked way and now the two boys fled as well.

As they ran out of the infirmary, Dumbledore came in and shot them a serious look, "I hope you are not here to scare my students, Miss Black!"

"She isn't. They just couldn't cope with me kissing her." Harry said with a mischievous glint in his emerald eyes, "Now, are you here to start the usual interrogation of the hero who saved the day... again?" Harry snapped sarcastically.

Dumbledore regarded him with twinkling eyes, conjured a chair and sat down, "Ha..." as he saw the dark look of the teenager he corrected himself, "Mr. Potter, I only care..." he sighed, as the emerald eyes darkened even more.

“Stop that sugar talk already! We both know why you are really here. So shoot!” Harry said in an icy voice.

The twinkle dimmed and he nodded, “Alright, Mr. Potter. I want to thank you and mind honestly thank you, for your help yesterday.”

“You are welcome.”

“I have to admit that I’m more than surprised. Firstly, the teachers and members of the order who were present reported all that they have never seen or even felt such powerful magic. I wonder about that, because you never showed overly powerful magic. I mean, true, you managed some complex charms but nothing powerful enough to actually flatten Minerva or even Filius.”

Harry only shrugged while Bella snickered and patted his shoulder, “That calls for a special good mark.” she said.

Dumbledore chuckled, “Indeed. How about an extra O in DADA?”

Harry rolled his eyes.

“Now to my second point. I have never heard of a charm that can destroy Dementors. Where did you learn it?” Dumbledore asked truly curious.

Harry coughed, “Charm? I don’t think so. I’m sure, that you are aware that there is much more magic than charms, hexes and curses. Especially that spell was magic on a much higher level. And I’m afraid I can’t reveal where I learned that, headmaster.”

Dumbledore looked disappointed, “Couldn’t you give me at least a hint. I mean, I was civil to you even if you didn’t work together with us anymore.”

“Did I not? I believe we did work for the same cause, but only with other means. Alright, a hint. They weren’t destroyed. Dementors are a form of wraiths, therefore lower demons from Hell. The magic I used was holy magic.”
Dumbledore gasped, “Unbelievable.”

“And I banished them back to hell. If someone is crazy and powerful enough, he could summon them again, but I hope not.”

“How did you know that they were wraiths?” Dumbledore asked and then his eyes widened in recognition: “YOU! You are the Dark Avenger.”

Harry didn't show any emotion, “If you say so.”

“It is the only explanation how you could come to this conclusion and it would make sense for a cautious Necromancer not only to learn the Black Art itself, but also any means to deal with whatever problems may occur while using this dangerous magic.”

“Even if I would be that so called Dark Avenger, you should be well aware that Necromancy may be a black art, but it is not forbidden and even if it would be, all means are allowed to fight the dark forces.”

Dumbledore sighed, “But that is such a dangerous magic! You said yourself that the Dementors had been a result of dealing with Necromancy.”

Harry shrugged, “He has an army. I do not. So I had to find a way, not that I would ever admit that I learned dark magic.”

“Sure.” Dumbledore lost the twinkle in his eyes and buried his face in his hands, “I would never have thought you would deal with dark magic, even more so black magic. It is only my fault.”

“Not entirely.” Bella said to the surprise of both men, “It is mostly Voldemort's fault. He is the reason why Harry even had to learn to fight.”

Dumbledore nodded, “Thank you for our support, Miss Black. Nonetheless I feel, that I have failed him.”

“Well, you have made some serious errors.” Bellatrix said seriously, “The question is, what are you going to do now.”

“Nothing. As I understand, you are powerful enough to take care of yourself and as long, as you stay true to your path and fight only

against Voldemort and his supporters, I will not hinder you in any way nor will I expose your secrets.”

“Thank you.” Harry said coolly but honestly.

Chapter 18 – Boiling Point

At this moment Remus burst in, “Albus! The Ministry! There is an full fledged attack!”

Dumbledore shot up, as did Harry, “Take me with you! There is no time for more secrecy and games. You know, that I can help you, as can Bella.”

Dumbledore nodded, “Your magical reserves?”

“As fresh as ever.” Harry said curtly and with a wave of his wand, he changed his clothes in his eerie Dark Avenger outfit.

Dumbledore sighed but his twinkle came back, “At least, you will scare the Deatheaters now. May I ask, where your mysterious messenger of doom is?”

Bella laughed, “That would be me... his scout and aide.”

Dumbledore nodded and stroked his beard, “An animagus then? Well, lets gather in my office then.”

Harry pulled his hood up and his face was once again covered in shadows. Bella changed while Harry called his staff. She took a place on Harry's shoulder.

“Care for a ride?” Harry said with clear mirth in his now again reverberating voice. Some little charm, like the shadow charm and the voice altering charm were very useful.

Remus gulped, “As far as I recall, the Grangers didn’t enjoy this trip.”

“Who would like a trip through the underworld?” Harry asked and you could nearly hear the grin which was on his face, “Alas, the way is short and it is the fastest way.”

Dumbledore took his hand as did Remus hesitantly and they disappeared in a black mist.

Remus and Dumbledore where white and swayed lightly as they appeared in the office. Minerva even shrieked as she saw the well known black cloud appearing in midst of the very heart of Hogwarts itself, Moody, Tonks and Flitwick gasped, the Weasleys and Hermione stared at the stranger and Dumbledore while Snape only had an eerie grin on his face, "So you showed your true colours then?" he asked.

The Dark Avenger nodded slightly.

Remus growled, "Now I understand why it is called Black Art! Honestly, who could even think of travelling through the underworld?"

Again half of the members gasped.

"Albus! What is that thing doing here?" Molly asked.

"That thing? I think you may have hurt him, Molly." Dumbledore said unusually serious, "He is a wizard like you and me, not a 'Thing'!"

Molly gulped and said to Harry, "I am sorry, if I offended you."

"Well, to forego further questions, he isn't a member, maybe not even an ally but he knows much more of the Order as we would have guessed. But he is fighting against the same threat as we are and offered his help in this battle at the ministry. I am fairly sure, he is no threat to us as long as we treat him with the due respect so I took him on his offer. Now, we have a battle to fight."

"A moment!" Molly said, "Albus, how is Harry?"

"He is as fine as the circumstances allow. Now come and be ready..." and with a look to Harry, "And be ready to see the darkest of magics be used on our side as well!"

The more sensitive order members gulped but nodded determined.

Seconds later they were whirled away with a portkey, courtesy of Dumbledore and they landed in chaos.

Even before the members of the Order had gathered their wits, some events took place simultaneously. The black owl from the shoulder of the Dark Avenger took flight and let out her now heavily feared screech to scare the Deatheaters. As the owl started her flight, the first powerful death and blasting curses left already in a continuous stream the dark staff of the Dark Avenger and caused mayhem and death within the attacking Deatheaters. Only after he had begun to curse his enemies, Harry allowed himself to register, where they had landed. They had arrived in the entrance hall of the ministry. The battle was in full pace as they arrived. On the far side of the hall, the last aurors were trying to hold their position but they were seriously outnumbered and there were already numerous lifeless corpses in the known auror-robos lying on the floor. In the middle of the hall were Deatheaters and most of them had taken cover for instance behind the statue of the magical brethren which had been repaired after the battle in the last summer. Dumbledore became active and once again animated the statues in a most impressive transfiguration. Again they started to attack Voldemort himself who swore as he saw Dumbledore fighting side by side with the mysterious wizard who had caused such a mass of losses under his men.

“AVADA KEDAVRA!” Voldemort yelled and a powerful beam of green light shot towards the tall wizard in the dark red cloak.

Harry waved his staff and summoned a Deatheater into the path of the green light. The Deatheater started flying with a shriek and died after a last terrified yell, as he saw the green light racing towards him.

Harry countered with the blackest of magics. He shot a flesh eating curse, a pain curse and a skull crashing curse towards the dark lord. A sickly brown light was followed by red light and that was followed by a beam of black light. Voldemort barely managed to avoid the curses but they hit Deatheaters behind him, who died in a most terrible way. The first who was hit, squirmed on the ground as his skin was eaten away until it reached the inner organs and he died. The second died of shock as the overpowered pain curse hit him and the third from the injuries of the skull crushing curse.

As he saw, that the aurors and the members of the Order were still outnumbered, he rammed his staff into the ground. The floor began to

shake violently and a wave in the form of a half circle was forming and growing from the ground, as the wave of stone was racing towards the Deatheaters.

As it reached the Deatheaters, it was already nearly six feet high and whirled the dark wizards heavily through the air. Shortly afterwards it subsided before it could reach the Aurors and disturb them as well. Snape and Moony took advantage of the disarranged group and killed mercilessly the dark wizards.

The black owl swept down beside the Dark Avenger and changed back to Bellatrix. Bill Weasley who had seen that yelled: "LeStrange!"

Dumbledore thundered, "She is on our side now! Concentrate on our enemies!"

Bills head shot around and he stunned the next Deatheater.

As Bellatrix joined the onslaught of Remus, Snape and Harry and they were killing Deatheater after Deatheater, the black robed wizards started to become seriously afraid. They tried to look for cover, but now it were them who were outflanked as they were in the middle between the Aurors and the Order members.

Curses were flying in all directions and many stray curses hit the walls of the once magnificent entrance hall. Pieces of stone were raining down on the wizards. More then once the whole building was shaking under the impact of some blasting curses.

Harry and Dumbledore were concentrating on Voldemort and kept spells raining down on him while they protected themselves with conjured walls, shields or in Harry's case, brutally summoned Deatheaters who had to take the curses which were destined to hit him.

That again caused even more fear and chaos within the Deatheaters.

Voldemort was hard pressed to avoid the attacks of the animated figures, who kept incoming on him. He swirled his robe and disappeared only to reappear some feet away.

He also had to block the charms of Dumbledore. Therefore he conjured a silver shield, which blocked the spells. The impact of the spells caused a metallic gong which sounded eerily throughout the hall. But it shattered as Harry yelled: "esare"

A dark blue beam of sparkling light flew towards the shield and shattered it forcefully. The power of the spell was so great, that Voldemort who was hiding behind it was flung down hard to the floor.

"You will pay for that!" Voldemort screamed furiously and hurled again the killing curse towards Harry but he had done the same at the very moment. Two bright green beams collided in the middle between them and caused a large explosion. Some Death Eaters who had been in the radius of the explosion were killed instantly in a painful way.

Green sparks ran over their bodies as they screamed one last time before they died.

Suddenly a second group of Death Eaters came through a side way. They had the minister of magic himself between them and one of the persons holding him was no other than Umbridge.

"We have our target! Say goodbye!" Voldemort yelled in glee: "AVADA KEDAVRA!"

The green light of the killing curse erased the life of the minister.

Instantly after that, Voldemort disappeared.

Harry growled in deep rage as he saw the fat woman who had caused him such much pain and yelled: "UMBRIDGE YOU BITCH! NOW YOU GET YOUR PAYMENT FOR YOUR TORTURE OF THE STUDENTS... SANGUIS FEVARE!"

A sickly yellow beam raced towards the witch and hit her dead on. She began to scream and twitch violently. All fighting stopped, as they all watched, as the skin was bulging and shudders ran visibly throughout the whole body. Her eyeballs became blood red and blood began to run out of her nose, her mouth, her ears and her eyes

before her skin was torn apart in a mess of blood. She fell down to the ground, twitched a last time and died.

“RETREAT!” one of the Death eaters yelled and they disappeared with loud cracks.

The Aurors and Order members looked stunned between the dead witch, the Dark Avenger and their dead minister. Slowly they began to move and help their injured comrades. Poppy, Molly and some other people apparated in to help them. Molly hurried firstly to her kids and hugged them and that included Hermione of course. Harry looked to his friends and saw satisfied, that they were only lightly hurt with small cuts but otherwise alright.

“Friends and comrades!” Dumbledore said loudly in a grave voice.

“It seems to me, that Voldemort only attacked, to deprive us of our leader and to cause chaos in the wizarding world. We have to take measures to avoid that! So I vote for a temporary minister, I vote for Arthur Weasley!”

Some of the Aurors nodded and most of the Order members applauded loudly.

“Anyone against it?” Dumbledore asked with twinkling eyes.

No one spoke against it.

“So it is decided. Arthur, you are the Minister for now. The Wizardgamt will gather soon to make it permanent.” Dumbledore said and congratulated the stunned red head.

Then he turned again to the gathered crowd, “I also want to thank our hooded Wizard here, who we use to call the Dark Avenger. I am afraid, we would have lost much more wizards today if it hadn't been for him and his ally Bellatrix Black. I want to point out, that they are on our side, even if they are dark wizards or witches. Thank you for your help.”

The wizard in the dark red cloak nodded.

“Reveal yourself!” one of the Aurors demanded.

Harry snorted, “Make me!” and raised his staff.

“STOP THAT!” Dumbledore bellowed to the Auror, “He made it very clear, that his target is Voldemort and that alone. But he also made it clear, that he would see anyone as enemy who stands in his way, so DON'T give him that impression!”

The Auror shrank away under the piercing glare of the old wizard and under the aura of powerful dark magic that was radiating from the stranger.

Harry chuckled and went over to Arthur, “Minister! I know, that I don't have to, but I want to ask for permission, to strike back at Voldemort...”

Arthur looked questioningly at him, “How do you want to achieve that?”

“I will hit him as he hit us!” Harry spat and it sounded dangerous with his voice altering charm, “I will summon some shadow sprites which will find his headquarters even if he had hid it with a Fidelius and then I will summon a greater demon which will tear it apart and all what is living inside!”

The hall was absolutely silent after that statement, even Bellatrix gaped at him.

“But... but... that is black magic!” Arthur stammered.

“What am I? A saint or what? I AM A NECROMANCER!” Harry snapped, “Decide quickly! Now he is licking his wounds and vulnerable.”

Arthur looked asking to Dumbledore but he said quietly, “You have to make the decision for yourself, Arthur, if you want to show confidence and the ability to rule your folk.”

Arthur blanched as the responsibility of his new position sank in.

He gulped, "Well, the Wizardgamot had decided, that any means are possible to fight Vo...Vo...Voldemort." Harry smiled under his hood, as Arthur forced himself to call Voldemort by his name.

"So I will allow it, if you can assure us, that it proves no danger to the wizarding world."

"It won't if we are careful. Of course, for the summoning of a greater demon, I need some acolytes, four to be precise. I would ask my acquaintance Bellatrix of course and further Remus Lupin, Severus Snape and Blaise Zabini."

Remus gulped but went over to Harry to stand by his side. Snape did the same and nodded, "I am sure, Miss Zabini will help us too as we have already worked together."

Arthur nodded, "Alright, where you will do it?"

"In the dark forest is an ancient stone circle which would be perfect. It is also far away from any civilians. That minimizes the danger."

Arthur nodded, "Albus, could you do me a favour and oversee that?"

Dumbledore nodded gravely, "I am afraid, the black magic is going to affect me very hard, but I will do my best. Ha... the Dark Avenger has chosen his aides with a reason. Only a dark or at least partially dark wizard can stand that kind of magic."

Arthur's head shot around to Remus, "Remus! How..." "Arthur, I have learned some dark magic to help Harry. If you had have enough time during the battle, you would have seen, that I have nearly only used the killing curse."

Arthur gulped and muttered, "By all means necessary... what have we done?"

"The necessary to win the war, Minister." Harry said forcefully, "You excuse us? We have to prepare. Bella, Severus, Remus?"

Bella changed back and took once more her place on his shoulder. Remus and Snape flanked him left and right and grabbed his shoulders. Harry waved his staff and disappeared in a black cloud which was again radiating darkness and evilness that sent shudders down the spines of the other wizards.

“See, what I mean? That is nothing against what is going to happen during the summoning.” Dumbledore said and shuddered.

“I wish you luck, Albus. I have to take care of the business here.” Arthur said.

Dumbledore nodded and gathered his teachers, before he was torn away by a portkey.

Harry and his comrades arrived in a dark clearing within the centre of the forbidden forest.

“Harry, how do you know about this place?” Remus asked.

“It was mentioned in one of the books.” he answered absently.

Harry took a small stick from the ground and muttered “PORTUS!”

It glowed blue for a moment. He handed it to Snape, “Go and fetch Blaise and Dumbledore!”

Snape nodded and for once, didn't even make a comment, as Harry took command.

Bella landed and changed back.

Harry went to the circle of ancient stone pillars. All of them were covered with ancient runes but most of the five pillars were covered by plants.

Harry muttered a charm and flames burned them away.

He went from stone to stone and read the ancient runes, some of them he traced with his hands.

He nodded and pointed his staff at the pillars.

He began to chant in a strange old sounding language and the pillars began to glow. A line of light started from the pillar next to Harry and wandered over the ground until all of the pillars were connected through a pentagram. As it was completed, a circle of light appeared in a flash.

After that, Harry took his staff away.

"The magical circle will stay there as long as it is held up by my magic, that means, as long as we need it. I will now summon the sprites. I can do that alone." he explained. At the same time, Dumbledore, Snape and Blaise arrived and gaped at the display.

Bella held her hand up and muttered, "Don't disturb him!" Harry had already closed his eyes and again pointed his staff towards the circle.

He began to chant in a unnatural deep voice again. He had pulled his hood down, so that he wouldn't disturb his magic with any silly charms.

Five deep blue flashes lit up inside the circle and five small flying black creatures appeared. They looked similar to cornish pixies but much more malicious. They also glowed in a blue shadowy light and their eyes were blood red but they were glowing as well. They tried to break out of the circle but every time they tried to go beyond the boundaries which were formed by the pillars, a wall of white light lit up and forced them back.

"I have summoned you! YOU.WILL.OBEY.ME!" Harry thundered.

The sprites stopped their tries to escape and looked annoyed at him.

"Speak human!" one said in a high voice.

"You will swarm out and search the headquarters of Tom Marvolo Riddle who calls himself Voldemort. You will not show yourselves to anyone but us, you will not do anything other besides looking for him and you will come back instantly if you have found him. You will not bring anything with you and do nothing to harm, hurt or kill anyone."

The sprites growled which sounded ridiculous in their high pitched voices.

"We do as you wish, Master!"

Harry thought, if he had done anything wrong, but he knew, that he had taken care of any threats. Demons tried to kill their summoners because they despised humans generally but even more the ones, who dared to force them under their will. Which demon wanted to serve a mere human? So they tried to interpret the commands of their master in such a way, that allowed them to hurt or even kill their caster. If the summoner wasn't careful enough, that would happen very quickly. The demons had to do whatever the summoner demanded, but if he didn't word his demand carefully, the demon would take revenge later. For instance, one of the inexperienced Necromancers in the past had summoned a Demon. He had worded his demand carefully but had forgotten to forbid the demon to bring anything with him. So he brought two things, a burning torch and a barrel full of black powder. He didn't hurt or kill his summoner directly, but as he swept down back to hell, he let both fall down to the ground and the Necromancer was... well... history.

As Harry couldn't find any faults, he commanded: "Go!" and they disappeared. Not even twenty minutes later they were back, "He is in the Riddle House which is placed at the west end of the graveyard of Little Hangleton. He is currently in the second floor in a kind of throne hall."

"You have done as I commanded you! Go back to hell!"

They disappeared in blue flashes.

"Well, the Fidelius is broken." Harry said and chuckled, "Now to the fun part."

The others turned a bit nervously towards the black haired teen, "How are we going to help you?"

Harry stroked his chin, "Well, we haven't enough time to teach you. I mean, your part is relatively easy and your main task is to support my magic and to keep reigns on the demon and the protections."

The teachers and Blaise blanched, while Bella nodded determined. She had at least an impression of what they were going to do.

“Well, there is only one possibility. I could use a relative to the imperius charm. You all would keep your will, but my instructions would flow into all of your minds. Your instincts would tell you to trust me and do as I ask. Be assured, you will still have your own will but you should be able to deal easily with the magics.” Harry explained.

“But if you divert your attention to four other peoples, can you concentrate enough to summon the demon?” Dumbledore asked concerned.

Harry nodded, “It isn't that much of a distraction and Bella knows already what to do. I have trained that procedure already with her.”

“Mr. Potter, are you really sure about that? We are all aware how dangerous a demon is and even more so a greater demon.”

Harry's green eyes flashed in determination, “I am sure. Let's begin and kick Riddle's pale snake-ass.”

Harry pointed out the positions where everyone had to stand.

“All ready?”

They nodded.

Harry concentrated and spoke the words which would connect his mind to the other casters. Despite what he had said, he connected also to Bella, that would make any commands unnecessary.

The other three gasped as knowledge and instructions flooded in their minds.

Harry didn't need to say any order loud. As one, two wizards and two witches raised their wands while Harry raised his staff.

He plunged it down to the ground and a wave of blackest magic rushed through the forest.

On the inside of the gleaming circle, ancient red glowing runes appeared and began to pulse.

Harry waved his staff at the same time as the others waved their wands and as one they spoke a strange incantation. Five beams of pure blackness shot out of their wands and connected with the pillars and the runes on them and within the circle began to glow even more powerful.

Dumbledore began to become sick. He had to sit down as his legs gave away beneath him.

"Dear Merlin." he muttered. An even more powerful wave of blackness rushed over him, as Harry began to chant powerfully.

The other four wizards chanted as well but more silently, it was like a background chorus and sounded absolutely wrong to Dumbledore, as it wouldn't belong to this world.

"I pray you know what you are doing, Harry." he muttered.

Harry's voice became deeper and even more powerful and the hairs on Dumbledore's skin began to raise as he heard these sounds.

The old wizard jumped, as the ground within the circle was torn apart with a loud bang and blood red light shone from deep beneath the earth.

A huge shadow shot out of the light and as the rip closed, the shadow began to become corporeal.

Dumbledore was shocked to see a at least twelve feet tall creature standing within the circle. It had strong looking red skin covered with thick black hair. It had three menacing looking horns on his head and his eyes glowed in a deep green. It had large pointed teeth. And it looked enraged.

It spread his large black leathery wings and roared dangerously.

"Who dared to call me to this low planet?" it spat and punched with his large claws at the protection circle. Again it flashed in white light,

but it looked near to break down. Instantly the five wizards began to chant more powerfully and the demon within the circle roared up in distress.

“Speak!” the demon roared.

“I summoned you to serve me Epolyth!”

“So you know my name!” The demon growled disappointed.

“I know, that I can't command you without knowing your name and that my life would have been forfeit if I had summoned you without knowing it.” Harry said calmly.

“A human with sense for a change!” the demon said viciously, “I am surprised. What do you want from a demon like myself?”

“I believe you know that already.” Harry said with a smirk.

“The Riddle home?”

“Sure. Now let me speak my text. I command you Greater Demon Epolyth from the seventh circle of hell, obey me! You are to go directly to the Riddle House which is placed on the west end of the graveyard of Little Hangleton. You will destroy the house completely and erase it out of existence and all within, living or not! You will not damage anything else! You will not hurt, harm or kill anything outside the house! You will come back instantly afterwards and report to me! You will bring nothing with you and you will not harm, hurt or kill us! Ah, I nearly forgot. I feel something radiating from you, which I recognize from the battle in the ministry. Do check if there is anything demonic in Tom Marvolo Riddle if he is inside his house. And if you meet him, kill him as long he is inside the house. Remember, you are to do nothing outside this house!”

“I will do as you wish, mortal!” the demon roared, the task seemed to appease him.

“GO!”

The demon disappeared in a red flame.

“Don't stop chanting!” Harry said quietly, “He is still connected to this place. If we stop, he will break free!”

The chanting became more intense and Harry joined in the chorus again.

It took an hour before the demon reappeared. Pieces of flesh and skin were hanging from his claws, his body was soaked in blood and dust. He had looked dangerously before, but now it was a pure menace.

“You were told not to bring anything with you!” Harry bellowed and pointed towards the flesh.

“Oops! I forgot.” the demon said with a grin and the flesh and blood disappeared in a hot flame.

“I fulfilled my duty. The house is no more. I killed thirty nine mortals and a large snake inside the house. Forty wizards got away to the safety of the outer grounds. There were twenty giants outside the house. Too bad, that I did get a chance to 'play' with them. I recognised the one who calls himself Lord Voldemort. I hurt him severely before he got away with a portkey. He will be out of order for at least two months. You were right, he is now partially demonic. He has more endurance, slightly more power and will be harder to kill as a mere mortal. He will live much longer now.”

“How is his magical power compared to me?” Harry asked.

The demon laughed, “He is nothing against you, Harry James Potter. It will be a pleasure to watch you from the Underworld. We have several bets going and I for one will make a new bet on you now. As much as I hate to admit it, working for you was even fun. But don't think for a second, that we are on a friendly term. You are still low beneath us immortals.”

Harry smirked, “I will heed your warning, but you would do good to remember, that you won't die a natural death, but you are still far from invincible.”

“Well spoken, mortal!” the demon said with a laugh that send shudders through the gathered wizards except Harry.

“Well, thank you for your help Epolyth! You have served me well and I command you to go back to the Underworld now!” Harry demanded in a powerful voice.

The demon changed again to a mere shadow of his corporeal body and the earth was ripped open again before he flew down back to the Hell. The rip was closed with a new powerful chanting from Harry and shortly afterwards, all magic flowing through the circle disappeared.

As soon as it was over, Harry fell down to his knees exhausted.

Bella was at his side instantly and hugged him. She was heavily breathing herself. Snape supported a swaying Blaise and Remus went over to Dumbledore who had passed out along the ritual.

He enervated him and sat down heavily beside him.

“Are you alright?” Remus asked.

Dumbledore groaned, “I have never felt so bad, Remus, never. I was so sick...” he shuddered. Remus conjured a thick block of chocolate and gave a half of it to the headmaster. He took it with twinkling eyes and took a large bite.

“Ah, much better.”

Dumbledore tried to get up and Remus helped him.

“How did it go?” Dumbledore asked, “I was out cold seconds after he was back, his laugh sent me over the edge.”

“Very well, but better to ask Harry. My memory is a bit clouded from Harry's mind connection spell. This teenager is truly unbelievable.” Remus said with a grin.

Dumbledore chuckled, “You are right about that.”

They went over to the others. Dumbledore conjured some chocolate for Snape and Blaise, "Here, that will help you."

Then he went over to Harry.

"Are you both alright?" Dumbledore asked.

"I should ask you that!" Harry said with a devious grin, "You were the one who passed out and missed the best part. But let me help my peers first a little bit more as you have already done with your sweets." Harry said and got up.

He brandished his staff and waved it, "EXPECTO PATRONUM!"

The magnificent stag burst out of the staff and Harry smiled, "Go, help them!"

The stag shook his antlers once and cantered towards Snape and Blaise and ran directly through the stunned wizards. He ran a circle and ran through Dumbledore, Remus and finally Bella before it bowed apologizing in front of Harry and dissolved into white mist.

All wizards except Harry looked restored.

"Wow, that was great!" Dumbledore said astounded, "How did you come up with this?"
"Well, a Professor in my third year taught me, that a Patronus consist mostly of positive emotions, so the idea was nearby." he said and winked to Remus who chuckled merrily.

"But why didn't it help you?" Blaise asked.

"Because it consisted already of my own emotions. I can help only others with my own positive feelings... and if I am right in my assumption, Bella here was the most positively affected?" he asked with a questioning look but a faint smile on his lips.

She was positively beaming and nodded, "I feel... great."

"But why?" Remus asked.

"Think about it, Moony! Which would be my most positive emotion?" Harry asked in a studious kind of voice.

His yes widened, "You love her!"

"Exactly. Now, to ease your minds, I am a black wizard now. The aura of these dark creatures doesn't affect me nearly as much as it does with you. I am merely exhausted. If you would be so kind, Dumbledore, I think it would be best, if you gather the core of the Order and the minister of course. I think my report is going to lift their spirits a bit."

Dumbledore nodded and produced a portkey which took them into his office.

"You can relax until they will be here. Uhm... will you be disguised?"

"Sure. If this mess is over, I don't want the public to know, that this evil wizard and their saviour were one and the same. The craziness of that folk is already too much to bear."

Dumbledore nodded while Harry took his hood up. To keep up the image, Bella changed back and flew up to his shoulder.

Half an hour later the office was filled with witches and wizards.

"I gathered you all here to give a report on the achievements of the Dark Avenger." Dumbledore began.

"Doesn't he have a name?" Moody growled.

"Sure he does, but nearly nobody knows it." Dumbledore said with twinkling eyes.

"Do you?" Molly interrogated the old wizard.

"He revealed himself to me this very... oh now, it was yesterday." he corrected himself as he took a look at his watch and saw, that it was already past midnight.

"Alas, it is his secret to tell. Now, would you be so kind to give us a report?"

Harry cleared his throat, once more happy, that even Moody couldn't look past his charms, "Well, we successfully summoned some sprites and they found the headquarters of the dark idiot for us. As we would have guessed wouldn't it have been protected by the fidelius, it was the Riddle House. After that, we formed a necromantic power circle and I summoned a Greater Demon."

"May... may I ask a question?" Hermione stammered, curiosity was shining through her eyes.

"I am sure, you want to know, what Demon I summoned exactly, Miss Granger?" Harry chuckled.

"Well, I have read up some of the few facts we have. I learned, that there are seven circles in Hell and the higher the number of the circle you call the demon of, the more powerful the demon is."

"Studious as we all know you." Harry said, "Well, I called a greater Demon from the seventh circle of Hell. I won't reveal his name here, because the names give you power over them and I don't want to tempt anyone here."

"Se...seventh circle?" Hermione gasped.

"Now onto the business, it is late." Harry said, "I ordered him to destroy the House. To make the order as safe as possible, I had to limit the destruction to the house itself and all within it. You all have to realise, that you have to word your order very carefully, as every demon is going to try to interpret your order in such a way, that he can cause much more chaos than you intended and of course he will try to kill the summoner. They can't stand it to be submitted to the will of a mere mortal like me. As the demon reported, the whole house was destroyed."

"I can second that. Shortly before Albus called, I got a report from Aurors in Little Hangleton. The House was destroyed in such a manner, that not even dust remained. Also there were screams of pure terror heard throughout the whole mess." Moody explained.

"Well, nice to hear." the cloaked wizard said coldly, "He reported, that he had killed somewhat over thirty wizards and a snake. He also reported, that he had injured Voldemort himself severely but he could escape before he killed him."

"Why didn't you order the demon to kill You-know-who?" Ron asked.

Harry sighed, "Didn't you follow my explanation about the order?"

Harry turned his head meaningfully to Hermione. She struggled, but then her eyes widened, "He would have had to kill him and he would have done so. But he would have followed him outside of the boundaries of the house and surely caused as much mayhem, chaos and destruction on the way to him as possible."

"Right. That is exactly what I meant. And I can't really order the way he is going to kill him. For instance he could turn the whole body of Voldemort into a magical bomb or a disease or such thing and blast him apart in the middle of a well populated street like Diagon Alley."

The gathered wizards blanched, as they finally comprehended what dealing with demons really meant.

"I..." Arthur began, "I would ask you, to refrain from calling the help of such creatures in the future."
"Arthur! It may very well be necessary to do that again." Albus reminded him, "And I can assure you, the Dark Avenger would do nothing foolishly."

Snape snorted at this and got promptly a hit with the elbow from Remus.

"He knows very well what he is doing. I could see this tonight."

Arthur sighed, "We know very well, that it is war now. Well, you know probably the best, that Necromancy is still allowed, even if it is only because the fools in the past were sure, nobody could do it anymore. We will keep it that way during the war. But I want to ask you, to tell us whenever you are going to do that again, before you do it of course."

"I will do that for greater demons. I won't promise anything for smaller... things... because it may happen in a battle." Harry said seriously.

"But now on with the report. There were about twenty giants outside the house as far as the demon reported and the demon reported, that Voldemort will be out for at least two months. We can take this as a fact, because they may be creatures from hell, but they still can't lie. He also lost his headquarters and a good deal of his men. They will be terrified now. I think, we will have a quiet Christmas this year."

Molly and the teenagers beamed at that.

"I second that." Dumbledore said with twinkling eyes, "We will give an edited report to the press and the students. Your achievements are going to give the people hope indeed." he said to the Dark Avenger.

"Albus... can... can we visit Harry?" Molly asked.

"It is past midnight!" Dumbledore reminded her and she looked sheepishly down, "But you can visit him tomorrow morning. You can sleep in the guest quarters."

"Well, if that was all, I would excuse myself." Harry said and got up.

"Again, thank you for your help." Dumbledore said and winked at him.

Harry growled at this overly friendly display, "I may have helped you, but don't forget the deal! We are no friends, not even allies. And don't cross my ways!"

Dumbledore sighed and became serious, "Sure. I didn't want to offend you. Have a pleasant night."

The wizard in the dark cloak stroked his owl absently, "I am sure, I will."

With that he disappeared in a black cloud and once again, most of the wizards were becoming sick. Snape couldn't help himself and laughed about that.

Chapter 19 – Warding homes

Molly together with Hermione and Ron found Harry indeed in the next morning in the infirmary. He was still sleeping but as they entered, he woke up.

“Molly! What are you doing here?” he asked and feigned surprise.

“Well, there was an attack and even a counter attack yesterday. I’m sure, Ron and Hermione will fill you in. And you, are you alright?”

“Sure.”

“The counter attack went better than we hoped and all believe that Christmas will be safe. So I wanted to invite you and your mysterious girlfriend to join us at the burrow.” she asked hopefully.

Harry thought about that, “Alright. We are going to come if you are sure about that.”

“Of course! Why shouldn't I? I mean the woman you love is surely a nice and wonderful person.” Molly said with a smile while unseen of her, Hermione and Ron blanched.

“Nice?” Harry asked with a devilish grin, “Maybe while she is sleeping or she wants something. She is more the vicious type and adding to that, she could give the marauders a run for their money, at least, if we would have time for that and were living in peace.”

Ron laughed at that and even Hermione snickered.

Molly became a little bit uncertain, “I’m sure, we will welcome her as we welcome you, Harry. Don't worry about that! Now, I have to be on my way.”

Molly left and Hermione shook her head, “That will be a shock for her.”

“I don't care. If she doesn't behave, we will leave instantly.” Harry said coldly, “Now, you wanted to tell me something?” Harry asked.

Hermione rolled her eyes, "Why? You know it better than us."

Harry grinned.

"What? How?" Ron asked.

"Ron! Do you remember a certain black owl?" Hermione groaned.

"So your girlfriend is helping that dark avenger type?" Ron asked astounded.

"Ron you prat!" Hermione said, "He IS the Dark Avenger!"

Ron's eyes widened, "What? You... you are that sickly black wizard?"

Harry groaned, "Hermione, you are too clever for your own good. Someday such a comment could cost you your beautiful head."

Hermione blanched.

"And you are simply thick headed and naive! Will you keep quiet about that or have I to obliviate you?" Harry asked in a voice of steel.

Ron blanched, "You wouldn't!"

"I have no qualms about even to kill you, if you would stand in my way." Harry said coldly, "Alas, I know you would never side with Voldemort so you aren't in that danger. But be sure, I'm now a cold hearted bastard and you are only a goody goody Gryffindor with a large mouth! So?"

Ron blanched even more. Harry's tone let no more doubts about his claims.

"I will say nothing, not even to Ginny or Hermione, so I won't slip."

"Alright then. You wouldn't like the consequences of your babbling." Harry said.

"But Hell! Harry, how could you sink so deeply into the blackest arts?" Ron asked.

“Simple. He has an army and I have exactly one, maybe two real friends and allies.” Harry said, “So I had to find a way for my own support. And it was a good thing too, it allowed me to take care of the dementors and I forgot to tell you yesterday, Voldy is now partially demonic. It will help me to deal with him.”

“Only one and MAYBE two allies?” Hermione asked disappointed.

“Hermione, do tell me honestly, were you supporting me during the last years wholeheartedly or did you support Dumbledore?”

“I... I understand. I’m sorry for that, Harry.” Hermione whispered nearly in tears. Even Ron gulped and hugged her, “I’m sorry as well.”

“It won't change anything now. Maybe we can start anew when this whole mess is over.” Harry sighed, “Now, it is time to get up! But I will have to take a nap later.” he grinned, “The night was much too short.”

Hermione blushed, “How long have you even been in that bed?”

“An hour or so.”

The school was happy and the same went for the wizarding world in general as they heard about the first real victory over the dark forces. Sure, they were shocked, that there had been an attack, but Dumbledore and Arthur had reported, that they had successfully fought the deatheaters and Voldemort and had kept them from overtaking the ministry. The loss of the minister himself was terrible, but that was war, Dumbledore reminded the wizards and he assured them, that Arthur Weasley was the right man to replace him.

The public was also shocked to hear, that a black wizard had supported the light forces during the fight as well as the well known dark witch Bellatrix Black.

As Arthur had taken over the ministry, he showed that he was no overly friendly and passive wizard at all. He showed his true colours, as he took instantly a hard reign. He divided the whole resources of the ministry anew... priority was now the magical law enforcement. He ordered them all, to go and look for the known Deatheaters and to capture them all by all means necessary. He also placed guards at

the most important points, like Diagon Alley, Hogsmeade, the Ministry itself and other important places. He also secured the wizards after an advise of Harry the support of other magical races, like the Goblins or the Centaurs. He promised them all a reworked law regarding all magical creatures and instantly revoked all the newer werewolf-laws. So he had gathered very valuable support for the war by very few means. He also contacted the other ministries from Europe, not directly to ask for help, but to warn them and ask them, not to support any Death eaters or Voldemort in their country. He successfully made the life of the Death eaters much more difficult. He also had no problems to call the more prominent families Death eaters in public even if they were rich and famous. When they had evidence, he put them on a public wanted list... so the Death eaters couldn't walk out in the public anymore. With the support of the Goblins, they froze even their vaults so the monetary support was cut off as well. In a matter of days, the whole war had taken a hard turn and the advantage was now with the light forces. More and more Death eaters were captured until Christmas and Harry and Bella had for once nothing to do with it. They had now some peace to relax and enjoy their love.

But Harry and Bellatrix still helped the cause actively.

A week after the attack Harry was asked to come into Dumbledore's office.

"Mr. Potter, please sit down!" Dumbledore asked.

Snape, Moony, Flitwick and McGonagall were there.

Harry sat down and looked questioningly at the headmaster.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"Good that you ask. I have carefully thought about your latest developments and achievements. I wanted to ask you, if you think, that you can check our wards here. We have already checked them twice, but you have... another kind of view of that."

Harry thought about it, "Well, I could at least try it. We should ask Bella for help as well as she is now an expert about wards. But do tell

me, do you want to keep them defensive or would you like to make them a more active defence mechanism?"

Dumbledore looked serious, "We have thought about that as well. Do you think, it would be possible to build offensive wards without disturbing the original wards? And more important, what do you think about it?"

Harry was surprised, that he was asked for an opinion, "Well, we pressed him hard during the last weeks and I kind of hoped he would attack Hogwarts."

The teachers gasped except Moony, Snape and Dumbledore.

"I thought something like that." Dumbledore said, "But why?" "Because that would force you to do something against him." Harry said as a matter of fact, "Of course with a competent minister has already something been done but I couldn't have known that before. I still believe, it would be the best solution, if he would attack Hogwarts, as I'm prepared now to use my special abilities to their full extends here. It is also a powerful stronghold and a battle on our own territory is preferable, at least if we can protect the students."

"That sounds reasonable." Dumbledore agreed.

"Therefore it wouldn't be the best solution to keep them away with the offensive wards. I would suggest to let the wards be and only check them. But we could build an inner layer of wards directly around the castle. So they will surely break through the outer wards. Voldemort will be prepared, when he attacks. But if he reaches the castle, he will stand against the second layer and that I would make fatal. I firmly believe that I could form a ward which would kill every bearer of the dark mark, but you know that would include any students if there are some left, so think carefully! I would also need the help of some powerful wizards and of course of yourself as well, because the headmaster of the school holds a vital position for all wards. It would be the same with these wards." Harry explained.

Dumbledore looked gravely to his colleagues. Snape said, "Albus, this will be the final battle! We are at war and this will decide the fate of the whole wizarding world. I agree."

Remus nodded, "I do agree as well. It is now them or us and if Hogwarts falls, all hope is lost anyway and he will have no more resistance anymore. As Harry once said, they chose their side."

Flitwick thought some minutes and nodded, "We have to protect the students by all means possible, at least the innocents. I agree."

McGonagall sighed and looked worried to the dark haired teenager, "Well, if you think it is necessary, Mr. Potter, I trust your reasons. I agree as well."

Dumbledore sighed, "Well, I will ask Pomona Sprout as well, as she is the head of Hufflepuff, but she will agree as well if you deem it necessary. I will make a speech at the leaving feast before the Christmas holidays. I will warn them not to come back or be killed."

Harry contemplated that, "There is a way to be sure, but it will be difficult to accomplish. We could activate these special wards in two steps, the first step would activate automate stunners. We could take the students into custody and then activate the real thing."

Dumbledore's eyes lit up in a twinkle again, "If you can achieve that, that would be great. When would be the best time to do it and whom would you need?"

"Bella, Remus and the heads of the houses to built up the wards. I can check the original wards myself, but I would appreciate the presence of Bella to compare notes. I would take a week of absolutely free time for that." said Harry deeply in thoughts.

"But we have checked them already." Snape said.

"How would you check the wards? I mean, I can imagine that you could built more... offensive wards, but why do you think, you could check them in another way then us?" Flitwick asked curiously.

Harry smiled and turned towards the small wizard, "I know that you are a master of Charms and therefore predestined to deal with wards and the like, but answer me a question... Can you feel the flow of magic?"

The eyes of the small wizard widened in disbelief, "No. But... do you want to tell me, that you can actually feel the flow of magic?"

Harry grinned, "Well it is necessary for my branch of magic."

"Now that you say it, I can faintly remember, that it is necessary for some of your... special acts." Dumbledore said and stroked his beard, "You have to be much more powerful than even I gave you credit for. That alone convinces me. Take the last week before Christmas off! You don't need to take the tests, Mr. Potter. You have already surpassed any standards we set here, at least in DADA." Dumbledore said with twinkling eyes.

"In Transfiguration as well, Albus." McGonagall said proudly, "His conjured goblet is still there... after weeks and not to forget, he has already mastered human transfiguration and animagus-transformation."

"He is also top of the class in Charms next to Miss Granger of course, but that may be because we mostly deal with silly charms, as he keeps telling me." Flitwick said with a laugh, "Also the building of wards and I understand, he has done so already, is the work of masters. There is nothing more to say about that!"

"Well, you could come and visit me some time in Hogsmeade, Professor and take a look at my house there."

Flitwick squealed with delight, "Sure thing, Mr. Potter."

Harry laughed at the antics of the tiny wizards, "Well, I will inform my love then."

"We are in agreement then." Dumbledore said, "Miss Black may come over in the week as well and she can sleep at the guest quarters."

"Well, I hope you are alright with me moving in with her." Harry said as a matter of fact. McGonagall gasped.

But Dumbledore intervened before she could say anything, "As far as I know, you don't sleep in the castle very often anyway. If you don't

make it public knowledge, we will say nothing about it. But if someone says something, we will have to reprimand you.”

“Fair deal.” Harry said coolly, “Professor Flitwick, when can I expect your visit?”

“How about Friday afternoon?” the tiny professor asked.

Harry nodded and smiled, “I will ask Bella then. I will come back to you later.”

They concluded the meeting shortly afterwards and Harry disappeared to his love.

She was actually very excited to be visited by the tiny wizard.

So the Friday came and Harry and Flitwick walked down the path to the small house in Hogsmeade. During the way Harry explained him, what he had done in general.

“So you have managed to combine pure white magic with pure black magic?” the tiny wizard asked stunned.

“Not black magic, Professor, but dark magic.” Harry said with a smile as he opened the door.

Bella rushed down the stairs and greeted both.

“Professor! It is nice to see you again.”

“Bellatrix Black.” the wizard said with a smile, “That I can see you on our side again makes me happy indeed. You were once my most prized student and I was very disappointed to see you turning dark. But alas, the times are dark and it is new, to fight together with such ... well educated... practitioners of the dark ways. I’m very happy to see you again, Miss Black.”

She smiled, “One wise man told me some time ago, there is no such thing as dark or light magic, there is only magic. If it is good or evil magic depends only on the intention of the caster.”

“Indeed.” the wizard said and nodded, “That was very wise, as you can surely kill with light magic as well. Who was this wise man?”

“Harry.” she said and grinned. Harry blushed, “I’m sure, something like that had been said before.”

“Nevertheless was it a wise saying. Now, I’m here to take a look at your wards. Who did cast them?”

“I cast the anti-apparition ward. The rest is work of my boyfriend.” Bella said with a proud smile and kissed Harry on the cheek.

“Well, that makes it only more exciting. May I?” Flitwick asked.

“Sure, you can sit down in the living room and relax, Professor.” Harry said, “It is situated nearly in the centre of the house, so it is a good place. Can I give you something to drink or a snack?”

“A tea would be nice, Mr. Potter.”

“Very well.” Harry said and guided him to the living room. He conjured a cup of steaming Darjeeling tea.

“Minerva was right. You have a knack for conjuring.”

“We will leave the room and stay on the terrace. So we won't disturb you.” Bella said with one of her rare honest smiles at least when she was with other people than Harry.

He nodded excitedly, “Thank you. I can already tell you one thing though; your wards are very powerful. I could feel them, as I entered your nice house.”

Harry only grinned and both left the living room and sat down on their terrace which was towards the small garden in the back of the house.

They both kissed and enjoyed some quiet together while Harry felt every time a tingle, when Flitwick cast some analysis spells.

"I'm looking forward to work with you together in Hogwarts." she said, "I was always interested to get to know more about the wards of Hogwarts. Do you think we can improve them?"

"Sure, they are ancient. At least we can enhance their power a bit. We will see. I'm looking forward to spend more time with you." he said and kissed her gently.

She seemed a bit nervous to him. "What is it?" he asked.

"Harry... have you ever thought about kids?" she said uncertainly.

He grinned, "Are you pregnant? I thought we were safe."

"No, I'm not, Harry. If I say, I'm safe then I AM safe. I don't take such things lightly, Harry. I'm no teenager anymore." she said annoyed.

"And even if you were... Well, about childs... I don't know Bella. I'm very young and I wasn't well raised myself. I have doubts about my abilities as father."

She smiled, "Harry, if there is a loving and caring man who could be a father, then it is you."

"If you say so. What about the danger?" he mused.

She sighed, "Well, that is a valid reason to wait. You know, I'm very well aware of the fact, that you are very young." she became more nervous, "But on the opposite, I become older and ... I'm nearly thirty." she said silently. Harry hugged her and kissed her again.

"I understand." he said, "You know, that you are still very young for a witch. But I also know that witches in general get their children relatively young even if they live longer. The real question is, do you WANT a child and do you want it SOON?" He looked her deeply in her beautiful eyes.

She looked down to the floor but he lifted her chin, so that she had to look into his green loving eyes. Her eyes became moist as she nodded.

"I never wanted children with Rudolphus, Harry. But I love you... with all my heart. You are a nice man, caring and loving as I already said. With you, I do want children and... yes I do want them soon... if... if it would be alright with you."

Harry smiled, "Let's make a compromise for now, alright? I do love you too with all my heart and as the goblin said, we are soulmates and that means very much to me. If you want children, then we will make children. I have longed for a real family as long as I can remember... now I'm grown up and I still want a family but the meaning of that has changed. We will make a family of our own."

A small tear rolled down Bella's cheek and she wanted to hug him but he held his hand up.

"BUT..." he said and her eyes widened in disappointment, "... we will await at least the impending attack on Hogwarts and then talk again. I don't want our child to grow up in a war."

She relaxed and said determined "I can live with that. Then we should make sure that it is a victory for us AND the last battle."

"I hope so." he said uncertainly.

She hugged him fiercely and kissed him until they were interrupted by a cough of Professor Flitwick.

"Now, what did you find out?" Harry asked curiously.

"Your wards are incredible!" Flitwick squealed, "Sure, there are standard wards, like anti-portkey, anti-apparition and warning-wards... but still, even these are incredible. I have never seen such a tight knitted web of spells and they are powerful as well. But your offensive wards are spectacular! I don't want to bear the mark if I would ever come near your house. And the combination of the activator made of light spells and the offensive dark spells is truly ingenious. I would never have thought of something like that. Aside from Hogwarts or some truly ancient manors, I have never seen such a well protected house, Mr. Potter and Miss Black. I must congratulate you and I'm absolutely sure now, that you can help us to protect Hogwarts as well."

"You know, Hogwarts was my first real home and I'm happy to help with it's protection of course." Harry said with a smile.

"You know, before I got to know Harry, I thought of him as a spoiled and foolish brat with too much self-confidence. I thought his fame must have gotten to his head. But then I got to know his real self and I was floored to be honest. He is..." Bella said.

"...the exact opposite." finished Flitwick with a proud smile, "He is more powerful than everyone thinks but too modest for his own good. He was never spoiled and it is a wonder how such a fine and caring young man could come out of that muggle-house."

"Exactly." she said and hugged him proudly.

They chatted for a while, before Flitwick went back to Hogwarts. Harry stayed with Bella for the whole weekend and they imagined, how their children would turn out and they came to some very funny conclusions. But two things were sure, they would be powerful and they would put the Marauders to shame.

The time ran by towards Christmas. Harry's friends were surprised, as Bella moved into Hogwarts the last week before Christmas and when they had time, they watched stunned as he sat down on seemingly random places over the Hogwarts grounds and seemed to meditate. He would speak quietly with Bella who would take carefully notes about whatever they did.

Nobody was informed besides the heads of the houses, Remus and Dumbledore. But all knew it was important.

Two days before the end of the term, the involved people gathered in Dumbledore's office.

"Now, what are your findings, Mr. Potter?" Dumbledore asked.

Harry nodded towards Bella and she began the report.

"The wards are all intact but they are weakened and they have some holes." she said and the others gasped, "They are... weakened?" Dumbledore whispered.

Harry nodded, "Any analysis spells would show, that they are alright, but if you follow the strands and the knots of the magical web, you can see them and also the weaknesses. The wards are as old as Hogwarts itself and were very irregularly strengthened. It is clearly about time to do that again. Also the two still usable passages to Hogsmeade are not included in some of them."

"What do we have to do then?" Dumbledore asked shocked.

"We should strengthen them of course and we should make a schedule for all future headmasters when and how they should strengthen which wards." Harry said and grinned, "So that they actually have something to do with all their time."

Remus laughed and Dumbledore shook his head, "Do you know the word... 'Paperwork'."

Harry snickered, "Sure thing... paper... something that burns very well in fire."

Now Bella joined Remus in his laughter and even McGonagall had to hide her laughter in a cough.

"Alright. We will do that. How can we strengthen the wards in the most effective way?"

"We should do it together before the holidays. So we have some days to relax and are refreshed to place the new wards. Both tasks will be very draining. We could do it tomorrow in the evening." Harry explained, "Bella, would you be so kind?"

She smiled and nodded. She placed a parchment with the layout of Hogwarts and the grounds on Dumbledore's table. She pointed out some locations and explained who should do what spell at a certain time.

Dumbledore shook his head in amazement, "I would never have guessed to say that some day to you, Miss Black, but very well done. I appreciate your and Mr. Potters help. It is very well planned and analysed but it is a narrow time frame."

“Sure, but we all are competent enough to pull it off.” she said.

The others nodded determined so he looked determined as well, “We will do it tomorrow directly after the dinner. Mr. Potter, I know, you don't care any more about house points, but how about that? The casting of warding charms of such a level needs a very thorough knowledge of defence against the darks arts as well as charms. We could make the strengthening and the casting of the offensive wards as NEWT-Projects and after an examination through a charms master... for instance professor Flitwick, we could take it as your NEWT's in both classes.”

Harry grinned, “Nice idea.”

“Any objections?” Dumbledore asked his staff.

“No, but we could give him the NEWT's instantly.” Flitwick said with a grin, “The wards of his home are incredible.”

“Professor, that isn't my home.” Harry said with a grin, “It is a temporary flat for my love, so that she is near by. Actually we live in an even more protected manor.”

“May I ask where you two live?” Flitwick asked with curious eyes.

“I do believe he said something about Gryffindor Manor.” Dumbledore answered with twinkling eyes.

“Oh, well... the rumours say, it is even more protected than Hogwarts itself.” Flitwick squealed.

“That may be, but I'm afraid I can't allow you to examine these wards.” Harry said and chuckled.

Naturally Hermione found finally out what they were up to and got from Dumbledore the permission to watch them as they cast the spells. The night sky over the ancient castle was alight in many colours and the air whizzed with magical power. Hermione was more than surprised to see how calm and collected Harry was, as he stood beside Dumbledore and waved his wand in complex patterns and chanted even more complex spells... in fact, he looked as were it

nothing. Dumbledore made a similar impression but the other teachers were more agitated and had a look of fierce concentration in their faces. Also the wand movements of Dumbledore, Harry and Bellatrix seemed to be much smoother than that of the others.

It was truly a show to watch and Hermione was happy, that she had the chance to do so, especially in a legendary place like Hogwarts.

She only wished that she would someday powerful enough to do something like that as well.

After that, the casters were visibly exhausted and called it an early night.

Hermione had been shocked as she heard, that he would get two NEWT's for that work but as she saw, how complicated and draining that was, she didn't envy him in the slightest. She had already realised, that Harry had left them all far behind in some aspects of the magical education. She knew of course, that he lacked in other fields, like potions, history, herbology or the curses, he hadn't even taken, like arithmancy.

But he wouldn't have any problem with that in his future.

Chapter 20 - Christmas

The next day, Hermione, Ron and Ginny took the Hogwarts Express. Harry would come directly with Bella shortly after them with a portkey.

Ginny had gotten used to her new wardrobe that she had bought together with Harry and it was now finally the time to show it to her mum. She wore a similar outfit as she had done the day she had bought it.

Of course her now usual trench coat, her black dragonhide boots and a nice make-up with a blood red lipstick. Only this time she wore thicker tights under her mini-skirt as it was much colder now and she wore a long sleeved jumper which was like a second skin and it was also black but it had large red lips imprinted on it which were formed like a kiss.

Again it showed off her nice figure and the heads of the male students turned towards her where ever she went.

She had dated a guy already but it was nothing serious. But Harry was right with his first assumption. All guys she had met so far were courageous but to her surprise only few of the 'brave house' had asked her. Probably they feared they were too near by Harry and Ron for their liking. Ginny took it with humour as she wasn't really interested in any guy of Gryffindor.

But she was a little bit nervous about the reaction of her mum.

She did wear her earring, the present of Harry and Bella and a nice silver chain and again a chain around her skirt.

Hermione must have guessed her thoughts, because she smiled and whispered, "It will be alright, Gin."

She didn't knew how wrong she was.

Bill met them at the station together with Charlie to take them to the burrow. Bill grinned as he saw his little sister, "Well, who is that?" he

teased her, but he hugged her instantly, "Nice outfit, Gin. I hope, Ron keeps a beater bat at hand."

"No need for that, Harry scares them away with only a look and Ron is not much better." Ginny sighed and rolled her eyes.

Bill hit Ron on his shoulder, "That's our brother! Look out for the little devil!"

Charlie was still staring at her, "That is our little sister?" he asked incredulously, "What happened to her?"

"Harry's girlfriend." said Hermione and grinned, "Harry and her took Ginny on a shopping trip on his account. And I would say, it paid off."

Charlie nodded, "She is hot! Our little Ginny is really hot!"

Ginny squealed and hugged her second oldest brother.

They were brought to the burrow by a ministry car.

They Weasleys plus Hermione were awaited by Molly, Fred and George and Arthur of course as they got out of the car.

"Oh oh! That look is promising nothing good." Bill muttered as he helped Ginny out of the car.

Well, Molly waited until they were actually in the burrow before she exploded on her daughter.

"What are you wearing?" she bellowed.

Ginny was shocked, "What? What are you meaning? These are nice clothes."

The Weasley-Boys took a step back at the explosion that was surely to come, all but Bill who took a step towards her and placed a hand on her shoulder.

"Mum, calm down!" Billy said seriously, "These are nice clothes."

"What! Keep out if that, Bill! That are no nice clothes..."

She overheard the crack, that showed Harry's and Bella's arrival at the door.

"... such clothes... these are maybe used by a whore, not by a nice girl like I thought you are!" Molly bellowed.

Ginny stared wide eyed at her mother and tears began to ran down her cheeks "Mum?" she asked quietly but Molly was too enraged to notice that.

"Who... who has done that... where got you the money for that? Don't tell me you have indeed..." she accused her and Ginny buried her face in her hands and sobbed heavily.

An icy voice pulled Molly off her rant: "ENOUGH!" Harry bellowed.

Molly's head shot around and her eyes widened, as she looked in the cold green eyes of Harry and the piercing blue and violet eyes of ..."Bellatrix! Was is she doing here? I never invited that dark evil witch!"

A wave of dark magic rushed to the room as Harry took some steps towards Molly... "I will answer your questions in the order you asked them... firstly, it was my girlfriend who helped Ginny to choose her clothes. Secondly, I was the one who paid for it, because Ginny is like a little sister to me and I simply wanted to make her happy. AND SHE WAS HAPPY UNTIL SHE ARRIVED HERE AND HER OWN MOTHER CALLED HER A WHORE! You BIASED BITCH!"

Molly gasped at that but Harry didn't give her a chance to say something.

"How could you do that to her? How could you altogether call such a nice girl a WHORE! Are you crazy? If you ever call her remotely something like that in my presence again, I will show you how much she means to me and you will feel it as the pain you caused her with your stupidity!"

"How dare..."
"SHUT UP!" Harry bellowed and another wave of raw magic swept through the room.

Molly was taken aback by the rage in the voice of the teenager and slowly she became afraid.

“Now to your last question, You did in fact invite Bella. She is my girlfriend and much much more as I do love her more then anything else. You told me, you would welcome her to your home, as you did to me. Well, it doesn't look that way to me. Actually it looks like we aren't welcome here. As I'm looking for a nice Christmas with my loved ones for once, I will take her with me and leave. MOLLY WEASLEY! I would never had thought you would turn against your own children! Shame on you!” he spat accusingly.

With that he turned to Ginny, “I'm sorry, that you had to endure that, Gin. I would understand if you want a place, where you could collect your thoughts and find some peace for your mind. If you want to, you can come with us of course.”

Molly gasped again, “Arthur! Do something!”

But she was shocked to the bone about the accusing glare of her own husband, “I will do something! You will instantly apologize firstly to our guests AND to Ginny! Honestly! How could you call our own beloved daughter a whore? She is only wearing modern clothing, as many teenagers do! And there is nothing offending about her clothes. All is covered nicely and I find, it looks very good, Ginny. And I in the opposite of you do trust her. You said yourself, she should loosen up a bit!” Arthur said. Nobody had seen Arthur Weasley so enraged ever.

“And now, as she does so you insult her!” Arthur bellowed.

Tears were running down Molly's cheeks, as she began to realize what she had done.

“I trust her, that she won't run through Hogwarts and shag every bloke who crosses her way like you seem to think! She is far too clever and a too good character for that!” he yelled.

Molly began to sob heavily and turned to Ginny but she wasn't anymore next to Bill.

She turned around and found her protectively hugged by Harry and heavily sobbing.

Harry had just turned to Bella, "Sorry, love. I hadn't imagined such a reaction. We should go and enjoy a quiet evening together."

She nodded and kissed him in his cheek.

"Ginny?" Harry asked.

She nodded and whispered "Take me with you please."

"Harry!" Arthur pleaded.

The black haired teen locked up with steely eyes, "I'm sorry, Arthur. Thank you for your support. But I don't want to cause distress in your family. It is clear, that the woman I love is not welcome here, so to avoid problems on both sides we will leave. I think, Ginny needs only some time to cool down. It isn't every day, that you get to hear such low insults from your own mother. She will be back tomorrow in the morning, the latest before lunch." Harry said and activated the portkey.

Ron had hugged the whole time his shocked girlfriend. Now he took her hand and asked, "Do you want to come with me in my room?"

She nodded with tears running down her cheeks and they left without another word. Bill glared at his mum and turned to Arthur, "Dad, thank you for your support. But I will leave as well. Maybe next Christmas is more enjoyable." With that he dissapparated.

Fred looked to George, "Too bad we don't know where Harry really lives."

His twin nodded, "We didn't even get the chance to tell our little sister, how hot she looks."

"Yeah, she looked absolutely stunning."

"Better we head up and write a letter then and tell her that."

“Sure thing, Bro.” With that they left.

Molly sat heavily down on the couch and buried her face in her hands.

Arthur and Charlie sat down on both of her sides. Arthur laid his arm around her and hugged her while Charlie placed his hand on her shoulder.

She sobbed heavily.

“What have I done?” she sobbed.

“Well, to be honest, you have surely blasted that Christmas.” Charlie said seriously, “You have hurt Ginny very deeply. She was totally excited to show you finally her new clothes and did talk about nothing else the whole way. And I have to tell you, that Harry, Dad and Bill were right, there was nothing wrong with her outfit. You also have hurt Harry for sure, even if he doesn't show his emotions anymore. You have hurt the one young man who has so much done for the whole world, but especially for our family. He saved our sister this very year a second time from the hands of Voldemort, he did save dad last year and I have a feeling, he has done much more already. Did you ever think about it, before you insulted his girlfriend? Did it occur to you, that there have to be reasons why he loves her? And even if you still have your problems with that, it is his life, his relationship and his decision! You have told him repeatedly, that he could bring his girlfriend and he did warn you some times! What you did was a slap in his face. And then, Les... Bellatrix. She was hurt, Mum! I would never have thought that, but you have hurt her feelings. Mum, she has saved our ass in the ministry along with the Dark Avenger, she did help in the counter attack! She has done already much good AND she was freed of all charges.”

“Yes, and both, Harry and Bellatrix helped to improve the wards of Hogwarts! Again he is protecting Ginny and Ron and they are going to add new wards in some days as well.” Arthur said.

Molly was still sobbing, but she looked uncertainly up, “Thank you for your honesty. Both of you. It did hurt... but I did need that, didn't I?”

Both nodded seriously.

"I'm so sorry." she said utterly defeated.

"You need to tell that Ginny, Bellatrix and Harry, not us."

"But how... how can Ginny ever forgive me for that? It may be our last Christmas together or a last quiet Christmas... I mean we are at war and we all are involved!" she said, "I want to be together with her... and with Harry... he is even more in danger... I want both here..."

She gulped, "And you are right about Bellatrix. Sure, she is annoying... but you are right, she has done much good already. She sure is welcome here." Arthur sighed, "Well, I don't know about that. We all know, that Harry isn't forgiving anymore, and if I should take a guess, that is even more so if his love is involved."

"Does he really love her?" Molly asked.

"Much more than that." came Hermione's voice from the door, "They are soulmates."

"And if I should take a guess, even if you give him and Bella a written invitation, they won't come." Ron said seriously, "He has suffered too much to care about empty promises anymore."

"Soulmates?" Molly gasped, "But, it wouldn't be an empty promise..." Molly said hurt.

"No, but your first one was." Ron said quietly, "And he isn't a type for second chances, at least not anymore."

New tears ran down her cheeks and Hermione hugged her friend as she needed support now. She too wanted to be with Harry, as she knew very well, that the final battle was near... but she couldn't abandon Ron's family. Her emotions must have shown on her face, because Molly looked guiltily to her and said, "I'm so sorry, Hermione. It is my error, that you are apart from him now."

She sighed, "What can I do now?"

"Well, for sure you have to apologize to all of them. I don't know how though. And I don't know, how we can convince Harry to come back." Arthur sighed, "Because Ron is right. Harry doesn't forgive anymore. He has enough worries as it is."

Hermione sighed, "There may be a way."

Molly's head shot up and she looked hopefully to the brown haired young witch, "Whatever it takes! Please, tell us!" Even Ron looked questioningly to Hermione.

"Well, you won't have a chance to convince Harry. You have to apologize of course. But you could maybe convince Bella. She loves him dearly, even if they both show it not really in public. You have to convince her, that she is welcome here. Then you will have to convince her honestly, that you want Harry here with you and why it is so important for you and your whole family. If you can convince her, she will get him to come and accept your apology. She convinced him to start anew with us as well."

Ron nodded, "That is my Hermione!" he said with a smile, "That is the only way. I don't really like her as well, but I know, he loves her and she him. If you want him here, you will have to convince her. And you should do it instantly."

"How? Nobody knows, where that blasted Manor is!" Molly swore.

"True, but I know someone who can find it." Ron said with a grin, "Even if that is still not easy."

"Who?" Molly asked floored.

"Fawkes."

"You both are geniuses!" Molly said and jumped up, "He will find them in no time."

"There is still a problem." Ron sighed.

"What?" Molly asked.

"Fawkes is a creature of light." Hermione explained, "And maybe he won't look for them. He even hesitated to help Harry to find Ginny."

Molly's eyes widened, "Well, we have to try."

She hurried to the fireplace and called for Dumbledore. She explained the situation and travelled by floo to Hogwarts. There she had some convincing to do, but finally Fawkes agreed to carry three letters to Harry, Ginny and Bella.

The three hurt people sat in the dimly lit living room of the manor and a cosy fire in the fireplace spread warmth throughout the room. Harry sat in the middle and on his left side sat Ginny curled up and snuggling to his side. He stroked slowly her back to soothe her. On his right side sat Bella and leaned closely against him. He had his right arm around her waist and kissed her gently.

"My mum hates me." Ginny sobbed.

"Ginny!" Harry said forcefully.

She looked up with her moist eyes.

"Molly doesn't hate you! She is only a bit biased and was shocked to see her little daughter this hot. She loves you, Ginny and I bet she is sorry about what she had said and I think, she is worried at this very moment and wants you back."

"Do you think so?" she said hopefully.

"Of course Ginny. She is your mother and she does love you. She was only a bit surprised and has to get accustomed to your new style." Harry said and smiled.

"I hope so." Ginny said in a defeated voice.

Harry chuckled and grinned with a mischievous glint in his eyes.

"What?" Ginny asked and even Bella turned curiously to her love.

"I bet she is only envious, that you have such nice and good looking clothes. Maybe we should take her on a shopping trip as well."

The three looked for a second at each other and burst out into laughing.

"Oh Harry, what should I do without you?" Ginny said thankfully and hugged him.

"Chase after some more boys of course." Harry said and winked.

"Oh you!" Ginny said and slapped him on his arm.

Bella said reproachfully, "Harry, what have you done to Molly's little daughter and pride?"

They laughed again as a red magnificent bird appeared with a flash, let three letters fall to their supposed laps and landed at the side of Ginny. He sang his song and looked very surprised for a bird, as Harry or Bella didn't shudder in indisposition. Both smiled as the powerful song rushed through them. Ginny stroked his feathers, but the bird kept his eyes on Harry with a questioning look. Harry grinned and held his arm up. Fawkes was visibly curious and flew over.

"Fawkes my dear boy." Harry said with mirth in his voice, "I bet you ask yourself, why you doesn't affect us in a bad way. Well, Bella and me are a dark wizard and witch. We have killed, we have tortured and we have delved in the blackest arts. Yes, we are merciless, revengeful and unforgiving. But we are not evil. Our hearts are surrounded by steel but we have still hearts. We do love, but we give our love and trust very carefully and finally, we do fight for the good, not for the light, not for the dark, but for the good."

The bird looked apologizing at the dark haired teenager and rubbed his red head against Harry's cheek.

"It's alright, I forgive you, Fawkes. I know, that you can feel the darkness radiating of us, I don't hold it against you."

Bella and Ginny stared disbelievingly at that display of friendship between an animal and the powerful wizard and were astounded to

see the emotions in the eyes of the ancient bird, at first surprise, than understanding and then thanks.

“Well, my old friend, could you do me a favour?” Harry asked.

The bird looked up to the green eyes of Harry.

“I wanted do do something later in the evening, but as you are here now, maybe you could help me and give us your blessing?”

Harry leaned over to the birds head and whispered something. The bird let out an excited thrill and spread his magnificent wings before he took flight and circled above them and sang a powerful encouraging and loving song. The girls shuddered in excitement, as the powerful magic of the song rushed through them.

Harry got up and turned around, so that he faced Bellatrix.

“As I said, I wanted to do this later in front of all the people who matters to me, but there is no time like present.” He said and grinned.

He knelt down on one knee and took Bella's hand in his.

Ginny gasped and Bella stared wide eyed at the young man.

“Bella, I do love you with all my heart. You were there for me, as I needed someone, you trained me and helped me to prepare for my burden as all others abandoned me. You were the first one whom I could wholly trust and I thank you for all that. But you also showed me the meaning of love. In more than one way, you made a man out of me, a little scared, shy and insecure boy. I feel only complete, if I'm around you and know, that you are well. Our bond gives me peace and the strength to carry my burden. If I'm with you, cuddle with you or only snuggle up against you, all doubts, all fear and all insecurity is erased instantly. I know, we have both our moments and we had and will have fierce rows, but I don't want it in another way. I need a strong woman at my side, a woman who knows what she wants and a woman who can hold her position against me if I'm moody or brooding and you are that woman. I love you for that and because you don't see me as the boy who lived or the saviour or crap like that. You see me, as I'm and nothing more, but also nothing less. I don't

want to be without you anymore. Would you do me the honour and become my wife?"

Bella had moist eyes, as she knelt down in front of him and hugged him fiercely. She nodded, "I love you as well and I'm honoured, that you want to make me your wife. Of course I want."

Harry shoved her gently away and got a small box out of his robe. He flicked it open. Inside on dark blue velvet were two silvery rings. They were actually made of white gold and on their small bands was a celtic pattern engraved which was curled around the words 'eternal love' which were written in gold.

He took the smaller ring and placed it on her finger. She did the same with his and then they kissed. Fawkes changed his song. He sang a song which they had never heard before and it was much more powerful than anything they had heard before. The love they felt was multiplied during this song and they felt their bond strengthen. They felt a tingle rushing through them and finally it seemed to concentrate on their fingers, where the rings were. Warmth spread through the rings and as they separated from the kiss and looked curiously at the rings, they saw, that the celtic pattern and the words seemed to be in golden and red fire. It wasn't hot, but it looked magnificent. They knew somehow, that Fawkes had indeed blessed their love and engagement and the fire on their rings would burn as long as their love would last and if it were for Harry, it would last eternally.

Bella and Ginny had tears of happiness running down their cheeks as Fawkes finished his song and with a final thrill disappeared in a red flame.

"I'm so happy for you both and that you deemed me worthy enough to be a witness to this, is the best present you could give me." Ginny said deeply moved.

She hugged Harry, as the both got up from their kneeling position and after that she hugged Bellatrix for once without hesitation and Bella hugged her back in the same way.

"Well, it seems to me, that someone came to his senses." Harry said more coldly with a look to the letters. He took his and laid it unread on

the desk. Than he sat down and pulled Bella to his lap where she landed with a surprised squeal.

She slapped him on his head before she kissed him again. Then she took her letter at the same time as Ginny did and both looked uncertainly at the letters. But Bella looked up to Ginny and smiled reassuringly at the red headed girl, "I'm sure, Harry was right. Molly will surely apologize to you."

"But... even if she does... what shall I do then?" Ginny asked disturbed.

"Do you love your mum?" Bella asked.

Ginny nodded.

"Do you want to be with her and your family?"

Ginny sighed and nodded.

"Then your question is answered." Bella said with a smile.

"What about you?" Ginny asked with a thankful smile.

"Well, I guess, I should read it." Bella said and opened the letter.

Harry looked questioningly at his fiancé as she had finished her letter.

"Well?" he asked.

"You have some very insightful and caring friends, Harry." Bella said with a smile.

"I thought it was from Molly." Harry said.

"It is. She apologized to me and told me her regrets about her insulting me, you and Ginny of course. But she also told me how much she wanted YOU there and she is hoping, that we all come back to the burrow, now."

"Fat chance!" Harry spat.

"HARRY!" Bella scolded him.

He held his hand up and looked to Ginny. She had again tears running down her cheeks.

"She says she is sorry about her reaction and she made it clear, that she loves me and she wants me to come back. She even says, that she knows very well, the she had hurt me deeply and she doesn't expect me to forgive her instantly. She promised me, to ignore her disliking for my clothing and... she said, she will do anything to regain my love."

"And?" Harry asked.

"Harry you prat! I do love her despite her rant!" Ginny said forcefully.

Harry chuckled, "That was what I wanted to hear. Now, do you want to go back now or in the morning?" "I..." she looked uncertain for a moment, but then she became determined, "I want to go back instantly BUT..." she interrupted him as he got up, "... I'm not going without you both!"

Harry's head turned around and he pierced her with angered green glowing eyes but the expression changed to mirth.

He hissed mockingly, "Traitor!" then he turned around to Bella, "And what have you to say about that?"

She placed her fists in her hips and scowled at him, "That is easy. We will go and take you with us, with or without your consent." Then she grinned.

But shortly after that she became serious again, "Harry, that is your family, there are your friends. Don't hold a grudge about such a silly argument. You are better than that. You need your friends and they need you. Don't forget, that we are at war and the final battle is near. It may very well be, that some of them will not make it and now is maybe a last chance to spend time with them."

Harry sighed and nodded, "You are right."

"I'm always right!" she said and laughed, "Besides, I want to rub the ring in her face and that she had missed the betrothal of her seventh son because of her stupidity." she added with an evil glint.

He hugged her and kissed her. Then he turned around to Ginny and said, "Well, I'm outnumbered. My friends knew what they did, as they told Molly she had to convince Bella to convince me."

Ginny grinned, "You are whipped."

"Sure, I'm." Harry said and shrugged.

"Now, how about a shocking entrance then?" Harry asked with an truly evil look as he called his staff.

"Do you think that is wise?" Ginny asked and gulped.

"She said in her letter, she knows, that I have helped them in the ministry." Bella said seriously, "And she knows, that Harry has saved you some times. If we appear like that, they will realise, that we have saved them much more often as they thought and I think, they deserve that."

Ginny nodded, "You are right about that! That was one thing, that hurt me the most, as she turned on you both despite of all, what you have done."

"Well, Harry, we should make a detour and gather Bill. He had left after the argument." Bella said as she skimmed her letter again.

"Sure thing." then he turned to his love, "Well, Ginny shocked them already with her outfit. If I come in as Dark Avenger, I will shock them too. What about a shocking outfit for you?"

Bella nodded, "What do you have in mind?"

Harry smiled evilly and she took a step back, "Oh no! HARRY JAMES POTTER! NO! NO WAY!"

"Ah come on!" Harry teased her, "That will even strengthen her regrets, that she kicked you out before she could get to know you."

“you will pay for that!” Bella hissed, before she disappeared to their room to change.

“Harry! What are you up to?” Ginny asked and was floored as Bella came back some minutes later “Oh my God!” she whispered.

There was much tension in the burrow. Except Bill and of course Percy who had still not apologized to his family, the whole family was gathered in the living room again. There was only quiet talking and Molly had apologized to all family members, but the twins made it clear, that their acceptance depended on Ginny's reaction. Ron and Hermione had already forgiven her, as they had guessed the reaction of Molly.

Charlie and Arthur had forgiven her as first ones.

“What if they don't come?” Molly asked again.

“Molly, don't underestimate Bellatrix! She is exactly like Harry and if she sets her mind on something, nobody can stop her. She will convince Harry and we all know, that Ginny loves you as you love her. She will come back.” Hermione assured her.

Suddenly they felt darkness rushing through their bodies.

The Weasleys gulped and shuddered, only Hermione smiled despite the evil feeling.

“They are coming.” Hermione said.

The black cloud was forming and three people and an owl appeared. As the cloud dissipated, they looked stunned to the tall wizard in the dark red cloak.

“What is he doing here?” Molly stammered.

“Well, you have invited me... the Dark Avenger or, 'That Thing' as you called me once.” the wizard said in a reverberating voice.

Molly blanched, “Not again!” she said defeated, “Whom have I insulted this time?”

The wizard laughed and lowered his hood, "Only me, Molly." Harry said in his normal voice.

"I thought so, as you arrived here with Ginny and Bill, Harry. I'm sorry for that and I realise now, that you and Bellatrix have done even more for us, as we have thought."

"Where is your girlfriend?" Molly asked, this time in a lovely voice.

The owl swept from his shoulder and landed on the floor before she changed back into her human form.

This time all looked stunned, as they saw the beautiful woman who stood in front of them. The black haired slim girl wore a shiny deep blue silk dress which went down to her knees and enhanced her lovely figure very well. Her shoulders were bare and two small straps held the dress in place. She also had a decent make up in her face and a light pink lipstick.

She looked simply wonderful. Molly gasped as she saw Bellatrix in this outfit.

Harry stepped beside her and laid an arm around her small waist.

"Would you already stop your staring at my fiancé?" he asked with a mischievous spark in his eyes.

The heads shot towards him.

"What?" Molly gasped, "Your fiancé?"

Ginny squealed, "Yes, she has just proposed to her. Oh it was so wonderful."

Then she ran to her Mum and hugged her, "Mum!"

Molly hugged her back and said, "I'm sorry, that I ... insulted you. I love you. Can you forgive an old stubborn woman?"

Ginny nodded.

Molly looked up to Harry and Bellatrix, "I.. I congratulate you and I want to apologize to you as well. That is a lovely dress, Miss Black."

Bella smiled, "Thank you and I accept your apology. And I'm sure you are disappointed to hear that, but I don't like such dresses. It is only a favour for my beloved fiancé. And please, call me Bella!"

Molly looked hopefully at Harry but he had still a hard look in his eyes.

"You are very lucky, Molly." Harry growled, "And that four times. Firstly, you have to thank Hermione and Ron who surely gave you the hint to convince Bella, because if you had asked me, I would have said no. To be honest, your letter is still unopened on the desk at home. Secondly you have to thank Bella, because she accepted your apology and convinced me indeed, thirdly you have to thank your daughter, because she forced me to come along and finally, you are lucky, that I'm in a happy mood, because Bella just agreed to marry me. So you are lucky and I forgive you this one time."

She separated from her daughter and hugged him fiercely.

"I'm so sorry, Harry." she nearly sobbed.

Then she separated and gave Bella her hand, "Welcome to our extended family, Bella and call me Molly please."

After the tension was over, the others congratulated the both of them.

"Say, Mr. Dark Avenger, did you plan to propose to her today?" Hermione asked a little bit disappointed.

"Hey! That silly name came from you brats, so stop to call me that! I'm not interested, that this comes out. And yes, I was going to propose her this evening anyway. But as Fawkes delivered your letters, I used the chance and asked him for his blessing and he gave it to us." Harry said with a proud smile.

"What? Fawkes blessed your engagement?" Bill asked astounded, "That is a powerful blessing indeed. There are legends about magical creatures who blessed the love of wizards, but they are very old. It is said, that they form a bond between the couple."

"They bond already existed between us, Bill." Bella said with a true smile, "Through my emotions I gave him messages about the Deatheaters as I scouted for him in my owl form."

"But you are right about Fawkes, Bill. He strengthened the bond between us and... I tell you, love is a fine thing, but I have never felt it such intense as I did as he blessed us with his song." Harry said.

"It is a true wonder." Hermione said with a proud smile, "In two ways. The first wonder is, that he gave his blessing and the second is, that he gave it to two known dark or even black wizards."

Ginny snickered, "Well, I wondered if Harry is insane, as he began to explain a bird the difference between dark magic and evilness, but then I understood."

"It is a very intelligent bird, that is a fact." Hermione said.

"Now, let's celebrate Christmas and the engagement of the two lovebirds." Molly said excitedly, "And the feast is becoming cold already."

As they sat at the large table and were finished with their dinner, Molly got nervously up and said: "May I have your attention, please?"

Instantly all chatter stopped and all looked to Molly.

She looked apologetically to her youngest child and only daughter.

"We all are gathered here to celebrate Christmas, the day of love and for us, the day of family. We even have the members of our extended family here, Harry, his fiancé Bellatrix and of course Hermione. And I was the one, who nearly blew the holiday and for that I'm sorry. But not only that, I did today the unforgivable, I insulted my own daughter in a way, I normally wouldn't insult an enemy and I will never forgive myself for that."

Ginny had tears running down her cheeks, the same as Molly.

"I want again to apologize to you, Ginny. I did you very wrong and I know, I have hurt you deeply. I, for my part, do find your clothes very..."

provoking, but I realise, they are very ... hot as you young ones say. I don't like it, but you are growing up and have the right to decide for yourself. I will never say anything against your clothing again."

"Thank you, mum." Ginny sobbed, "And I do forgive you and I love you."

Molly went over to her and hugged her.

Then she got back to her place, but she didn't sit down.

She looked now to a moved Bellatrix and Harry took her hand and pressed it reassuringly.

"Bellatrix, I... I don't know, how I can apologize to you. I did tell Harry repeatedly that he can bring his girlfriend along without worries. But as he did so, I insulted you. Of course, I didn't know it at that time but that is no excuse. You did help us often enough already and I was wrong, very wrong. I don't really know you, but I can imagine, that you don't forgive easily or trust easily. I hope, one day you can..."

Bella grinned, "You are forgiven, Molly. I'm used to get a... rather cold welcoming. That only changed with my Harry. I didn't expect you to welcome me with open arms. In fact, I feel very welcome here now and aside from Harry, that is very new to me. So, no further apologies necessary and thank you for your welcome."

Molly smiled a honest smile and Bella smiled back.

"You know, with that nice dress and that beautiful smile..." Molly said but Bella scowled and interrupted her.

"Please, don't finish that sentence! I'm not a girly type and I don't wear fancy dresses. People see me as cold, dangerous and they avoid me like the plague. I like it that way. If ever, only my most trusted friends will get to know my real self and for now, that is only Harry and my Sister, Cissy." Then she turned around to a chuckling Harry, "And I will get you for that!"

Harry nodded, "I know, Talon."

Molly chuckled as well, "As you wish, Bellatrix. Now... Harry, I know, you didn't show anything, but I know, I have disappointed you too and that hurts me as much as my insult to Ginny. I know very well, that I can't say anything, that will make you forgive me. You have changed too much and again, I know, that is necessary for now. I can only tell you, that it means very much to me, that you are here at this special day together with your fiancé and the rest of my family, because you are family. I hope, someday you can forgive an old stubborn woman and I hope, we all will see better days, where such a cold and ... well, cruel behaviour is no longer necessary. I... I'm very sorry, that I did miss your proposal to the woman you love with all your heart and I know, that is my error and my error alone that all the others missed it as well. And for that, I want to apologize to all of you." said Molly again with tears in her eyes and sat heavily down on her chair. Arthur hugged her gently and kissed her on her cheek.

Harry didn't show any emotion at all and Bellatrix sighed at this. She was sorry, that Harry had become so cold. She knew, partially it was her doing, but she also knew, it was indeed necessary. She did also acknowledge, that she was already changing to the better, thanks to Harry and his caring friends and family. Harry seemed once more to feel, what was going on in her head, as he turned around to her and smiled reassuringly. "It will be alright, love. It will be alright." With that he kissed her gently on her lips.

They spend a joyful evening after that and Molly begged them, to spend the night at the burrow.

"You can use Percy's room." she said to Bella, and then she sighed and turned to Harry, "Well... uhm... of course... uhm... you can sleep together with your fiancé in the room."

Harry grinned at Molly, "Why so shy, Molly? You know, we did even speak already about children."

Molly gasped and blushed, which in turn caused Harry and Bella to laugh.

Then Bella turned to Harry with a wicked glint in her blue, violet streaked eyes, "You told me, you wanted to wait until after the final battle."

"Yes I did." he said.

"Well, maybe we should stop to have sex until then." she said with a devious smile.

Molly blushed even more.

"You wouldn't do that, would you?" Harry asked shocked.
"Test me!" Bella said with an evil grin.

Harry scowled, "You know, if you keep it that way... Well, then I can't wait, until Riddle comes to Hogwarts. I think, I will have to go after him then."

Bella gasped, "Don't you dare!"

"You said, you would stop to have se..." said Harry, but Bella interrupted him and kissed him.

But then she slapped him, "Alright, we will have our sex despite the fact that our children have to wait then!"

Then she turned to Molly and growled, "I can do what I want, he still gets the better of me."

Harry grinned and kissed her again.

The others had watched this display stunned to the bone and blushed.

Only Bill laughed heartily.

Still, Harry and Bella left after a tasteful breakfast and of course after the exchange of gifts.

Chapter 21 – The storm is brewing

They arrived the second day after Christmas in Hogwarts again. Dumbledore awaited them with his damn twinkling eyes.

Harry snickered to Bella, "Is that damn twinkling in his eyes a sign of age or insanity?"

Bella laughed quietly. However Dumbledore saw them whispering and snickering but didn't hear anything.

"You are ready?" he asked.

"Sure. I will raise the wards and after that, I will key them to you." Harry said, "Anyone else here?"

"Only Minerva, Severus and Poppy."

"So I can use my staff. That will make it much easier." Harry said and held his hand up. The Staff appeared and Dumbledore shook his head in amazement. He was still shocked about the developments of this boy. He didn't know, what else this boy would achieve, but he had learned one thing, not even for him would it be advisable to cross the emerald eyed youth any more. He had far surpassed his power and control over magic even if he didn't have the vast knowledge of the aged headmaster. And after the last meetings with Harry, he could agree to a certain point, that dark magic wasn't consequently evil. It was a thin line but Dumbledore had also concluded, that Harry knew that as well as him.

Harry walked silently over the ground and then shook his head, "We will do it the hard way." he said suddenly and went straight into the castle.

He went to a point between the great hall and Dumbledore's office and stopped suddenly. He closed his eyes and nodded.

"Ha... Mr. Potter, why are you stopping here?" Dumbledore asked.

“Because, this is the very centre of the castle. I will cast the spells from here.”

Dumbledore gasped. There were two ways to raise wards. One was, to cast the necessary spells from different points which had to surround the to protecting object and wave the spells together. The shorter but more draining way was, to cast the spells from the centre of the object in question and to expand the wards circularly. That was way faster but unheard of an object as large as the castle, even if he did only protect the core of it. Dumbledore himself wouldn't do it that way for a larger house or a manor.

Harry closed his eyes and began to muttering a long complicated spell. Dumbledore recognized only parts of it.

He felt the power building up in the teen but for now he seemed to restrain it. The blood emerald began to glow more intense from second to second until it glowed in a blinding red light and hummed from the gathered energy.

With a final spell, Harry rammed the staff into the ground. A circular wave of red light spread from it and rushed through the ancient castle.

Dumbledore shuddered as he felt the powerful magic running through him and it felt not very well as it was partially dark magic.

“I wouldn't want to be a deatheater now.” he muttered.

“It would be alright for now as you would only be stunned. You have two days after the beginning of the term to evacuate any students who bear the mark.” Harry said while breathing heavily from exhaustion. Bella was supporting him.

Dumbledore cast an analysis spell which went also through the whole castle and shook his head.

“You are unbelievable. The power is immense.”

“Yes, I decided power is more important then longevity. The war will be over soon in one or the other way. The wards will last for

approximately a year. That should be enough to deal with snakeface.” Harry said coolly.

“I pray that you are right.” Dumbledore sighed.

“And even if he is not, we can always recast the wards.” said Bella proudly.

Harry cast another spell and Dumbledore gasped as a new wave of power rushed through them.

“You are now keyed to them and will feel it, if they are activated and where.” the black eyed teenager explained.

“Thank you. That was truly excellent work. I will speak with Filius about the NEWT-Testing, but there shouldn't be any problems.”

Bella snickered, “Too bad there aren't any more NEWT's for dark magic. You would pass them with flying colours.”

Dumbledore gasped but then sighed defeated, “Well, you could always be tested at Durmstrang. But it would be pointless, because it wouldn't help you here to get a job.”

Harry laughed, “Right, except you would agree to actually teach this delicate subject here... I could become a teacher for that.”

“Over my dead body!” Dumbledore said with vigour.

“Be careful with your wishes, headmaster.” Harry said in a dangerous quiet voice which caused a shiver running down the spine of Dumbledore.

“You wouldn't...” Dumbledore gasped.

“No, of course not.” Harry said laughing, “Except, you would stand between me and Riddle. But I think, we are past this point.”

“That we are.” Dumbledore said with twinkling eyes.

“Well, if you would excuse us.” Harry said, “We want to enjoy the last free days.”

Dumbledore nodded and Harry and Bella disappeared in his black teleportation.

As they arrived back after New Year, only one single Ravenclaw student of the sixth year was stunned and shipped off into custody.

The winter passed in peace and nothing serious happened. Voldemort seemed still to gather and reform his forces.

Harry, Bella and his allies did all they could do to be prepared. Hermione and Ron drilled the DA and Dumbledore surely got the Order ready. Arthur strengthened his position as minister of magic and ordered twenty aurors to guard Hogwarts. He specially instructed them not to interfere with anything Harry did or would do during the battle. They knew now, that Harry was openly practising dark magic but refrained from commenting on that. The aurors stationed in Hogwarts were all old dogs and actually found it appropriate to deal with the Death eaters.

The ministry actually managed it to capture more and more Death eaters. They were tried righteously but if they were found guilty, harsh sentences were handed out to further demoralize the remaining ones.

As the spring came, rumours started, that the dark lord was becoming desperate and a big attack would come soon.

Also Harry felt the desperation of Voldemort through his connection with him but he couldn't get any information out of it. But all were fairly sure, a larger attack would either be on the Ministry or Hogwarts and both were well protected and forces could go quickly from one place to the other. After Arthur Weasley taking over the Ministry, Voldemort would have a hard time with any attack he would start. Maybe killing the Minister of magic was his greatest error so far.

And with the beginning of spring in March, the attack came with full force. Dozens of Giants, two hundred death eaters and even some rogue vampires were running out of the forbidden forest and attacked the outer wards of Hogwarts.

The teachers informed the forces of the ministry and went out to engage the enemy. Hermione and Ron grouped the members of the DA right at the borderline of the inner wards. The teachers, the order and the aurors went to the borderline of the outer wards to intercept them, as long as they were busy with taking down the wards.

Bella, Snape, Zabini and Remus formed a formidable group of their own. Remus and Bella teamed up as well as Zabini and Snape. Together they combined the power of their killing curses and terminated giant after giant with the lethal magic.

Harry had changed into his wyvern-form and engaged from the air. As it was dark outside, he was nearly invisible with his dark grey scaled skin.

He flew fast attacks on the giants as well and burned them to ash with his powerful lightning strikes. He was never in danger to be hit. As the dark forces were attacking from the woods, the centaurs were involved as well and fired clouds of arrows in the masses of the enemy and more than one Deatheater fell because of the deadly arrows or even the swords of the magical creatures.

After Harry and his allies had managed to kill half of the giants, the others fled into the forest. Now Harry and his friends attacked the Deatheaters and Vampires. But some powerful sunlight spells took care of any bloodsucking creature. Finally there were mostly Deatheaters left with the exception of a group of mountain trolls as the wards collapsed.

Instantly the light forces retreated. Also the four dark wizards and witches retreated to the second layer of wards but not without causing death and destruction in the line of enemies. And then came Harry.

He swept down directly in front of the wards and his friends who formed a protecting circle around him as he changed back.

He took one look towards the incoming Deatheaters and fired a sickly red wave of magical energy to them. The whole frontline of enemies was hit and went down screaming. The following wizards stumbled over them and created chaos.

All the time were Remus, Snape, Zabini and Bella firing killing curses relentlessly while they were supported by stunning and even some blasting curses from the side of light .

And just, as the Deatheaters regrouped, Harry rammed his staff in the ground and began to chant in a deep reverberating voice. He was again surrounded by a red glowing circle with strange runes and he radiated pure blackness.

The ground behind the Deatheater lines was torn apart and a good hundred of skeletons broke through and instantly attacked the shocked black robed wizards from behind. There were all kinds of skeletons ranging from small but malicious goblins with axes and maces over wizards who were actually casting magic to huge troll skeletons who engaged their living counterparts with rocks, clubs made of bones or their bare hands. As the skeletons felt no pain and couldn't be wounded, they had the advantage even if they were outnumbered.

The only one, who seemed to be unphased was the dark lord himself who was standing behind his forces surrounded by his inner circle. He destroyed masses of skeletons himself with powerful dark curses.

The forces were now fairly balanced and both had serious losses already.

Then Harry called his most powerful weapon to the surface.

The whole ground shook as the earth near the lake ripped open and an eruption of flames set the grass alight. Then a huge shadow raised from beneath the earth and spread wide magnificent wings. The mythical beast let out a thundering roar and swept up into the air. It was a huge dragon even compared to the Hungarian Horntail and it came under the frightened Deatheaters like a thunderstorm. It breathed huge flames into the group, slashed uncountable bodies with his claws and tore apart bodies of humans and troll alike with his teeth.

The monster killed half of the inner circle with one sweep of his armoured tail and the rest with a dose of his unholy fire.

Then it attacked the dark lord himself who was hard pressed to evade or block the attacks of the vicious beast even with his vast dark and powerful magic... but you couldn't kill something that was already dead.

Meanwhile the Deatheaters were attacked from behind and pressed towards the inner wards. Some were daring enough to start a frontal attack on the seemingly weakest group, the DA but half of them went down by the well learnt spells of the group and the ones, who actually made it far enough, were instantly killed by green flashes coming from the wards. The forces of the dark were then cut down quickly between the wizards of light and the skeletons.

As only fifty remained, they surrendered and Harry rammed down his staff again. The skeletons disappeared.

Bella noticed worried the sweat on the head of her fiancé and his heavy breathing.

He went towards the dark lord, who was still fighting the reanimated dragon and stopped fifty feet apart from him.

Then he began to chant again and nearly instantly half of the light wizards became sick as a wave of pure black energy was radiating from him, more powerful than everything they had seen so far.

Again Harry was surrounded by a rune circle which was glowing brightly now and colouring his whole body in blood red light. The strange light, coming from the ground, cast eerily shadows in his face and made him even more intimidating. He looked like he had risen from hell himself. But seconds after his chant, Voldemort was surrounded by a circle as well and he began to scream as a final blast of the dragon burnt him badly. His magic seemed to be hindered by the circle and he couldn't get out of it. All could feel the pure raw power radiating from both circles.

Harry let the dragon disappear as well as he had done his job. Also the teenager couldn't control both the dragon and the powerful magic he was using now.

The light forces as well as the captured dark forces watched stunned as the dark lord fell screaming to his knees.

As Harry began to sway lightly, he nodded slightly to Bella, not interrupting his chant or his concentration. She looked at him with widened eyes and understood. She grabbed Remus and Zabini and ran towards the dark lord. Snape got the hint and followed. They formed a circle around the rune circle and looked questioningly at Harry. The black haired teen closed his eyes in fierce concentration and they felt the knowledge flooding into their minds. Instantly they pointed their wands towards the circle and began to chant in a dark reverberating language similar to the one Harry was using the whole time.

The rune circle lit up even more and formed a cylinder of blood red sparkling energy around the weakened dark lord. Then Harry began a new more powerful chanting and the earth beneath the dark lord was torn apart.

Voldemort was now kneeling above a deep red rip in the earth as he let out an ear splitting scream. A shadow began to grow out of his struggling body and after some minutes it became free. It was instantly sucked into the rip where it disappeared with a loud unearthly scream.

The rip and the rune circles disappeared in an explosion of black energy.

The four wizards were hurled through the air and landed in a heap some metres away.

Voldemort looked at Harry with hate and raised his wand, "You will pay for that! Nobody can kill me, not even you with your necromagic! I'm immortal!"

"No, you have been until now! AVADA KEDAVRA!" Harry bellowed and a powerful green beam surrounded by a dark red aura flew towards the kneeling dark lord and hit him directly into the chest. The power was great enough to lift him into the air and flung him fifty metres over the ground, where he landed with a sickening crunch.

But he was already dead. The killing curse had done its work after Harry had banned his demonic and immortal part into the Underworld.

The Aurors and the Order members went warily over to the body and it was finally Dumbledore, who bent down and felt after a life sign.

He got up with twinkling eyes and cast a analysis spell to be sure. Then he smiled and announced, "He is dead and this time he is really dead and will not come back."

The wizards began to cheer and to clap and turned towards the teen, who had accomplished that feat. They became silent instantly as they saw the young hero.

Only Bella, who had just got up from the ground screamed "HAAAARRRRY!" and ran over to the motionless body which was laying on the ground.

She knelt down and shook him lightly, "Harry! Wake up! Please!" she sobbed.

Pomfrey was there seconds later and cast some charms over the teen.

"He is alive, barely so. He has exhausted his magical energy. We need to take him to the medical wing as well as the other wounded." she explained and poured him a red potion.

"That will help to rebuild his magic. Have no fear, he will be alright with enough rest."

Bella sighed relieved and levitated him personally to the medical wing.

Poppy went over to the other wounded wizards.

The other wizards helped her while the aurors took the captured Deatheaters into custody. After that, they formed teams to hunt down the fleeing giants. The order helped to clean up the battlefield. So they were busy for hours after the final battle.

As they had counted all dead and wounded on both sides they got the following data: 37 light wizards had been killed, 5 of them were students but none of Gryffindor. Most of the others had been Aurors. 43 wizards and witches had been severely injured and most of them had been taken to St. Mungos. 156 Death Eaters and 13 Giants had been killed. 49 Death Eaters had been captured.

The result of the battle had been posted the next day in all newspapers all over Europe but no information leaked out, how Voldemort was finally defeated and that it had been done by pure black magic, cast by no other than their saviour. The only thing that came out was, that it had been indeed Harry who had defeated him with the help of Snape, Remus, Bella and Zabini. All fighters had been sworn to secrecy and not one did even think about revealing the truth because they all knew what would happen to their saviour then. Only the people who had been involved in the fight could truly understand, that his using of black magic had been necessary or they would have lost for sure otherwise. And nobody wanted him to endure the public reaction to that fact.

Bellatrix had brought her fiancé into a separate bedroom and stayed by him. She would sit by his bed over the day and snuggle into his bed beside him during the nights. Poppy knew of this as did the headmaster but nobody said anything about it. Poppy would come in after knocking to administer some potions, examine him and leave after that.

Chapter 22 – Ceremonies of love and honour

Three days after the battle, Bellatrix woke up. She did so not through the daylight but through someone stirring beside her.

She cast a Lumos and looked into two emerald eyes which were sparkling at her, "Hi love." Harry whispered with a hoarse voice.

"Hi." She said and kissed him tenderly.

"How are you?" she asked.

"Weak and tired. How long?" Harry asked and yawned.

"Three days." she said with beaming eyes.

"Is he gone this time?"

"Yes." She said and beamed, "If the killing curse itself hadn't done the job, the overload of magic you pumped into him would have done the job and the following impact would have as well. Dumbledore even checked the area for his signature, but he was truly gone this time. You did it, Harry!" she said excited and hugged him.

"So," he said with a mischievous glint in his eyes, "a baby would be safe now?"

Bella stared at him with a look of surprise and hope, "You... you said you are tired..." she whispered disappointed.

He only grinned and rolled himself over her petite body. He began to kiss her mouth, her neck while he was undoing her nightgown.

As she was lying naked in front of him, he whispered, "I have slept for three days, Love. I'm only magically tired but still... I have to cast one charm though... FERTILUS!"

A blue glow formed over her belly and faded into it. He had undone any anti-conceptive measure with this spell and put his wand away.

She hugged him and pulled him down to her body and they made gently love for the first time free of all burdens.

They slept in the next morning and it was no wonder, as they had made love until early in the morning.

So they didn't hear the soft knocking at their door.

But they did hear the squeal of surprise that came only seconds afterwards.

Harry opened his eyes groggily and shuddered. The sheet had moved down to his waist during the night.

He looked yawning to the source of the noise and saw a wide eyed Hermione standing next to an equally surprised Pomfrey who held some potions in her hands.

“Good morning.” Harry muttered still half asleep, “What are you staring at?”

Then he finally he had gathered enough sense to turn to his left side where a very naked Bella laid with her bare back exposed because she also was only covered up to her waist.

“Oh.” was all Harry said as he grabbed lazily the bed sheet and pulled it gently up to cover his love.

She snuggled against his side and sighed quietly.

“You can come closer.” Harry joked, “I don't bite. That is reserved for her.”

Poppy had no qualms to get over to him and hand him some potion.

“What is that?”

“An energizing potion, but I guess you don't need it as much as I thought.” she said with a reprimanding tone.

“I'm only magically exhausted, not physically.” Harry said still yawning.

Hermione came over more hesitantly, "Are ... are you alright?"

"Sure." he said smiling, "And you?"

"Me too. Ron has a broken ankle, Bill has some broken ribs the others are already up again."

"Whom did we loose?" Harry asked hesitantly.

"Well, we lost two fourth years from Hufflepuff, a seventh year Slytherin and two seventh year ravenclaws. Nobody of our closer friends though. We did held already a memorial service for them. We also lost around thirty aurors and some order members but nobody we knew, fortunately. Moony and Zabini got some light injuries during their fall. To be honest, you were the one who had us most worried."

Harry sighed relieved, "Well, at least some good news."

Hermione nodded and smiled. But then, as Poppy left with a last reprimanding look, Hermione looked over to Bellatrix who was still sleeping, "So, what were you doing here? Shouldn't you rest?"

Harry shrugged, "Sex is the most effective stress releaser or so I heard. I also promised Bella we would try to make a baby as soon as it is safe. Well... we are safe now, aren't we?"

Hermione stared at him and shook her head, "You both are insane!"

Harry narrowed his eyes at her and growled, "What did I say about calling her insane?"

Hermione gasped and blanched, "I a... I mean, I'm sorry... I didn't mean..."

"HARRY!" she scolded him, as she saw him laughing.

"What's with the noise here?" Bella growled and turned around and the sheet slid of her breast.

"As much as I like this view, you should cover yourself, as we have a guest, Talon." Harry chuckled.

"Hmm?" she murmured and opened her tired eyes, "Oh, it's the know-it-all." she said and pulled lazily the cover up.

"Morning. What time is it?"

"Time to get out of that bed, Miss Black." came the voice of Pomfrey from the door.

"Why? It is just so cosy." she answered and snuggled against Harry.

He only laughed about her antics and hugged her with his left arm.

"Well, can I get up?" Harry asked.

"I would like to keep you here today to be sure. You can go tomorrow if all is well." she said, "but even then you have to refrain from using magic."

"For how long?" he groaned.

"As long as you need to rebuild your reserves."

Bella grabbed still tired her wand from the chair where she had laid down her clothes and waved it over Harry. He was surrounded by a blue glow.

"Wow... blue stands for a very high power level." Hermione stated.

Bella looked at her fiancé, "Well, you have gathered half of your reserves until now. I think further three days of no magic should do the trick."

"Well, that should not be a problem... if you keep me company." he added with a wink.

She chuckled, "You can bet on that! We did have a deal!"

"Yes and I'm intended to get a baby with you. Be sure of that." Harry said smiling and kissed her gently.

"You want a baby?" Poppy asked surprised.

Bella nodded sheepishly.

“May I?” Poppy asked and as Bella nodded, she cast a charm over her.

“Well, you seem to have been on anti-conceptive potion until not long ago?”

“Yes.”

“Did you counter it?” Poppy asked.

“Yes, Harry cast a fertility charm on me, before we...well...” she actually blushed.

“No need to say it.” Poppy said smiling, “That had to have been a very powerful fertility charm then... because... either you are incredibly lucky or you are in for a whole horde of children because of extraordinary fertility. You are pregnant since... well some hours, I would say.”

Bella stared disbelievingly at the nurse and turned to a laughing Harry, “Well one thing is sure, we make no half things.” he said and hugged his fiancé.

Bella had actually tears in her eyes as she hugged him back.

She whispered, “Are you ok with that?”

“Sure.” he said without hesitation, “Now, that there is no longer a dark idiot after me, I need something to occupy my mind.” he added chuckling.

Hermione could only stare at the two and finally squealed and launched herself at the two and hugged both.

Dumbledore came in, accompanied by Snape, Ron, Molly and Remus.

“What's the reason for torturing our ears, Granger?” Snape snapped but for once good-heartedly.

"Hello Harry, it is good to see you up again." Dumbledore said kindly.

Remus looked over the two betrothed and shook his head, "What would your parents say, you in the hospital wing with a naked woman in bed? And what would Sirius say?"

Harry chuckled, "Mum and Dad would be happy, at least with the result and Sirius, I guess he would laugh and said 'Well done!'"

Remus laughed and nodded.

"Well, what was the reason for your excited squeal which we could hear through the half castle?" Dumbledore asked.

"It looks like you get another Potter in Hogwarts if you can hold out for further eleven years and nine months of course." Harry said smiling.

The adults gaped at the teenager and a blushing Bella who tried to hide under the bed sheet.

"Well, on the other hand, we may have to home-teach him or her, because you don't teach all the fields of magic here." Harry added grinning.

Dumbledore rolled his eyes at the jab at the lack of the dark arts at Hogwarts.

"The dark arts? Why would your kid have to learn that?" Molly asked.

"If it is a girl, to fend off all the blokes of course to keep them away and if it is a boy, to hex all the Gryffindors of course." Harry said grinning.

"You think your child wouldn't be in Gryffindor?" Remus asked shocked.

"If I would have to make a bet, I would guess on Slytherin." Harry said, "With our combined heritage, I mean, I landed nearly there myself."

Snape stared shocked at Harry, "A Potter in Slytherin? What has the world come to?"

“What are you doing here anyway?” Harry asked.

“We were worried about you and wanted to see you.” Dumbledore said.

“No need for that, I was splendidly taken care of.” Harry said and bent down to kiss Bella.

“We also wanted to thank you and congratulate you for your achievement. You will be honoured later at a celebration.”

“What?” Harry said dejected, “Forget it!”

“Harry, you have to be there.” Remus said as a matter of fact, “You kicked his ass and you get the medal! End of discussion. Even your fiancé will get an Order of Merlin third or second class.”

“Bella? An Order of Merlin?” Harry asked, then he broke out in roaring laughter, “Who would have thought, that the most feared, most evil witch in Europe get the most prized honour of the wizarding world? Not, that she doesn't deserve it of course.”

Then he sighed, “I don't want to be in her way, so, we will be there, I think.”

Then he grinned and bent down again to his love and whispered something in her ear. Another squeal and a hug was the result of whatever he said.

“Looks, like we will be there then.” Harry said with a mischievous glint in his eyes.

“HARRY JAMES POTTER!” Remus said decidedly, “What are you planning you little devil?”

“Well, maybe you will be one of the few, whom we let in.” Harry said grinning.

“I hope so for your sake!” the werewolf growled.

“Well, I think, it wouldn't be very productive to ask you the specifics of the ritual you used to kill Voldemort.” Dumbledore said, “Aside from you, only Miss Black would likely understand what you are talking about. So can you give a short version?”

“Sure! The Demon we called to kick his arse mentioned, that Voldemort was partially demonic. It was a result of his dark transformations. So I trapped him in a necromantic power circle similar to the one we used to summon the demon and then banished his demonic part to hell. With this he lost his nearly invincibility and I killed him.”

“Did you really plan it that way?” Snape asked.

“Yes, in fact I did. I underestimated the needed power for the ritual though and my until then used up reserves so I had to call you for help. Still, there was only one risk. I didn't know for sure, that the separation of his demonic and human part would render him weak enough so that he couldn't attack me, while I was chanting.” Harry explained, “But I was fairly sure about that effect.”

Dumbledore nodded deeply in thought, “Couldn't you have used simply the sacred words you told us about?”

“No, because he had too much humanity left for that.”

Snape snorted at that and Ron wanted to say something, but Harry interrupted him, “I'm speaking from a biological point of view. Anyway, I had to use black spells to banish them and that is much more draining than holy magic. Still in the end, it all paid off as planned.”

Bella sat up and held her bed sheet in place. Then she hugged him gently.

“Any other questions?” Harry asked gently.

“No, Harry. Rest some more! You deserve it.” Dumbledore said and left.

Molly hugged them both as well and left with the others.

“Moony, could you stay back, please?” then he looked at Bella, “Whom do you want?”

“Hmm... can I have two?” she asked.

“Sure, why not?”

“Well, Hermione, could you stay as well?” Bella asked nicely and Harry looked surprised at his fiancé and smiled.

“Well, that would mean, I will have to take two as well.” Harry mused and Bella nodded.

“Ron, stay!”

The others left them alone and Harry grabbed instinctively after his wand.

But Bella acted in time and grabbed his wrist and shook her head, “No magic Harry!”

She used her wand to cast some privacy spells, while he groaned and rolled his eyes.

“So, what do you have planned?” Remus asked curiously.

“Well, we thought, it would be nice, if Bella would receive her Order of Merlin with the proper name.” Harry said with a wicked grin.

“You are going to marry her before the celebration? It will be next week!” Remus gasped.

Harry shrugged, “We don't want a big fuss. We only want the ceremony, nothing more.”

“Well, a small family gathering maybe with Cissy and the Weasleys I guess.” Bella added.

“It is no problem. We could hold that at the Manor.” Harry said, “We only have to tell the house elves in time and get a priest or something like that.”

"That will shock them!" Remus said and laughed.

"Sure and we get the press satisfied in one go." Harry said grinning.

"Will you give an interview?"

"I will say exactly two words to the crowd and two words to the press." Harry replied, "Thank you. And No comment."

Ron laughed and shook his head.

"I don't believe they will be satisfied with that." Hermione said.

"Maybe, but then I can ask my future wife to repeat her performance of the trial."

Bella looked questioningly at him and then laughed, "Too bad I don't remember exactly what I said to the bitch."

"Well something about showing her, why you were the most feared Deatheater." Harry helped out and Ron laughed even more.

Bella kissed her boyfriend and grabbed her robe. She managed to put it on while under the cover and then get up.

"I take care of all the things and we make it as soon as you are fit. In three days?"

Harry nodded.

"I have to write to Cissy and I know a reverend for us. I will get the necessary papers as well. You deal with the bunch here."

Harry nodded and kissed her, before she disappeared.

Harry was celebrated, as he got out of Hogwarts and many students thanked him enthusiastically for his achievements.

He tried his best to ignore them all but it wasn't easy. He did actually think about hexing some of them as example, but somehow Hermione or Ginny were around at these critical times and restrained him.

The day after his release of the hospital wing he got a letter from Bella and smiled the whole day.

It came as a huge surprise, that Harry, Ron, Hermione and Ginny didn't show up to classes or the meals the second day after his release.

Harry had created a portkey which took them to his manor.

They looked in awe at the magnificent building and admired the white marble, the huge grounds around the house, which were well kept and contained a small lake, green small trees, a beautiful garden and a bordering forest.

The rooms within the building were even more impressive. Everywhere was white marble, golden details and carvings, beautiful paintings and of course portraits of some ancestors. Harry led them to a small but cosy living room. They saw, that this one had been used recently. Harry ordered them to sit down. He went to change and came back half an hour later.

They gaped at him. He wore a black shining silk robe in a designer cut with a silver trim, shining boots and had his hair in an elegant ponytail.

"I'm ready. We will hold the ceremony out there in the garden. Molly and the rest of the red headed bunch should be there already. Cissy will give her sister away. We will see her therefore not before the ceremony. Now, get you lazy asses up and follow me!"

They jumped nearly up and ran after him in his large confident strides.

The teens wore already fine dress robes themselves, courtesy of Harry.

They gathered at a small white altar made of wood. Harry greeted the reverend politely and hugged Molly and Remus and gave the rest simply his hands. Arthur, Bill, Charlie and the twins were there too.

The reverend spoke a charm and a wedding march sounded over the grounds.

Harry turned around and couldn't take his eyes from the black haired beauty who was coming down the path. She wore a black dress, which was made of the finest silk. It hugged her upper body narrowly and showed off her nice figure and her décolletage quite nicely. Beneath her small waist the black silk flowed more widely and was laced with silvery strands that glinted in the sunlight. She pulled a train of black and silvery silk behind her and carried a small bunch of blood red roses. Her black hair was in small curls which framed her face nicely. She was simply beautiful. Remus took some pictures of her walking down the way and some more, as she stood beside Harry and he took gently her hand.

The reverend held his speech and asked for their vows and to exchange the rings.

Remus gave Harry the rings, Bella had bought for the occasion. She had true to her word organized everything.

Harry took the smaller wedding band, which was like the engagement ring made of white gold with an intricate design of normal gold.

He put it on her finger and looked her deeply in her eyes.

"Bellatrix, Bella, Talon... I have never met a more astounding woman than you ever. I said it once and I say it again. You were there, as I needed someone to pull me out of my grieving and helped me in more ways than you can imagine. You trained me and made a man out of a shy and weak boy. You gave me the power to fulfil my destiny and you are the sole reason, why I did fight in the first place, because I wanted you to be free and safe. You are known as cold hearted, cruel and evil but you were the one, who showed me the meaning of love. You cared for the real me, for just Harry, not the boy who lived or whatever. Further you are stunningly beautiful and the star of my life. I love you for all of that and for your true self, as you gifted me with the honour to let me see the real you. I love you more, than all words of the world could possibly describe it and I will love you forever, that I promise you."

She had tears in her eyes as she took the larger wedding band and put it on his finger.

“As I first met you, we were mortal enemies. As I met you the second time, you saved me from Death Eaters and you freed me of my abusive husband. Later you avenged me even and for that, I can only thank you. I have never learned how to love or even to like a man. You claimed, I have shown you the meaning of love but you were the one, who showed to me what love really means. I had doubts about our age difference but you proved again and again, that it didn't matter to you, that I'm older than you, in the opposite, you appreciated it and I love you alone for that. I got to know the real you and even if it took time, you were patient with me until I saw the real you and not the picture painted by the press. And the more I get to know you, the more I liked you and finally, I realised, that I love you. You are the one, who gives me the feeling of safety and warmth when I'm around you or simply think of you, feelings, that I didn't know before. I can't even describe how good I feel, if you hold me in your strong arms not to mention how I feel when you kiss me or make love to me. There are no words which can describe that. You care for me, you are there for me and you helped me more, than I could ever help you and I thank you for that. Before I met you I was treated like a bitch or a whore, you were the one, who treated me like an adored woman and for that I love you. I love you simply for yourself, for the way you are and I will love you forever, that I swear.”

Even the reverend had to gulp before he could say, “I declare you to wife and husband. You are married and may seal this wedding with a kiss now.”

They kissed gently at first while the others applauded and then the kiss gained intensity until they hugged each other fiercely and kissed passionately. Both positively beamed, as they turned around to their guests.

“I give you Mr. Harry James and Mrs. Bellatrix Stella Potter.” the reverend said.

Again the guests applauded and most had tears in their eyes, even Remus and Ron.

Narcissa, ever the reserved and controlled woman, sobbed freely, as she congratulated her sister and hugged her and after that her new husband.

“Mr. Potter...”

“Harry.” Harry intervened, “We are truly family now.”

“Harry.” Narcissa said with a smile, “I know, I didn't treat you in the best way, but you have done very much for me and for my sister. I'm truly proud of you both and despite your age, I can see you make Bella happy and for that, I'm eternally grateful.”

The others congratulated the pair as well and had a small celebration afterwards to which they spontaneously invited the reverend as well.

It was shortly before midnight, as the guests finally departed.

Harry provided portkeys for all of them and even Hermione, Ron and Ginny were transported directly to the entrance from the Gryffindor tower.

They were beaming, as they entered the room only to be confronted with an angry McGonagall.

“Where have you been?” the stern woman asked.

“At Gryffindor Manor.” Hermione said truthfully.

“What were you doing there?”

“Oh, Harry invited us for a little celebration.” Ron said with a grin.

“Is that all?”

“Sure.”

“Well, where is Harry?” McGonagall asked.

“He will stay there for some more days.” Ginny said grinning.

“But the celebration!”

“He will be there. He promised and Harry keeps his promises. I guess he is going to arrive together with Bellatrix.” Hermione said.

“Well, normally I would give you all detention, but the circumstances are exceptional. But I will still have some words with Harry!”

“We will see about that.” Ron said grinning, “If you would excuse us?”

McGonagall sent him another stern look, but nodded and left.

The days flew by and the Saturday came and Hogwarts was a place of mayhem until the evening when the guests arrived.

There was much chatting until Dumbledore asked for silence. He made a speech where he thanked all involved and remembered all the losses.

“I would also like to thank the greatest hero of the war, Har...”

Arthur cleared his throat and Dumbledore looked confused.

“Well, it seems to me, that the Minister wants to take over.”

Dumbledore left the podium to Arthur who smiled and took over.

He noticed then the door opening in the back of the crowd and smiled, as he recognized the two people who had been missing until then.

“As Albus said, we wanted to thank the heroes of the war. May I ask the following persons coming to the front: Remus Lupin, Severus Snape and Blaise Zabini?”

The crowd clapped as the mentioned people went forward.

“These three people have achieved more for the victory of the good, than any other wizard or witch. They went beyond the boundaries of the usual magic and did the unthinkable. While many have done much to help our cause, without these three, some of the greatest victories and also the final defeat of the dark lord would not have been possible. Therefore these three get for their deeds the Order of Merlin third class.”

He went to them and handed everyone of them a golden medal and a plaque. A thundering applause sounded through the hall while all three nervously stood before the crowd. They bowed their heads slightly.

Finally, after some minutes motioned them to move to the side of the stage.

Then Arthur went back to the podium and cleared his throat again.

“Now, as Albus so kindly started, but without knowing the full facts...”

Dumbledore looked curiously at the red haired minister who chuckled as he saw this look.

“Two more persons stood out during the battles. I will ask them both to come forward, as they belong together. We all know of course the young man, who has suffered as no adult should suffer let alone a mere child. He was the one, who helped the most during the last great battles and he was the one who defeated the dark lord himself and also suffered great losses but kept strong and firm. He is an example for all other wizards are they young or adults. Today we honour Harry Potter with the Order of Merlin first class.”

Harry waited with Bellatrix in the background.

“We honour also a woman, who was most surprising for the most of us, but had after Harry the most part in bringing the dark lord down. She had helped our hero to cope and to learn and from that developed a most surprising relationship. Along with Harry, they helped the ministry forces as well as the forces of the order of the phoenix and without her, we would have had much more losses. We honour her achievements with the Order of Merlin second class. Please welcome Mrs. Bellatrix Potter!”

There was an eerie silence, as the both strode down the way towards the stage arm in arm, both with sparkling eyes and holding back a serious laughter.

Both wore elegant dress robes of the finest silk, Bella in dark blue and Harry as ever in black but this time with silver trimmings.

Harry took a side glance as they passed his friends who were already shaking with silent laughter. Ginny pointed towards the front, where McGonagall and Dumbledore stared open mouthed at the pair and Harry escaped a quiet chuckle.

“Manners, Harry, Manners!” whispered his wife accusingly but with a mischievous glint in her eyes.

“I’m trying, Talon, I swear.” he whispered back and she could hear the mirth in his voice.

They arrived in front of Arthur and hugged him unceremoniously.

He handed them both the medals and the plaques.

“Thank you.” said Harry and Bella laughed about the insider joke, as they joined the other three who were repressing a laugh as well with the exception of Blaise who stared at them as all the others.

“Well, I have to say that I expected more applause for the saviour of the wizarding world and his wife but even an old man like me can make mistakes. I for one thank them.” Arthur said chuckling and began to clap loudly.

The Weasleys and Hermione joined in and shortly after that the others came out of their stupor and applauded as well. They even gave a standing ovation to the heroes.

The group sat down in the front row while other heroes were honoured with other prizes than the Order of Merlin. Even Ron and Hermione got Medals of Honour for their leading and training the DA.

“The greatest prank pulled ever, just like a true Marauder.” said Remus.

Harry and Bella chuckled at this.

“How are you calling your child?” Remus asked with a grin.

“Well, as it is a child of Drake and Talon, we will name it Dragonclaw.” answered Bella seriously and Remus gaped at her while Harry chuckled.

He leaned over to his wife and asked, “And you are sure, that you weren't a member of the original marauders?”

She kissed him gently and laughed quietly.

The celebration came to an end and the reporters stormed to Harry and Bella, ignoring the other heroes.

“Mister Potter, when did you marry Miss Black?”

“Mister Potter, why did you marry an older woman?”

“Miss Black, why did you marry a teenager?”

“Did you marry him because of his fame or his wealth?”

Harry and Bella stood up, ignored them and went over to Arthur and Molly.

Harry said exactly two words to the press: “No comment.”

They tried to pester the two but Harry discreetly waved his wand and the reporters were unable to follow them. They were stuck to the floor.

The students who saw that began to laugh and soon the reporters were the show objects to all the guests.

Harry hugged Molly and Narcissa, who was also a guest of the celebration and greeted his friends.

“Did you get in trouble?” he asked Hermione.

She grinned, “No, but she said something about having some words with you. Well, I'm interested to hear them.”

Harry laughed and turned around.

McGonagall and Dumbledore joined them.

"Mister Potter! You could have said something! You didn't have to sneak out of school! I mean you have already a NEWT in Charms and Defense and could have been excused from classes!" McGonagall scolded him.

"Where would have been the fun in doing that?" Harry asked grinning and Bella chuckled.

Dumbledore chuckled as well, "Truly James son. Well, Mrs. and Mr. Potter, may I congratulate you on behalf of the Hogwarts staff?"

He gave them both his hand and laughed quietly.

"You two are truly unbelievable."

He mused about something, and then cast a privacy charm which covered himself, the Potter's and Minerva "Mrs. Potter, I know you are more than intelligent and I know, you are not only versed in the dark arts but well educated over many magical fields of education. Would you consider to teach DADA next term?"

Bella laughed at this, "Well, I enjoyed teaching Harry but on the other side, I could hex him when he was lazy. I wouldn't be able to do that with the students."

"Right! And I couldn't take my anger out on her!" Harry butted in.

Bella grinned devilishly, "You know, that would be a reason to say yes."

Harry was mock outraged, "You would do only that to get at your own husband?"

She smiled seductively, "You could work out your anger during the nights, darling."

He chuckled, "If you put it that way..."

Bella laughed and kissed him. Then she turned around to Dumbledore, "Well, it would be fun to do honest work for once, but I could do it only for a half term. The baby is due then."

Dumbledore nodded, "I have thought of that. Your husband could take over then."

"Me? You are joking, right?" Harry asked.

"Not in the least, Harry. You have already taught a class ranging from third up to seventh year and in your fifth year as well. You have a thorough knowledge on the subject and I'm sure your wife has taught you even more. Further, who would be a better choice to teach them Defence as a practitioner of the Dark Arts?" Dumbledore asked with twinkling eyes, "Not to forget you exceptional NEWT in the subject."

"Well, it depends on the answer of my wife." Harry said, "If she would take you on your offer, I would feel obligated to help her out and you know that very well."

Dumbledore nodded grinning.

"Well, I could actually show them a proper Crucio." Harry mused and Dumbledore coughed, "Touché."

Now it was Harry's turn to grin and he patted the old man on his back. Then he looked questioningly towards his wife.

She looked with longing eyes at Harry and he nodded laughing.

"We will take you on your offer. Can Harry sit in the classes as long as I teach?" Bella said excitedly.

"Of course."

"Yeah! I have my test object!" she squealed.

Harry kissed her and hugged her.

"Please, remember that our child needs a father." he pleaded with her and gave her his best puppy dog eyes.

She couldn't help herself and smiled at his antics, "Have no fear, little one. I won't hurt you... much." she said reassuringly.

Dumbledore coughed to hide a laugh at them both.

“Well, did you want to take other NEWT's other than charms and DADA, Harry?”

“Transfiguration, Sir.”

“Well, you have a magnificent Animagus-Form and your goblet is still standing in Minervas classroom. I think I can convince the ministry, that your NEWT is covered with that.” Dumbledore said, “So, I would say you are free for some nice holidays until... well, let's say second week of August.”

Harry and Bellatrix looked at each other and smiled, “Honeymoon.” they both said simultaneously and laughed after that.

“So, why did you cast a privacy charm?” Harry asked curiously.

“Because we couldn't cause rumours already about the new defence teacher, could we?” Dumbledore asked with twinkling eyes.

Harry shook his head at that and chuckled.

Chapter 23 – Evil press and the new life

The next day the papers announced the wedding of Harry to his beloved Bellatrix and it caused an uproar in the public. The worst had been the Daily Prophet of course. Hermione got the paper and looked at it to find some mentioning of her and the honours she and her friends had received the previous day. Of course, all the honoured people were mentioned but not in the front page. That was covered with another article and she blanched, as she read it.

“What’s wrong?” Harry asked suspiciously.

He, together with Dumbledore had decided to wait for the answer regarding the decision about his Transfiguration NEWT and if he got it, he would leave for holiday with his wife.

“These bastards!” Hermione gasped.

The unusual cursing of the strict head girl granted her the attention of the rest of the Gryffindor-Table.

Harry snatched the paper out of her hands and began to read the article himself.

The unthinkable happened!

Boy who lived married Deatheater!

Unknown to the public at some time during the last week the most eligible bachelor of the wizarding world had married.

But he didn’t marry a proper nice young witch, no he wed an older woman and a known Deatheater as well. How could the nice and caring young man marry such a devious dark witch?

We all know how she and her former husband Rudolphus Lestrage had tortured the Longbottoms to insanity and she is known for many other crimes as well. She was the most feared Deatheater and it is rumoured that she had been the right hand of the dark lord himself.

Why would the young and innocent teenager marry such an evil woman?

There is only one possible answer, he was bewitched by her! Surely this questionable woman knows enough dark curses and forbidden potions to bend his will to her bidding. So ask yourself, if this relationship is legitimate! We think if it had been they wouldn't have done it secretly.

M. Orion

Daily Prophet

To say that Harry was fuming as he read it would be a serious understatement. He was already angry beyond any reason after the first paragraph. The Gryffindors gulped and got away from him.

Dumbledore, who had also just read the article looked concerned to the black haired teenager who was already fighting for control.

But as he finished the article, he exploded in rage.

His eyes lit up in an inner fire, his hair was blowing in an non existent breeze and you could feel the raw magic building around him.

And then it happened, all china exploded as well as every single window in the great hall.

The teachers reacted instantly and tried to protect the students from the shards of the glass but to their astonishment, not a single shard reached the students. Instead they hovered a moment in the air until they flew back to their origins and repaired themselves.

Harry got quietly up from his place and strode over to the teachers table. He moved with the silent grace of a predatory cat and emitted impending danger.

"Where?" Harry asked in a cold cutting voice.

Dumbledore tried to calm Harry down, "Harry, please be reasonable!"

His eyes lit up again, "I will when they respect me! Tell me where I can find these bastards! NOW!" Harry bellowed.

Hermione called over to him, "They are at Diagon Alley Number 55!"

Harry turned to her and nodded his thanks.

She smirked satisfied as she sat down, "They got that coming for a long time." She said with a devious glint.

Ron chuckled, "Note to myself, never anger this beautiful girl."

She smiled at him, "I'm not that bad!"

Ron winked at her and continued to look at Harry who had closed his eyes and suddenly disappeared with an ear shattering crack.

"That is impossible!" gasped Hermione.

"That is Harry for you." Ron said, shrugged and continued to eat breakfast.

The enraged teenager reappeared next to the entrance of the large building. The doors flew open with a bang as he entered and made his way up to the offices. He arrived in a large office with multiple desks where people were busy writing.

They looked up as they felt the wave of raw magic radiating from the teen.

"Who is Orion?" he asked in a deathly whisper.

They gulped nervously and tried to hide behind their folders and papers.

"I will this ask only one time and better you answer me or I will blow up the whole place!" Harry bellowed.

Finally an older woman pointed towards one desk with a shaking hand.

Harry took one look at the man and strode over to him.

The man was around forty and had brown greased hair and looked over to him with a dishonest smile.

“How can I help you, Mr. Potter?” he asked in a slimy voice.

Harry smirked, “Where is your boss?”

The man pointed to a large double door in the back.

“Well, you could open the door for me then.” Harry said with a devious glint in his emerald eyes.

“You have no appointment, I fear.” The man answered instantly.

“You can announce me then.” Harry said, drew his wand and flicked it once.

The slimy reporter was flung like a rocket through the large door and blew it from its hinges.

Without another word Harry walked through the destroyed entrance and stepped over the whimpering reporter.

Harry looked smiling at the director and sat down on a leather armchair.

“What... what do you want?” the bald man stammered shocked.

“Two things... and I promise you, you WILL regret it, if they are not taken care of EXACTLY as I want.” Harry said in a steely voice.

“First, you will fire this filth instantly.” Harry demanded.

“You can’t...”

“DON’T TELL ME WHAT I CAN AND CANNOT!” Harry yelled.

“You will do as I say or I will simply buy this excuse of a newspaper and close it down!” Harry threatened the director and the man knew that this was not an empty threat.

“You will fire him and will also announce it in the paper tomorrow. Then you will take back this shit you have written about my wife! She is no Deatheater and in the past she was forced to be. You knew that very well you asshole and you know, that she was freed of all charges! You write nothing but lies and denounce a proven member of the wizarding world and a hero as well. She has risked her life to save your sorry fat arse!

You also know, that nobody can force me to do anything. I'm immune to the Imperious and my mind is completely shielded! So you will take back this shit about her forcing me into this marriage or there will be hell to pay! I do love her with all my heart! We are soulmates you slimy git! You will write an excuse towards her and you will do it as the headline or I will challenge you to a wizarding duel of honour and make you pay and AFTER that, I will let my wife have a turn as well! I don't believe you would want that. Did I make myself clear?”

The director blanched with every word the enraged teenager said and nodded eagerly. The boy had defeated the dark lord, nobody sane would want to duel him and the same went for his wife.

“If you ever write a disrespectful word about my wife or me again, I will rip off your head and shit into your throat!” Harry said and it was clear, that he meant every word of it.

Harry got then up and bent down to the shaking reporter. He grabbed his collar and pulled him up with one hand, empowered by his now cold rage.

“If I ever see you again, I will show you the true meaning of pain and that is going to let a Deatheater's torture look like a child's play!”

Harry emitted a truly dark powerful aura as he said that and looked disgusted as the formerly so snobbish arrogant man wet himself.

With that he let go of the reporter and went to the door.

He stopped and turned around, “Make no mistake, guys! I will still take you two and the Prophet itself in regress for that blatant public slander.”

With that he apparated out of the office and directly to the attorneys who freed Bellatrix for him.

Both older men greeted him with a satisfied smirk.

"We guess you will take action against the Prophet?"

Harry nodded with hard eyes, "I already paid them a visit and... well... showed them my displeasure about the article. Still, I want them charged!"

Mr. Webster nodded, "Of course. If you trust us, we will take care of that mess."

"You have proven yourself to me. I trust you with this." Harry said and shook the hands of both men, before he disappeared back to Hogwarts.

There he was awaited by his concerned wife.

He hugged her gently and kissed her.

"Where have you been?" she asked him.

"Oh, I visited the Daily Prophet and told them, that I'm not amused about their article."

"What? What have you done?" she asked reproachfully.

"I looked for this Orion-Guy and got him to open the door and announce me to the director. And I told the director my feelings about the article." Harry said with a smirk.
"There is more to that!" Bella said sternly, "Spill it!"

"Well, I flung this piece of shit through the door which took care of the opening and announcement." Harry said grinning.

Bella pouted, "And you have all the fun without me?"

"Next time, I take you with me. What is with you? Are you alright?"

She placed her arms around his neck and smiled, "Well, my hero already defended my virtue and honestly I don't care much about what people think of me. The only thing that bothered me was the lie, that my feelings for you and yours for me aren't real."

"You know, that they are." Harry said honestly, "Well, do you want to know some details?"

"You bet!" she said and he recounted the event in more detail. She laughed heartily as he told her that the reporter wet himself and she kissed her husband passionately for that.

She left shortly after that and Harry attended the rest of the classes of the day. Nobody held it against him, that he had missed some classes of the day and all were curious what happened.

They found out the next day, as a article with an excuse took all the front page and as demanded the headline was an excuse to Bella. Most of the students laughed as they read that the reporter who had written the article had been fired.

Dumbledore had received the approvement for his NEWT in Trasfiguration at the end of the week and called Harry into his office.

The teenager didn't know the reason for his calling yet and wondered about that.

He knocked on the door and Dumbledore called him in.

„Sit down, Harry!“ the old man said with twinkling eyes.

„How can I help you?“ Harry asked with a curious look.

„Oh, you don't need to help me. I called you to tell you, that you have now your third NEWT which is in Transfiguration. It is an outstanding of course.“

Harry's green eyes lit up and he smiled, „These are wonderful news, professor.“

„I can imagine.“ Dumbledore said with a smile, „Now, I suggest, you say goodbye to your friends, Harry and then be on your way. Will you come to the graduation ceremony?“

„Of course, Sir. We are wizards, aren't we. We can pop over from virtually any point of the world.“ Harry answered.

„Naturally, at least for a wizard with your exceptional power.“

„If you say so.“

„Then... be on your way and I wish you a nice holiday.“

„Thank you.“ Harry said and got up.

He met his friends in the Gryffindor tower.

„What is up?“ Ron asked.

„Well, Dumbledore got the approvement for my Transfiguration-Newt. I will leave you now.“ Harry said.

The three Gryffindors looked undecided if they should be happy for him or sad, that he left them.

„I know, it is on short notice.“ Harry sighed.

Hermione smiled, „You deserve some time for your own, Harry. You also need to be together with your wife now and enjoy your honeymoon.“

Ginny nodded supportingly, „Please greet her from us, alright?“

Harry nodded and smiled, „I will do that.“

Ron gave him a manly hug, „Have fun, Harry and greet your wife...“ he made a face, „Wow, that is strange... your wife.“ Ron said and grinned, „And the next thing you are telling us is that she is pregnant.“

Hermione coughed to hide a laugh.

„What?“ Ron asked.

Harry looked questioningly to Hermione, „You didn't tell him?“

„I figured you would want to do that yourself.“

„Oh no! Don't tell me...“ Ron gasped.

„Well, Bella is already pregnant.“ Harry said with a smile.

Ginny and Ron stared at him, „You're kidding, right?“

„No, it is true and there is nothing that would make me more happy.“ Harry replied proudly.

Ginny hugged him, „Congratulations.“

„Thank you.“

„Yeah, congratulations... I think.“ Ron said uncertainly.

„Well, I better go now.“ Harry said and stood up.

He waved his hand and disappeared in a black cloud.

After they all had shuddered Ron said, „Sometime in the future he will forget how to walk.“

The girls chuckled at this and tried to guess where they would spend their honeymoon.

Well, they went to the other properties. At first they spent a week at the flat in New York and enjoyed the big city. They visited the Liberty Statue, the World Trade Centre, the Empire State Building and of course Tiffanys where Harry bought a set of beautiful ear rings for his wife. After that they spent another week in Texas at their ranch and finally they visited their cottage at Mallorca, where they enjoyed a quiet holiday at the beach.

But more importantly they spent much time together, quietly holding each other, kissing and cuddling at the beach in the warm sun and for once, they didn't care about anything but themselves and their love.

And the darkness caused by their suffering and usage of black magic that had a firm grip around both hearts and souls began finally to fade away.

Then came the last day before the graduation.

It was a sunny day and the both decided that they would enjoy the last day in Mallorca properly.

Hand in hand they walked down the small path to their private beach. It was placed in a secluded bay at the rocky coast of the Spanish Island.

Harry laid out a comfy blanket on the warm sand and placed their bag at the side of it. His wife discarded the top of her bikini and was now only covered by the small black string thong.

Once more Harry adored the beauty of his wife and pulled her gently to him and kissed her passionately. His right hand moved down and grabbed her sexy backside.

She moaned slightly as she felt his reaction to their nearly uncovered closeness.

Gently he moved his left hand from her back to her front and stroked her soft naked breast.

She sighed and pulled him down to the blanket.

"I wanted to go swimming, Harry, but you make that impossible as so often in the last days." she said with a seductive smile.

"And you don't like that?" he asked knowingly.

"No... I love it. You let me feel beautiful and sexy... adored." she said contently.

Harry smiled and leaned over her. He moved his face down that it hovered only millimetres over her lips, "Because you are beautiful and sexy." then he kissed her full of passion and love.

“Make love to me!” she demanded in a moan.

And he did. They took their time and enjoyed their quiet time together.

As they were finished, they laid next to each other and relaxed. Bella was still lying on her back and Harry laid on his side and faced the woman he loved. Again he let his eyes travel over her lithe well build body and adored every small curve of it. Over the time with him, she had lost all traces of Azkaban. She had put some flesh back on her bones and had got a healthy tan again. Adding to that was a glow which was caused by her pregnancy and made her even more beautiful.

She followed his eyes until her eyes landed on her stomach. A small curvature was there now and she laid her hand on it.

Harry looked into her eyes and smiled.

“Are you happy?” he asked.

She nodded, “More than that, Harry. I... I couldn’t even dream of how I’m feeling now. You... you gave me so much and showed me love, Harry. I can never tell you how much that all means to me.”

“It isn’t necessary, because I feel the same about you.” He laid his hand on hers and also felt her stomach, “I love you, with all my heart and forever.”

She turned around on her side, hugged him and kissed him.

They laid in this position for some minutes before she got up, “I want to swim now.”

“I come with you.” He said and followed her into the warm water.

As they came back and sat down again, both looked over the moving water.

“I will miss that all, the peace, the time with you and this place.” She sighed.

“Who would have thought that you would say something like this one day.” Harry said smiling and hugged her, “I’m so glad that you allow yourself to feel true emotions now, love.”

“And only you are the reason I changed so much, Harry.” She replied honestly.

“Well, we are only back for the graduation, Love. We can come back here after that. We only have to be back in August.”

She smiled, “You are right. What about your friends?”

“They will enjoy their time also together.” He said, “And maybe they can visit us, if that would be alright with you.”

“Of course. Could... could Cissy come also over one day?”

“Sure. But do make sure, she doesn’t stay too long. I want still time with you alone.” Harry said grinning.

“We aren’t alone anymore.” She said smiling and once again stroked her stomach.

“I know.” Harry answered and kissed his wife.

At the graduation they both stood out with their fine expensive clothing and this time both were once again celebrated as the heroes of the war.

They took it calmly as they were relaxed from their honeymoon.

Of course they were hunted by reporters and asked silly questions and also ones about planned childs.

“No comment.” Was Harry’s answer to most of the questions, “That are private matters.” or to the children he answered, “You will see it if that happens.”

They both celebrated with his friends and as he had guessed, they all had made plans for their last holiday. But they all agreed to meet at Harrys beach house eventually.

And so their last summer after school went by relaxing and quiet.

They met once with Harry's friends, once with Narcissa and they went once over to the Weasleys.

But soon it was over and they got ready for their new job.

So they arrived on time at the old castle and both had a fond look in their eyes, as they entered the grounds.

"I will never cease to like this castle." Harry said quietly.

"Same for me. But we don't need to as we work now here. We only have to break the curse of the teaching post in DADA." she joked.

"We will, if not we alternate both." Harry chuckled.

"Good idea."

The last weeks of the holidays went by quickly. The agreement with Harry and Bella had been, that they told no one about their new job, that it wouldn't leak to any of the students. So they hadn't told their friends about it. That all because Dumbledore's spleen with the DADA post. But the look on their younger friends' faces like Ginny or Collin would be worth it.

They had also made some special plans for the first lessons of the students which were very much caused by their both special sense of humour.

So at the evening of September first, they stood a little bit annoyed in front of the door to the great hall and waited for their announcement.

Finally they heard the magical empowered voice of the headmaster.

"And now I give you your new teacher in DADA and her assistant!"

Harry winked at his wife and they both pulled their hoods up. Both wore pure black cloaks for the special occasion and like his Dark Avenger cloak both had shadowing and voice altering charms on their hoods.

He waved his wand once and the door banged forcefully open.

The hall was quiet like a grave as the both tall intimidating figures glided over to the teachers table while emitting an aura of darkness and evilness.

Nobody dared to move or mutter a word. All gaped at the both people who would even scare Deatheaters and even Dumbledore looked somewhat surprised but his twinkle was back quick enough.

Dumbledore looked questioningly at the two and they turned around as they stood in front of the table. They pulled their hoods down as one and grinned at the gathered students.

"I give you Bellatrix Potter as your new teacher!" Dumbledore announced and slowly the students began to clap, starting with Ginny and some other of the Gryffindors they knew of course until it grew into a thundering applause.

As they calmed down Dumbledore continued, "I don't think I need to introduce her husband Harry Potter. He will assist her to improve the practical part of education and he will sit in during most of her classes."

Again the applause was deafening and Harry winked at Ginny as they both sat down with smooth movements.

Ginny felt happy that her two friends were teaching here.

Collin leaned over, "They are creepy. They move like Dementors and look worse than Deatheaters."

"Yeah. They are cool." Ginny answered to the astonishment of the other Gryffindors.

One of the small first years asked full of fear: "Will they hurt us?"

Collin laughed, "Are you kidding? That is Harry Potter, the boy who lived and the man who killed the dark lord! He is a hero, our saviour! Why would he hurt us?"

The timid boy relaxed visibly and began to enjoy the feast.

Ginny shook her head and said, "I wouldn't be too sure about that Collin. I mean he had changed at the climax of the war. You also shouldn't underestimate Bella, I mean Professor Potter." she corrected herself.

Collin gulped, "Uhm, right. But they are teachers. What could they do?"

"Well they could teach us not to underestimate dark or black wizards as they both were ones." Another friend of Ginny pointed out.

"Well, we will see it soon."

Ginny and her friends met at their table the next day. They became their schedule the next day.

"Guess we will find out now." Ginny said grinning. She looked forward to the lesson with her friend Harry and his wife.

"Are you happy about the lesson or because you have the lesson together with your new boyfriend?"

Ginny grinned even more as she realised, that they had together with Ravenclaw where her boyfriend Marc Willnius was coming from.

They chatted happily as they eat their breakfast and Ginny hurried as it rang for the first lesson.

She met her friend at the corridor and kissed him gently.

Bellatrix had seen that and pointed it out to her husband.

He smirked evilly "That will make it even more interesting."

Bella nodded with a mischievous glint in her eyes.

Some minutes later Ginny and the rest of the seventh year Gryffindors and Ravenclaws were entering the class room.

They wondered as their teacher wasn't there as it rang to the beginning of the lesson.

Just as the students began to chatter, the door exploded and Bellatrix flew in and hit the wall. She glided down unconsciously and her wand rolled out of her lifeless hands.

Ginny jumped up instantly, her wand drawn and moved cautiously up to the front of the class.

“CRUCIO” bellowed a reverberating voice and a dark red beam flew through the entrance of the classroom and hit a spot directly above the head of their teacher.

The class gasped but Ginny grabbed her wand more firmly. Luna stood up as well and joined her.

A dark tall wizard covered by a hood and a blood red mask glided into the classroom. He laughed in an eerie way.

“What do we have here? Innocent students! That will be fun!”

Then he shoot a whole barrage of curses at the students of the class. They were frightened to the bone and didn't realise that all the curses flew over their heads even if it was by mere inches.

Only Ginny and Luna put up shields and deflected the multi coloured beams.

“What is that? Heroes?” the dark wizard snickered. One swish of his wand shattered the shield of Luna and another flick and a red beam hit her and took her out.

“LUNA!” Ginny screamed and attacked now the intruder with vigour.

She cast a whole series of spells at the enemy: “STUPOR! EXPILLARMUS! INCARCERUS! REDUCTO! REDUCTO! DIFFINDO!”

The dark wizard deflected all of the hexes but the last one.

A deep cut appeared on his left arm and cut the black robe and the skin beneath it.

“Shit! This one is a wild one!” the wizard taunted her and ignored the blood which leaked out of his wound and dripped on the ground.

He duelled her now more concentrated and seemed to have fun with her. But finally he simply shattered her shield too and cast a fast series of “Expelliarmus! Incarcerus! Accio Ginny!”

The red head lost her wand, got bound by magical ropes and flew over to the dark wizard who caught her around her small petite waist.

Then he stroked her chin and other parts of her face while she struggled against his grip in terror.

The wizard took one look and laughed at the stunned class. He bellowed one single curse and all the remaining students got bound by ropes. Then he turned back to the girl in his arms.

“What a cute wild cat! We will have so much fun! Are you this agile during sex?”

Some of the female students fainted while some shrieked.

“Let her alone!” one of the males shouted.

“What do we have here? An admirer?” the dark wizard asked amused and looked over to Marc Willnius.

“Well, what a pity. You let your girl fight alone while you were pissing your pants? You had the chance to protect her! Now you will have to watch while I have my way with this cutie here.”

Then the wizard laughed and laid her on the teachers table.

He stroked her face again and let his hand wander over her body. He didn't touch her in one private region of course.

“Play with me Gin!” the wizard whispered into her ear as he leaned down while his back was to the class.

“Harry?” she whispered back.

“Sure. Who else?” he said grinning.

She sighed and relaxed but nodded.

“Oh what a hot body!” Harry said louder and Ginny let out a blood curling scream.

“HELP ME!” she pleaded.

Harry laughed at the struggling class. He conjured a dagger and moved it over her body only touching her clothes.

“We will have to remove this clothing first.” he taunted the class and made a huge show around it.

Suddenly Marc let out a scream of pure anger and hate.

With a bang his ropes were torn and he jumped up.

He brandished his wand and bellowed “Reducto!”

Harry brought his wand up just in time and conjured a simple Protego. But the red shield shattered into pieces on impact and he was hurled into the wall where he landed with a sickening crunch.

Instantly Bellatrix and Ginny were up and knelt down beside him.

“Are you alright?” Bellatrix asked her husband.

Harry groaned and nodded.

He stood up and took his red mask down. His green eyes lit up as he stared at the shocked student who had cast the curse.

“Oh shit!” Marc gasped as he saw who had been beneath the red mask.

“You bloody bastard!” Harry growled and most of the still bound class flinched under his icy voice.

"So.. Sorry Mister Potter." Marc stammered.

"What are you sorry for! Explain!" Harry demanded and strode over to him. He towered before the student who visibly blanched.

"For... for cursing you, Sir." Marc winced.
"WHAT?" Harry yelled and Marc backed away.

"You should be sorry, but not for hitting me with that excellent reductor you brat! How could you sit down at your place while your girlfriend was fighting? Are you a bloody coward or what? You don't deserve that wonderful girl behind me! If I ever see such a poor action of you again, I will show you some real cursing! You may be my student or more precise the student of my wife. But Ginny is a very special friend to me and I won't stand by if such a poor excuse of a boyfriend is letting her down. Did I made myself clear?"

Marc nodded eagerly and looked apologizing towards his girlfriend who smiled happily at Harry.

Some of the students snickered and Harry's head flew around.

"You stupid brats! What are you snickering about? You are even more worthless! One Deatheater could take out single handed a whole class! You are seventh years for gods sake! You should be able to defend yourself by now! Two girls were the only ones who fought! That is unbearable! You should be placed back in third maybe even in second year and take all the classes again!" Harry growled enraged.

Then he yelled at the frightened class: "Be happy that you don't learn from me because I would beat the shit out of you!"

Then he went back to his wife and muttered: "Your brats!"

She sneered, "Poor excuses for students that much is clear. Why are you so lazy? Do you think because Voldemort is dead there is peace? There are still enough Deatheaters out there and if one dark wizard could take you all out who didn't even use a dark curse I have no hope for your future! The next dark lord will be up in months if this shit continues! Voldemort... STOP FLINCHING YOU BRATS! He is

DEAD!" she yelled, "Voldemort has only killed so much wizards because nobody but some few wizards like Harry here stood up against him. If all wizards would have united where ever a dark robed wizard showed up, he wouldn't have gathered so much power in the first place! Keep that in mind! When you leave this class you will be ready to take on a deatheater even if we have to work night and day so WORK HARD!"

She turned to Harry and asked: "Deal with the points please because I didn't see all what happened!"

Harry turned around and sneered, "I shall give them points? Are you mad? I will tell you what! 10 Points FROM everyone who is still bound! As you see, you can overcome a magical binding by sheer will. Marc here was enraged and wanted to help his girlfriend, at least after he had realised the danger she was in. Empowered by emotions like love, hate or anger, our magic becomes stronger. Love is the strongest emotion for that. As we all could see, he shattered even my shield. Surely it was a shield cast in hurry but he did it nonetheless and his reductor wasn't even empowered. You are also all cowards! If you all had fired one single Stupor at least one would probably have hit me. I should give you all detentions but I would have to deal with you and one lesson is enough! I should give you to Filch and I WILL do that if something like that happens again."

Ginny had in the mean time revived Luna and helped her up.

Harry turned to the two of them and smiled, "Well at least the two of you fought and you fought well. Twenty points for Luna for her outstanding bravery and skill."

Then he turned to Ginny who had her eyes locked nervously on his wound which was still bleeding. He followed her look and shook his head, "You are a feisty one, Ginny." he said amused.

Bella only realised now that he was bleeding. He slapped him on his head: "Why didn't you say something?"

He shrugged, "It is only a small wound and I had to berate this brats first."

She grinned and nodded, "Alright, I forgive you!" She cast a healing charm on his wound and he turned back to Ginny.

"Well, what shall I do with you?" he asked her.

"Don't kill me, that is all I ask." she answered cheekily.

He laughed, "Why should I do that? Well let's see. You fought me and stood up to me, that are twenty points as well. You even hit me once which will be another ten points. You also engaged me in a proper duel which proved to be really good and if I had been a lousy deatheater you may even had won against me, let's say another ten points for an outstanding show of skill, bravery and power."

She smiled at this and he said proudly, "You deserve it."

Then he turned to Marc: "Heed my warning boy! Now from the teachers view which has to be objective. You did break your bindings and you effectively took me out. If you had come after me, you would have won the fight with a simple stunner. You didn't stand up to me in the first way so you get no points for that. But you showed exceptional power under stress, you tried to save you girl finally and as I said you took me out. For that display of power and skill I award you twenty points. Any objections?"

He shook his head.

"Well, free these brats!" Harry commanded the students and sat down at the front wall of the class, "Your show!" Harry said to his wife.

Bella sighed, "They aren't worth my time."

The students gulped. They had lessons from Moody in the term before and thought they were quite good after his teaching, but their illusions had been shattered effectively. While Moody had been a hard and demanding teacher, they didn't even want to think what Bellatrix and Harry were then.

"Okay, something like that may happen again and unannounced but with variations of course. Every of these tests will count as test. Of course there will still be written tests. So keep up your studies and

practise your skill! If you show no improvement in my class, I will take it as personal insult and I promise you, you don't want THAT!"

The students nodded eagerly.

"So, any questions about the spells used here?"

Collin raised his hand.

"Mr. Creevy?"

"Professor Potter, Prof... oh bloody hell! I mean your husband told something about the reductor of Marc had not been empowered. How do we cast an empowered one?"

"Haven't you heard of empowered spells so far?" she asked incredulously.

"No, Professor." Colin answered.

"Oh well." she sighed, "You can empower nearly every spell. You add the word 'forte' or 'maximus' to your spell and another wand movements depending on the spell. But you have to be fairly powerful to cast a 'forte'-class spell and even more so to cast a maximized spell. The needed power is depending of the power the spell need in the basic version. For instance not even Harry should be able to maximize a killing curse, not that it would make any sense in the first place. But he can cast easily a maximized reductor. I would guess Marc could cast a forte-class reductor if he would want to protect Ginny. Ginny... hmm... she could maybe even cast a maximized spell without a threat. We will try it! Marc, come forward!"

She showed the class the wand movements needed to add to the basic ones. Then she conjured a target dummy for him and ordered him to cast the spell.

He couldn't get it right and Bella said sternly, "Concentrate and try it again!"

This time the wand lit up, but the spell was still not released properly.

“Twirl the wand at the end of the second movement.” Harry said absently.

Marc nodded determined and repeated his action. This time the spell was cast and the dummy exploded forcefully.

“Yeah!” Marc yelled.

“Five Points for Ravenclaw. Ginny now you!”

She cast the forte-class reductor at her first try and both teachers smiled.

“Now the maximized one, Ginny. The movements are as this...” Bellatrix explained patiently.

Ginny nodded determined and got it down at her third try, again after a correction of Harry.

“Five points to Gryffindor!”

Ginny swayed slightly as she got back to her place.

“As you can see, the spell took much out of Ginny.” Bella explained, “It needs a lot power from a wizard to cast spells at this level. You can train your power somewhat with the repeated use of such spells but it won't make a huge difference.”

She looked over the class, “Anyone who would want to try a maximized reducto?”

Some tried it but only Luna got it right or was powerful enough. But at least the half of the class managed to cast a forte-reducto.

They released the class with the words: “If we find out you told anyone about our introduction, there will be hell to pay!”

Nobody dared to mutter a word about it until all classes were through with it. But then it was the topic number one through the school. They had done this test only with fifth years up, they had done a edited version for third and fourth years but with first and second years they

had done normal lessons but still drilled the importance of this subjects into the heads of the students.

The following staff meeting proved to be quite interesting.

“Harry, Bellatrix!” Minerva scolded them sternly, “My house has never lost so many points in one day under my tutelage!”

“Yes, the same for my house!” Sprout added.

Flitwick nodded but was still his happy self.

Professor Vector who was the interim replacement as head of Slytherin nodded as well, “At least all houses lost around the same points.”

“Thank Dumbledore for that!” Harry growled.

The aged headmaster corrected him with twinkling eyes, “Harry, please call me Albus! And why am I responsible for this?”

“Because you hired incompetent teachers for DADA in the past with few exceptions. Out of all students from fifth to seventh year only Ginny, Luna, one Hufflepuff and two Slytherins even tried to fight a Deatheater. One other student tried to rescue his girl who would be Marc Willnius. All the others were to afraid or simply incompetent and that will stop!” Harry said determined.

Dumbledore chuckled, “Well at least now we seem to have two competent teachers.”

“Will you continue this behaviour?” McGonagall asked concerned.

“We will do what is necessary.” Bellatrix said grinning.

“Yeah, and if they don't begin to learn, I will chase them personally into the forest to teach them.” Harry growled.

Dumbledore chuckled, “Don't forget, you have been a student like them only months ago.”

Harry sent him a dark look which erased the twinkling in the eyes of the headmaster, "Thanks to your meddling I was never a student like them so stop talking like an insane old coot!"

McGonagall gasped but one look of Bella silenced her.

Dumbledore looked down ashamed, "I know and I'm sorry for that."

"Stop that! It is past!" Harry growled and rolled his eyes.

The following months the students showed mysteriously a vast improvement in DADA and some other fake-attacks proved to be more educating for the students as they tried to fight back. Harry and Bella attacked every time in unsuspected patterns. One time they attacked both, another time Harry attacked in a variance of an outfit as a dark menacing lord or one time Bella interrupted a lecture and attacked suddenly the stunned students, but still, they fought back. They even let some dark creatures loose on the students but under very tight controlled circumstances. They both had the control all the time, but the students didn't know it and fought for their live.

After the fake-attacks Harry and Bellatrix analysed their reactions and so the students learned much much more than they ever could have from the normal schedule provided from the ministry.

As the winter came nearer, everyone could see, that the now very prominent DADA-teacher was pregnant. Her belly was now round and large and showed it very clearly.

Towards the end of the term, she still taught the class but more and more she kept sitting at the teachers table while Harry did the practical part.

More and more Harry took the guidance of the classes and finally Bellatrix only listened to what Harry had to say and decided about points and homeworks. The pair proved to be quite an accomplished team now. They divided the tests between them and only needed half the time to mark them as did all the other teachers.

The love between Harry and Bellatrix only grew with every day they lived together.

After their work they would sit together and tried to imagine how their child would be.

They still didn't knew what sex it was. They knew that Poppy knew but they had decided to wait until the birth to find out.

Harry and Bellatrix had much fun looking for names for both sexes and teased each other very much.

And now after more than a year, Harry still combed her black shiny hair every morning and she still enjoyed it very much. After that he would hold her and feel her round belly for the small movements of their child.

Every time it moved, turned or kicked they would look at each other and smile full of love for each other and their unborn child.

They were happy, that the term was finally over and moved to the Gryffindor Manor to finally find some quiet time for each other and relax as much it was possible with the impending birth.

They had finally given the floo address and access to their closest friends and Poppy of course.

And finally shortly before the beginning of the new term it happened.

Harry and Bella were enjoying a quiet lunch as Bella gasped in pain.

Harry looked concerned at her, "It is beginning?"

She nodded, "My water has just broken." she said.

"I get Poppy, Love." Harry said calmly.

She nodded. Both were still calm because they knew it would still take some time.

Harry led her up to their bedroom after he had called the nurse.

She arrived five minutes later. Bella was already in her nightgown and the nurse examined her.

“You were right. It is time, Mrs. Potter.”

“Please, call me Bellatrix!” she sighed and winced during the next contraction.

They came in shorter and shorter intervals and Harry never left her side.

It was the early evening as Poppy said determined, “The birth will happen soon, Bellatrix. Now breathe!”

Bellatrix was already sweat covered and Harry held her hand firmly.

She breathed in short loud gasps and winced from time to time in the growing pain of the contractions.

“Now push!” the nurse ordered.

Bellatrix let out a short scream and cursed, “I will make you pay for that, Potter!”

Then she screamed again.

Harry only smiled and dried the sweat on her forehead.

“Come on, Talon! I thought you were strong!” he taunted her lovingly.

She grinned, “I’m strong you brat!”

Poppy smiled at their antics and asked her to push again.

Some painful minutes after that the nurse hold a screaming little bundle in her hands and put it in a warm blanket. Then she gave it to Harry who took it carefully with beaming and moist eyes.

“Congratulations. It is a son.” Poppy said.

Bella smiled, “Can I have him?”

“No, let Harry hold him.”

“Why?” Bella asked and pouted.

"Because, you are not finished yet." Poppy said smiling.

"What?" Bella and Harry asked together.

Bella turned to her husband, "I should put a Crucio on you for that!"

"Now. Now. No swearing in front of the children." Harry teased her and she smiled before he turned to Poppy and nodded.

She pressed some times more and mere minutes after that, a second even louder little bundle came to the daylight.

"There," Poppy said and handled it to it's mother, "that is your daughter."

"We have twins." Harry whispered deeply moved.

"I congratulate you." Poppy said with moist eyes.

"Thank you." Harry said and hugged his wife carefully.

She kissed him with beaming blue eyes and they shined from love and affection.

"May I ask what will you name them?" Poppy asked.

"Well, we thought about Darien Sirius Potter and..." Harry said,

"Michelle Lily Potter." Bellatrix continued smiling.

Poppy smiled as well and nodded. She took now the time and examined the newly mother as well as the two babies. After that she cleaned up the mess caused from the birth.

"Your babies as well as you Bellatrix are absolutely healthy. I would suggest a day rest for you. Harry can take care of the childs during that. After that, you can get up, Bellatrix. Do you come to Hogwarts with the start of the new term or will Harry come alone?"

Bella took only a short look at the green eyes filled with longing and hope and smiled, "I will come with him of course. I can still help him

with the grading and the preparation of the classes and I don't want to separate him from the two angels here.”

Harry kissed her gently, “Thank you.”

“Harry, I know how much you care about me and the two little ones here of course. I would never do that to you. And I would also miss you too much.”

“Well then. I will be on my way.” Poppy said and got up.

Harry led her back to the fireplace, “Thank you, Poppy.” Harry said honestly.

“Every time, Harry.” Poppy said smiling before she disappeared.

Harry took Darien up to his mother and went back down to make some firecalls.

The next days were filled with visits of their friends and surprisingly the first one was Narcissa.

She came the very evening of the birth.

She stumbled out of the fireplace and Harry caught her securely.

She smiled sheepishly at Harry.

“Excuse me, Harry. I know, Bella and you need some rest, but I didn't want to come over when all the others are here.”

Harry smiled, “No problem. Please, follow me!”

He led her up to the bedroom and opened the door, “Bella, you have a visitor.” he said gently.

“What? Today? Who dares...” her words died on her lips as her sister stepped sheepishly in the room.

“CISSY!” she squealed and instantly both babies began to cry.

Harry chuckled and went over to his wife. He took one of his child without looking and got Michelle in his arms. He held her gently and cradled her gently.

She became quiet very quickly.

Bella calmed her son down as well in the meantime.

"You have twins?" Narcissa asked astounded.

"Yes, a boy and a girl." Harry said proudly.

"How did you call them?" Narcissa asked.

"Michelle Lily and Darien Sirius." Bellatrix answered.

Narcissa looked with a hint of longing at the babies.

Harry smiled and asked, "Do you want to take her?"

She looked surprised at the dark haired young man and nodded.

Harry gave her the small child gently and looked with beaming eyes over to his wife who looked thankfully at him.

"Thank you." Narcissa said deeply moved.

"No problem." Harry said and smiled, "I guess, as we have now two of them, we need another godmother. What do you think, darling?" he asked his wife. She was shocked and could only nod with a thankful look.

"Narcissa?" Harry asked with a smile.

"You... you want to make me her godmother?"

"Of course! Would you be alright with Remus as her Godfather?" Harry asked in a pleading voice. It showed the blond haired woman, that he would indeed discard this thought if she would decline and find another godfather. But she was also well aware now, that Remus Lupin was a fine man even if he was a werewolf.

She gulped and nodded, "I have no problems with that, Harry. I never thanked you for what you did to my sister. I have never seen her more happy than together with you and that with the first day I saw you two together. I had my concerns but that was all for nothing. You two are so different but still a perfect pair. You healed her wounds and I thank you for that. You make her happy and I thank you even more. But you also showed her true love, even if I didn't want to accept it in the first place but even if I would be blind I still would see it now. And I can't even begin to thank you for that. You two belong to each other, I can see that now and I wished, I had a husband like you."

Harry smiled, "You have still the chance, Narcissa. Don't sell yourself short!"

She nodded and smiled, "Whom do you want to have for Darien?"

"Hermione and Ron." Bellatrix answered, "But together with Ginny."

"I guessed as much."

Of course, the Weasley's, Remus, Tonks and all the other friends visited over the days and congratulated the pair. Hermione and Ginny shared the job of the godmother for Darien and together with Ron they were more than happy to be named godparents. Remus was surprised to be called as godfather for Michelle and even more so, as he learned, that the godmother was none other than Narcissa and that she knew, that he would be named as godfather. She visited again at the same time at him and was nothing but friendly towards him.

Together Harry and Bella moved shortly afterwards to Hogwarts right on time for the beginning of the second term.

Dumbledore had of course to make an announcement.

"Well, as all of you know, our esteemed DADA teacher was pregnant and gave birth to two wonderful children. But on the bad side I have to tell you, that she isn't able to teach you in this term."

Firstly the students had celebrated the news of the new born childs but now they were quiet.

“We knew that of course as we hired her and your new teacher will be her husband, Harry James Potter.”

Harry smirked at them and his look promised a hard second term.

Most of the older years gulped but the little ones clapped and shouted loudly. They had got to know him as patient, funny and competent teacher and loved him as they did with his wife.

Finally the older ones began to clap as well and gave him a standing ovation. They all knew of course that he was a hero and were happy for his two new childs of course and that was more so for Ginny and Luna of course.

But they were grounded again, as they stepped into his first class in the new term and he regarded him with a wicked glint in his eyes.

“Now, that my wife isn't here to cuddle you nitwits... let the real fun begin.” he said in a foreboding voice and let his dark powerful aura run over the gathered students.

Ginny and Luna looked at each other and groaned: “Oh Shit!”

The end.

AN: As of now I don't have any more English stories written and as I already stated, I'm not going to translate any of my German ones... because that would be like writing the same story two times ;-) We'll see if I come around to write another English story. Bye Bye!